Language Juice

Sun Club

Our lives aren't so fragile, they are tangible.
My dreams are so real that I can smell them.
Sweet taste of greed.These people running through your mind,
and nerves are running down your spine.
And you want the touch of skin on mine.
You'll fucking hate it till the end of your life.There is something in your head,
that you made to touch with.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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