The End

Showbread

I was born naked and red
Tied to my mother as she screamed and bled
And the tubes of light and all the sadness
Swimming in my head
The truth is a root that twists like a horn
Looping and gnarled and splintered and thorned
Tangling me forever and ever
Do you ever wish you'd never been born?
Wrap my name in incense and myrrh
And seal it up within
Remember the way we begin
Then lay and sleep and never wake
Sadness never ends
I can't feel anything

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