

Blue Gallery

October Tide

The rain I fear
Kills again
We sacrifice
The ways of time
There is a ghostly morgue
Painted the day
A haunting cast of moon
I got us flowers for my second doom

I fear white ghosts like me
The tidings of October
I paint myself like
All sky
Die

Into the blue
Someone has to die
I already did
Deep
In October

Fear all those nights of pain
My soul, is it dying
Break my wings
I've lost it all

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Someone has to die
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