

Sometimes I can be up like that  
Sometimes I can be down like that  
When I don't cross myself with you

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Dysmorphic in doses  
Imagine trying to shit out twelve red roses  
It's how I do but not everybody knows it  
Imagine how I'd feel to be called a promotionalist  
A mitt man, an emotionalist  
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Some kind, psychosis  
Don't what you call it, oneness might be the closest  
A psychotropic segment so tasteless  
It tastes sweet  
And then it changes  
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