Laughed At My Pain

A Perfect Murder

I was reaching for a hand to hold on to.
And you threw me this stone.
The first that killed all of my hopes.
My despair, my misery.
Now that I've grown up the roles have changed.
My despair, my misery.
You're the puppet and I pull the strings.
You're the puppet and I pull the fucking strings.
Now hang by one.

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