

The Weather

Pond

He sold out both his eyes
Yet sees her face
Her thighs in lace
Oh, why such waste?

Ghosts are only negative space
Ancestors, no blood
No place, no mark
Just voices, in the dark

The floor, is covered in champagne
The leather and the blood, and all the sudden rain
Man, you should've seen those cops baptise
The worst case scenario, survival game

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