

End Of Nothing

Funeral for a Friend

Killing you,
Might be the only chance I have,
Of recovery
But I know its oh severe

So you know it would be
The punishment
It fits the crime

So lets take this knife
and run it down your chest,
does this feel like love?
Here we are waiting

the light feels good against
the bruises on your cheek
another medal that
you have to hold this week

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