All My Friends Are Going Death

Some Girls

All my friends are going death
And breathing' s just a waste of breath
And hearing just makes me deaf
And coming down leaves nothing left
The street is not mine
Just the stop sign
We slit your cold, cold veins
And let the loveage drain
(they say, they say)
If you love something, set it free
Well I love my life
And I' m getting rid of me

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