

Skin

Peach

Access my mind,
Humour me, you act so precious,
You speak out of season,
You make your flag your only reason.

I don't know if you changed since then,
But I know your tricks, I think you're still sick,
Would I be no more than you,
If I tear your signs off and make your boots soft?

Exit your ways,
Essentialise all your memories,
Pick up your cross
Keep your fields green, keep your daydreams

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