Nausea

X

today you're gonna be so sick so sick you'll prop your forehead on the sink say oh christ oh jesus christ my head's gonna crack like a bank tonight you'll fall asleep in clothes-so late like a candy bar wrapped up for lunch that's all you get to taste poverty and spit poverty and spit nausea bloody red eyes go to nausea bloody red eyes go to nausea bloody red eyes go to sleep you're talking out of harmony you can't remember what you said cut it out you feel retarded take the sissors saw the head

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