This mathematic sunset
Sights a neck to sink her teeth into again
A late aesthetic exit is impossible
But not from rafter sins

I'm just alive, she's just a fake
Now poison's running through the seams
The numbers say it, flash up the screen
And from crescendo cuts the knee

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Gravity will retrace every step Gravity will retrace every step

One cholera outbreak, the blinds are pulled
The shades are drawn here once again
To drop Murexia in lakes
Too much so drop the glass and shatter then it blends

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