Pneumonia

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Get over the sorrow, girl
The world is always going to be made of this
You can trust in it
Unless you breathe in bravely
I adore how you simply surrender to high, high
And your lungs, they're mourning TB style
All the stillborn love that could've happened
All the moments you should have embraced
All the moments you should have not locked up
Understand so clearly to shut yourself up
Would be the hugest crime of them all
Hugest crime of them all
You're just crying after all
To not want them humans around anymore
Get over that sorrow, girl
Get over this

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