Dogfight

Continental (Boston)

Bring your words to the river.
Throw yourself in.
There will be no tomorrow.
This will be the end of your poison from the tip of your tounge.
Drowning in the river.
You will be done.
With all your lies, I wanna believe you.
But I'm letting go.
Running your mouth only vilifies rotting away.
Decay will satisfy.
Rot away.
I want you dead.
We want you dead.

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