## 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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