

Hi
Scars will heal soon
The dregs in us spent the earth down

Better than drowning in a burlap sack
I live. As Alice. I die.
Children shouldn't play with dead things
Foaming crows
Tear at their wings
Sad eyes cry crimson blood

Drop it it's dead
Wheels won't turn they won't turn the birdy's head
Sad eyes sad eyes like sharpened daggers
You'll never walk only stagger
Sad eyes quite cryptic
Bye