

Gloom

Vision of Disorder

Pray for me 'cause
I'm struggling down
This needle and rock
In a daze I don't mind
The sun brought terror straight
From two o'clock sun
And to my sister I lay wasted
From the pain scarred by
All the mute remorse inside my head
Slice and begin again, again
Slice this skin again, pray for all this
Beckoning down on my soul
Like in pain, rests inside this
When I'm down short thin road in my head

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