Cold Comfort (Frozen)

Haujobb

extreme real dream perpetually hammering moving pictures around some smell of industry don't know what's happening something fills me up with greed i feel cloned yes i am homeorder forms originals same shit a million times equal products compete with each other for to breathe never leave a stable existence fixed fragments of a single entanglementmaintain a constant pulse beat close to the environment planet me rotation so necessary neverending clarity excluding any possibility trust me we define everything

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