## Peach, Skin

Access my mind, Humour me, you act so precious, You speak out of season, You make your flag your only reason.

I don't know if you changed since then, But I know your tricks, I think you're still sick, Would I be no more than you, If I tear your signs off and make your boots soft?

Exit your ways, Essentialise all your memories, Pick up your cross Keep your fields green, keep your daydreams

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