

# The Great Red Shift

## Most Precious Blood

This is my life down here with me  
One mistake for which I still pay dearly  
    Self-reconstruction  
        after a granted wish  
            for annihilation  
    The dissection of definition  
        the bitter bite of memory  
            Cringing in anticipation  
The reflections on which we used to rely  
    crushed were we to discover  
        that they could only lie  
Don't lie to me and say you'd die for me  
    What would you die for

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