

I Thought We Was

Cull

Family,
are turned into the enemy
It took a week to turn on me
I wonder why? Spineless creeps
surround the land in which I sleep
They turn up with their wishful treats
they lick their lips, lips, lips, lips On my own
On my own
All alone
All alone
Take it free
I'll see
With all my time, I'll know

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