

Disgorge

"The Unequalled Visual Response Mechanism"

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Received a package with a bestial grunt
Between two flattened streets patrolled by
Thoughts
A mechanical taste in my mouth
Seems to be my last demand
My words walk in the groove
Hacking through my bleeding heart
Although my lips they moved your voice
With teutonic freeze into the deep
And the silence I observe
Says it's worth a little pain
No matter where no matter how
The silence I observe, it's worth the pain
The silence I observe, my bleeding heart
The silence I observe

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