

Suicide notes are sang in poetry
Why would I mind a part of me
One, two, three, here comes the cavalry
Tearing apart our colonies

Forget it, I said it
The storm in the attic
A static, an addict
Another way to panic

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A static, an addict
Another way to panic

Pour me gasoline and ambiens
Your words salt the seas and arteries
Front towards the enemies
Our cultures full of businesses

Pour me gasoline and ambiens
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Front towards the enemies
Our cultures full of businesses
Oh well

Terminal cells in constant symmetry
Let it all out you're made to please
On your knees in dead artilleries
Buried alive in magazines

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