

Pulse

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Yea help, in this junk
Im drowning, drownin'
How long till I sell
My mothers?
So I become important to youIn this junk
Drownin'
How long till I sell
My mothers?Must I tolerate your shit?
Dwell in your shallow pit
Now they thought police
Are following me everywhere
Eyes are always on our childrenRun run run
Run run run
Run run run
...

Lyrics provided by

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