

Fanmail, Pulp Fiction

laying on the floor
i've been here once before
and i'm not proud of it
misery comes today
it's coming back my way
and i want it to leave me

doubtful you are the people
where your anger run your sleep
fate of those whos feet are slipping
or to those whos eyes
or to those whos eyes have seen

to him the strength belongs
the weak attempt his arms
and show me my offence
so look away from me
becuase i can hardly see
im hiding nothing

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