Vertebraille: Choke That Thief Called Dependence

Norma Jean

Like death never content
Starve the old and feed the new and it's all your fault
Was there love once or have I forgotten her?I have been sold into slavery
I try to drown my sorrows but the sorrow swims well
It's all your faultYour fault
A lust for complete nothingness that lusts for more nothing
Motion without meaning action without function
Nothing will breed nothing

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