

## The Weather

Pond

He sold out both his eyes  
Yet sees her face  
Her thighs in lace  
Oh, why such waste?

Ghosts are only negative space  
Ancestors, no blood  
No place, no mark  
Just voices, in the dark

The floor, is covered in champagne  
The leather and the blood, and all the sudden rain  
Man, you should've seen those cops baptise  
The worst case scenario, survival game

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