Faith In The Faux

Nodes of Ranvier

You have to be kidding me
It must be buried three inches deep
and no one is here to help dig it out
And, I am not suprised because they will no doubt take your word
("Everyone loves juicy gossip")
So I guess I'll just sleep it off (On my stomach of course)
And whenI see you next Ill kill you with a smile

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