

Whore

Archive

You horrify and petrify me, to wear the crown that just astounds me, you terrorise and paralyse me, you've lost
the plot and should be shot down.

You have it all.

You're just a whore and nothing more, your smile is pain yet you remain, walking tall and that appalls me,
you're bred like swine but still you'll die in our arms, 'cos you have it all.

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