

When Losing Ends

Noise Ratchet

Who can enjoy being born just to die,
I took it this far for love
My feet are hanging over the edge,
so catch me so catch me
Take this gun from my hand,
I'm giving up till the losing ends
Tears of blood in my eyes,
I'm dying to be touched by this white fire
I've let myself fall this far,
so catch me, so catch me when the losing ends...

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