Apollo 440

Throw the weight of your life behind Blindingly light conversation Our very first beauty contest On the edge of starvation

Film me finish me off: film me Film me finish me off: finish me off

Some psychological palaver Where you sit and claw At the pages of another Emotional brochure

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Consecrated by perfect lighting My blood spread out and danced Then you came at me, again, again Nasty and advanced

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My blood just got in your switches