

Taste Of Blood

"Incapable Of Abstract Thought"

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You play the headstrings as if they were a harp.

Don't you tell me any different.

So cut the drama.

We'll she'd no tears for you.

You are nothing in the grand scheme of things.

Catch and release.

But I want to take you down to where the greatest
beasts get butterflies.

I think you should go back to where you came from.

You're fucking things up.

You're not wanted here.

You are losing your appeal just as fast as rumors fly.

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