Control Machete ''Jane Doe''

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These floods of you are unforgiving Pushing passed me spilling through the banks And I fall Faster than light and faster than time That's how memory works At least in the dark where I'm searching for meaning When I'm just searching for something I want out Out of every ackward day Out of every tongue tied loss I want out Out of the burdening nightsweats Out of the rising seas of blood Lost in you like saturday nights Searching the streets with bedroom eyes Just dying to be saved Run on girl, run on

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