Terminal

Skinny Puppy

In love we lie
Finds truth then tossed aside
Left out to dry
Run off this road on fire
I feel the second hand
Passed my life
And seal to breathe
Sometimes i let slide
All color gray
To form another day
Fly far...
Flies fly all left behind
Flies fly and fall beside
On high...fly high...flies fly
Test the rotten meat
Flies fly back to eat to carry on...
Flies...

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