

Jairus

"Cut The Six Minute Caller"

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If i could steal you're waking, then i would hang you on
the strings

You'd stay cutting all the words,making circles with
your feet

Poison on top of fracture lines, passive where no one
interupts

Today we breathed in this towns air

And conjured illness to escape beaten walls

And how long will you stand aside perfecting this
abandonment?

Today we breathed this towns air

And conjoured illness to escape

Beaten walls and last chances

Where inide you're armoure flatlined.

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