

You can't stand to loose  
But it's all you ever do  
Your past follows you  
Like skin and old tattoos

Living is constant fight  
Tell me you're not worth saving  
Maybe on the other side  
You'll be free

Everyday is painted black and blue  
You're trying to outrun  
A bullet from a gun  
And pain is all you ever choose  
The prodigal sun  
Dead at twenty one

Hard done by youth  
Unstable and recluse  
No point of view  
Poster child for abuse

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