

# Breathe Out

[Purejunk](#)

This the last hour of the carnival  
I dance, I dance though it hurts  
Hangman's rope suits well  
Every gentleman  
Madam, you look charming  
In the necklace of bloodPeople say there's a day after  
Every night  
People say there's sun  
Behind these clouds  
What a relief  
I'll drink to that  
Pour me a glass of poisoned

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