Breed the Cancer

The Red Chord

Festering stench in the air - rotten.
The black and filth all around - breeds.
The masses breed this cloud that is slowly blackening our lungs.
The ashes cinchur and slowly destroy, turning the pink flesh to rot.
The rot, stench and filth slowly bring decay.
Resurrect yourself.
You have become a slave to nicotine.
Yellow stains on pink flesh, every time you spark it up.
You are but a slave.
You are forever a slave.

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