

Dubstar, Everyday I Die

The problems of need
I need you
Sleepless nights in
Rusty beds
No one came here
Tonight
I pulled on me
I needed to

I unstick pages and read
I look at pictures of you
I smell the lust in my hands
Everyday I die

Your favorite trick
Was to touch me inside
Oh so very
Art nouveau
Completely false
Feelings of love I don't
Someone died here
But that was years ago

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