

Waiting Room

Pyrrhura

In a waiting room
There are so many things that I dont need
When I am thereMosquitos
It was written on the box
that I found lying against my doorsI see
Our reflection in a mirror
As we slowly passI think to myself
I dont wanna be
like these twoThen realize
It was mirror, mirror, nothing but a mirror
So that were weAnd I dont wanna be...

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