Bloodletting

Dim Mak

Archaic methods transfer through well in the face of mass denial
Bitterness fuels the mode for the escape of mediocrity
Stepping the grate, shattered nerves ground down
To a glass edge, carrying me awayBloodletting a favorite, game of solitaire
A suicide mission destined to fail
A moving ladder to climb, taking me away
I wouldn't have it any other way

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