

This Empty Flow "Distress"

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This world is a deceiver
it is thirsty for my blood
the rain is liquid nitrogen
to my soul of a wrong colour

this world is a deceiver
it vomits sticky oil on me
stab me kill me
I hate this all to much.

May my face ripping tears be

the salt in your open wounds

...it all is
about to slip
from my hands
I want you
I don't want you
the white of yours
is growing on me
the air is thin
I want to be gone
broken and shattered...

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