Perfect Disaster, No Drinks On The Dance Floor

tonight, let's imbibe till we arrive at a conclusion and drown our reservations in remorse. I strive to stay alive through this confusion but this therapy has strayed me of the course.

tonight we'll see the martyr commit murder. he couldn't be pushed harder or further.

I drink so I can think past imperfection, but it always ends up bolder when im done. this ink will be the link from each correction to the bullet, to the cartridge to the gun.

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tonight.