

Bed of Flies

Agoraphobic Nosebleed

all circumstance is sabotage that which does not kill
us makes us stranger command chaotic brute force the
stars in your eyes stolen reprogrammed another
headless blunder with blood up its sleeves the priests
live in the towers they put thoughts in my head making
me sin while sinning through me mold the little shit
figure make it dance break its legs they call it
building character a villain to be exact

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