She Is Here

Cable

Gifts of silver and coal
Cold front moving like a snail
Crisp skin, broken legs, "she's here"
You've killed summer, lady luck is a fucking whore
Made in Mississippi , play me your blues old man
Tinted red sunglasses are your best friend
Stained green sheets are Benedict Arnold, "she's here"
I love those moments , still yet hostile
Arctic season, slow yet fierce

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