Pale Green

Conclusions

I am fourteen
Wrapped in a white sheet
Rain's coming through the window
The moon lands on my feet
I am pale green
I think she laced it with pcp
I feel like I'm in hell now
I want my dad

I want my dad
I am somewhere far from seeing seeing seeing
And look at me now
It's seven in the morning
You're dreaming where it's storming
I miss you
I miss you without warning
I am somewhere far from seeing

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