

## Obsessed "Streetside"

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From the corner is where it starts  
Torn in half like a dollar bill  
Happy mourners' window heart is  
Bitter still  
Truth's fictions stranger than any lie  
Smooth convictions danger plan of  
Twisted night  
Does the pope shit in the wood?  
He might be damned hoarding all his ill-got  
Goods with Uncle Sam  
Greener grass on the comfort side your  
Easy choice  
I'm leaning fast into the twisted night  
One voice  
At the bottom's where it ends  
No between, catch life's riddles fates  
Winds send  
Depraviteam so low, it's been real  
A total fiend, by his hand a lonely man  
Looking for a streetside queen

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