On This Cold Night

Laconic

Ive watched you for days
weeks and months
hoping that you could give me what i want
there is a knock at the door
on this cold night please answer it now and meet my knifeare you thinking of me
im thinking of you
i can see your lips change color to the deepest shade of bluedon't raise your voice don't make a sound
no one will know you'll never be foundi love the feeling just watching you die
as you bleed from the wounds from my 45

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