

Inspection 12

"Vanity Fair"

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Let me take you to where time stands still
Everything you say is a wasted line
You can't get it through to make your point
Subtracted time, distracted mind
This isolation makes you feel so alone
Like driving down an empty road
One more victim of hate driven crime
One more portrait on a wall
A nameless face with a broken smile
Washed up town that reeks denial
Another broken home
Another body in the road
Someone's crying on the phone
There's a razor on the floor
And your wishing you were gone

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