

# Kids, Kids, Kids

## Heavy Heavy Low Low

when the line between truths is as shallow as your breath  
when you sigh all we become are echoes of what we once were  
like cheap red lipstick and whore house perfume  
disregard our potential  
cause honey we've vanquished all those fears and replaced them with lust  
every second of love  
just a few more thrusts and our love will be gone  
and i will be vindicated  
and i will be lost

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