

Machine Translations

"Downpour Of Emptiness"

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Chasing the sunset, while my hand rotates to the left

carving canyons into my wrist

Sometimes the screaming silence creates the back-
drop

for the next blood stained, painful kiss

Four-thirty after midnight. The hours passed by in
silence

these moments I ache for to pass,

creeping in black air upon the white walls as purple
sheets encase our restless forms.

Dark red rivers run deep, flooding mountain walls with
this blood

Black clouds come up slowly as they cover me in
whispers

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