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The Vincent Black Shadow "Surgery"

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Coming back from surgery, Coming up on seventeen, Some kind of plasty or maybe a lobotomy.

Coming back from surgery, Coming up on seventeen, I don't remember how I looked before he got to me. Coming up on twenty-three, Cut a piece of skin for me, Never have to wait in line; he never seems to know it's me

And he's standing over me, Wide awake and clenching teeth, "Now it's time," he says "for you to open up so I can see."

Caked... all... Caked all over...

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