

Premise to interlude
wait til all bones pretrude
you're convexed, you're convert
there's a stain on your shirt
semi-sweet, semicide
the remorse you can't hide
now we molt past our skin
and make room to begin

Symmetry
you must work in symmetry
you must earn their empathy

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Down down cities fall down on me

The final chrysalis
self-controlled consciousness
now it feels omminent
done for your benefit
eat right out of their hand
its concaved all your glands
we're encouraged to forget
preference to be forced

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