

The Tea Party "Aftermath"

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"Aftermath"

Desperate to take
lost in its wake
time slips away to soon

Pleasures of fear
drawing us near
where could we go from hear

waste what we want
we beg and we're bought
and nothing is wrong with us

life in these veins
godless and stained
glimpses of hope exist

Slanted advance
threatened by chance
time slips away to soon

waste what we want
we beg and we're bought
and nothing is wrong with us

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