

# Blue Dress

## The Number Twelve Looks Like You

dragged to the burial where witches flew overhead  
roses drip black, and children weep in awe at their mother's side  
and tissues break... shows your ample wit...  
to get back at your bastards lust.  
razor proof veil and an odorless scarf bring the day to rust.  
blue dress at a black grave  
razor proof veil and an odorless scarf bring the day rust.

Lyrics provided by

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