

Lingerbliss

"Poison Paradox"

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How are we supposed to handle being dealt an unfair deck? don't you feel that spectral noose tightening around your neck? scholarly path or poverty's wrath. pick you poison paradox from the dead grass. day after day, we try to endure. that for which there is no cure. so who is now responsible for turning this shit around? ghosts that hold the offices to our young hearts, hold no ground. guidelines in disappearing ink. written without our consent. we'd like to meet your standards, but we can't afford the rent.

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