

You Fucking People Make Me Sick

Swans

Now diamonds are falling,
 (?) In the sky.
Obsessions being children
they are let out in the light
 they are screaming,
 they are polluting,
 they are demanding,
 they are alive.
These wrong feelings,
they are calling the red leopard of time.
 I love you. I need you.
 Oh show me how to shine.
 I love you. Your flower.
Now give me what is mine.

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