

No Bold Villain

Timber Timbre

You're no bold villain
You're bought and sold
To have a soulmate
You need a soul

Not born of men
But some bog-mother moon
One of us is not normal
And it might not be you

I was a spook for you
Another ghoul
I was a fool for you
Another stool pigeon

I was the kid
See she was the clown
And you took north
When things went south

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