

Two Inches From A Main Artery

Through the Eyes of the Dead

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Broken glass is the reason she'll remember my face now she is imprisoned in a land not for the weakened heart
a land filled with miles of fire and the lamb dine on the priest you can't save her 62 reasons to remember my
face this is my idea of beauty laid to rest beneath a blanket of leaves waiting for an angel to come save her from
this burning paradise an indelicate display of lacerations across her body this is my idea of beauty you cant'
save her

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