

# bruises

quannnic

I'm out of excuses  
Is it really me you're accusing?  
But I did nothing wrong  
You keep on giving me bruises  
And we just keep fucking arguing  
What the fuck are we doing?  
Ruined  
Stuck in the same loop, I'm never improving

Tear me up until I am nothing  
On my own, the thought is so crushing  
Cut my wrist until it's gushing  
Can't escape, it's myself I'm running from  
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