

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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