Instrumental

Curl Up and Die

She kisses like cough syrup when I have a cold.
but we're not in love, we're just alone.
Like a drug company's overdose.
Trying to replace our heads with holes.We're missing days and spending weeks.
Only passing through looking for company.
And semen released is a rotting stomach.
Like a body drained of blood.
My flaw. Our failure.

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