Faker

The Secretions

Last call for everything
A pool of Emmalines delirious
She lingers like a chain
It's more than grave but not too serious
Send in your reverie to me faker
Into the mouth of green morning, faker
I am so wide awake
The wind is moving blossoms through the door
It's more than I can take
But half as much as what it was before
Send in your reverie to me faker
Into the mouth of green morning, faker

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