You Fucking People Make Me Sick

Swans

Now diamonds are falling
Through a new wound in the sky
Obsessions, pink children
They are laid out in a line
They are screaming, they are polluting
They are demanding their life.
These wrong feelings, they are calling
The red leper of time
I love you, I need you
Oh show me how to shine
I love you, young flower
Now give me, what is mine

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