

# Bloodletting

## Wilt

Archaic methods transfer through well in the face of mass denial  
Bitterness fuels the mode for the escape of mediocrity  
Stepping the grate, shattered nerves ground down  
To a glass edge, carrying me away Bloodletting a favorite, game of solitaire  
A suicide mission destined to fail  
A moving ladder to climb, taking me away  
I wouldn't have it any other way

Lyrics provided by  
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