

Little people looking through the windows  
Checking out their alteregos  
Down.. Out..

No risk, but there is no passion  
Your computer's checking my rations

Down.. Out.. take heed

You cut, I bleed blood like aniseed  
My eyes dilate, reigning dreamstate  
I could give in to your needs  
If we weren't such a crossbreed

You were made to sit up with the gods  
Eternally against the odds

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You won't take my life away  
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