

Lethe

Born Gold

Lately I've spent so long unremembering
Cheeks etched by sleep's soft lacerations
This abysmal cup could be oblivion
We walked barefoot on the feverish sun
With petals scattered through cadaverous time
You led me to dark water
And you were just hoping I'd float
Please tell me I'm reading this wrong
But the knives in your eyes say no
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And you were just hoping I'd float

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