Albatross

Converge

five lives dead and gone. we breathe out of key and wonder if you can hear the awkwardness in these tremors. Draining, cutting this cancer out. Teeth gaping yet I make no sound. six hammers and one sky, falling. five lives dead and gone. mediocrity in believing in everything, and this lack of will has buried them forever.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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