I HATE MYSELF AND WANT TO DIE

RENTRER EN SOI

Even if you own a wife
Even if you lie in my state
I could never want a bribe
I've been there no matter what that
In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday
Even if you wanted light
I could never matter to play
Even if you want a life
Even if I like it you're sad

In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday, with my sound
Even if you own a wife
Even if you wanted one thing
I could never want a life
I could never only one day
In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday, with my sound
In the Sunday, with my sound

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