Sixteen Bit Fingerprint

The Red Chord

No more short jokes. No more "you're weak."
Take you inside, fuck you up.
The way I deal with this pain, take you in digital, take you inside fuck you up.
No more short jokes and no more "you're weak."
Take you inside, fuck you all!
Digital Babysitters. Don't tell me I can't win.
My sixteen-bit Fingerprint, this is game over again.
Press B to continue. Press B to continue.
It's the sixteen-bit fingerprint that makes me feel alive
and keeps some power within my hands.
As the bones ride, through the fingers and through the hands.
With every click there's constant fervor, preservign his livelihood.
The bone ride, taking steps closer to your digital grave.
The bones ride through... Taking you across.
And as the bones ride through the skin;
There's bloody stumps instead of fingerprints.
Living under constant pressure - calling your self to arms.
Nintendo systems serving as a Mom.
I'd rather see you drown than let you use this bridge, old man.
The name is Bagu. Show my note to river man.
It's all about the connections these days.
No one rides for free.
But you won't take me alive, I swear.
I'm past the point of learning.
As the bones ride through the skin...
there's bloody stumps instead of fingerprints.
I think he's going to snap.

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