

# Tear, Dear Friend

A dark room that I don't know  
My best friend over the floor  
Some blood in my shirt and hands  
Nothing I can understand  
I thought then walking around  
About the clues that I saw  
And those began to show that  
I was a killer more

I took a chair and threw it out a nearby window  
I smelled the street scent like the last in my life  
I look down, at the hard and cold ground  
I felt the horizon sending me a big smile

My rests was in the asphalt  
For six days, I don't lie  
Police don't said anything  
But it was obviously  
Yet now I can't understand  
What I did and too why  
I remember only the time  
After I finished with a life

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