

After the bombs will fall  
After the words have left my lungs  
Inching the choke along  
Testing the water with my tongue

The whole scene's faded  
As if the walls are caving  
Have to up the medicine

Pamper the tender one  
Temper the bile or it may scald  
Limping under the ton  
Pitching a fight of who's at fault

Last time I swore no lies and no regrets  
But still the problem hasn't been addressed

You bastards come at me  
I pace the cell patiently  
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