Two Snakes

Pile

Sink into
Woolgathering on
Blood you could pour out
And never feel it's wrong

Try and cut your teeth
On a heart ache you felt
And maybe it loved you so much
Maybe it disproved it's emptiness

But with two snakes in the grass
I'll never walk barefoot again
Maybe I should sit on it then
Could plan out my revenge
And smile on your shame

You just wanted something in/around you
I guess, I guess
I guess no one'll get their wish

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