

Can't Happen Here

Stabbing Westward

Late last night I tripped in
Violent shades of green
1000 Voiceless faces were chasing me
I ran through the air as thick as glue
Through night as black as hate my spirit fled
Through branches filled with thorns
My eyes bled and bled
How could I ever hope to win this race
When everytime I close my eyes I see your face
It just can't happen here

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