

Brutal Truth

"Mainliner 219"

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Brutal Truth)

Slit the bein to lost and found

Tie the sickness ingested down

Rush of heat, sippres the pain

Eyes roll, days away

Grasping thoughts connect the does

Crease the gap and fold the mark

Cattle grazed to pass their trick

Boot your brick and bless your next fix

It is all...

Sick desire

Kicks for liars

Fuel for fire

Your head shoved firmly in your ass

Nod out

Right now

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