Jamie

SWMRS

First to the fact: That face shot back with bullets made of lea
d.
They stay inside your bones, confuse your body, and your head.

And it's been some time,
Of thinking 'bout what's never here,
And waiting for that guy to disappear...
So Jamie, don't play me.
I don't dig hard to get.
Just be a werewolf and don't talk to me.
If you want me, I'd rather be bit.

The next step down I walked right through a trap that catches m
any.
I did not find, that at that time, confusion would come plenty.

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