Mange

Deer Tick

These words they make the world spin here in steady rotation
Until the new words turn the new world into oblivion
Well at the end of the line and this new world feels pretty rotten
Then we'll go our separate ways to put new blood in our system

I've never seen eyes so hurt, the kind that scream my name
Now what can I make of life when it all seems like a game?
I've gotta tie up all my loose ends 'fore my skin turns to mange
So I've gotta look at the sky and imagine I've found my place

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