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Glove "Perfect Murder"

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Move inside my daydream Like fingers in a glove Twisting round and round and round Round and round and round with love The meeker sleeker circle girls dressed in docile white Spinning on a hill they follow the dracula kite The first idea flew thin and uninvited from the sky I reached out my hands and held the knife of ice Very thin red water flowed underneath my skin I turned their eyes blue children The perfect murder Wait until the darkest coldest summer nights That's when it starts But if you blink you'll miss the fun You'll lose their pretty hearts

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