

## The Diary

A.C.T

Use my grains for blending voices  
Bigs among his birds is flying  
All of this was quite accepted  
Now their skin they were affected

Just on eleven and now she's going on twelve  
No one can see

She must be one in hundred millions  
A mind so tall and torned and wreckful  
What have you done with this poor girl  
You made her believe that nothing's sacred  
A conscience is lost  
Voices tell me I am in need  
See the people in pain into bleed  
For nigh a trice they never say  
A knife can kill and now she missed it

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No one can see

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