

Searchlights

The Casket Lottery

Searchlights cut through out night sky, searching for the sun. sirens scream through the city streets, hurry someone help someone, someone help. O...Over and over it goes...Youd think we deserved a break. Searchlights come out every night, searching for the dawn. same old nights see the same old crime scenes, constantly harming someone. O...over and over it goes...

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