

# Pale Green

## Der Zibet

I am fourteen  
Wrapped in a white sheet  
Rain's coming through the window  
The moon lands on my feet  
I am pale green  
I think she laced it with pcg  
I feel like I'm in hell now  
I want my dad

I want my dad  
I am somewhere far from seeing seeing seeing  
And look at me now  
It's seven in the morning  
You're dreaming where it's storming  
I miss you  
I miss you without warning  
I am somewhere far from seeing

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