

Magnetic Knives

Vanna

You have lost yourself.
You will never be found.
We'll cut from ear to ear.
We will open you up. You have that look upon your face.
The cut that razors can trace.
Can we cut to the point? Where have the carving knives gone? We will leave you underground.
Screaming out so loud.
You won't make a sound. Last chance.
Last breath.
Last word.
Let's have a prayer! Lost in love.
They'll need more than a shovel to dig you up

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