

## Waste

Crywank

It's as if I believe the more that I squeeze this pillow between  
my thighs  
The more likely the chance, that I'll find romance if it somehow  
becomes alive  
I share my bed with a bad brain, spilt ash, and cum stains almost  
every night  
I'll find me a drug to replace the love that is slowly leaving  
my life

Oh you know, you're wasting away, you're wasting your days  
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