

Frankenbok

"Greetings And Salutations"

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I visit I come in the form of friend.
I'm sure tomorrow will blacken.
In the past that I used to swim
procrastinate on all you can...
This is the hard part bar the confusion.
I genocide the parasites.
This is the hurt that acquaintance brings.

Not forgotten yet not preserved.
Hell is the hello prone to a goodbye.
This is not forgotten I bleed for feud again
I'm torn for nothing I need a cure for shit
another proto-type of things we should've
seen. The temptings of the opposite.

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