

Anew

"Brass Knuckles And Gold Teeth"

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We judge people like the cover of a second hand book
and we assume lives like a prologue
shallow people tread in shallow water
burn your bridges and build walls high
but the mason is drunk and i think we're all fucked
i've got my prejudice in a bag

it's heavy and it hasn't made me stronger
i don't think it would hurt to throw it in the river
the same can be said for everyone
conscience's guilty as hands are red
the lights are out and no one is listening
there's nothing to lose

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