

Amateur Replicate

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Body is delicate
Moves like a vegetable
Karma can bury the
Sun it's a scorcher
The torture of having to
Pull all your hair out for
Simply waiting your
Turn around now
Put your dirty fists down
Without making a sound
For the way that you're headed is
Wrong like the impulsive thoughts
In your head like the
Harrowing fact that
You can't stand to wait for it