

Sanguine

Jacques Prévert

Make me sanguine
Help me genuinely
Kill the doubt that strangles myself worth
Paint the picture that I swore I heard

Spiritless and mean
Ghost that comes between
I will keep my wits about myself
Disregard directions sent from hell

When it brings the gleam
Longer lasting than me
Oh my love but we are bound to die
My heart is broke but you won't hear me cry
Oh my love but we are bound to die
My heart is broke but you won't see me

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