

## Quitter "Contrails"

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blood work done will say we're poison i will taste  
from your lips will you taste from my lips to be sure  
we'll sit here turning blue together one final collapse  
of our union is well deserved goodbye surrounded by  
his tribe shaman tells of men in the sky no one will  
believe the contrails in the sky will prove him right  
fell in love with isolation an obvious thought given  
time to reflect on events we're finding blessing in  
departure a slowly decaying resolve to set forth alone i  
wish you well

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