

Early Morning

[Samiam](#)

Pale face get up. Hollow eyes get up. You've got a secret for me, you're out running your age. It's in your hand:
neat pack of euphoria. It's devastating and you're pleased. Disease. Hairline endurance, biting intelligence. How
do you stumble like you do? I wish I understood myself, as well as you do. Got to get up. All day you've got to
stay up, when will you get off?

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