

Sometimes I can be up like that
Sometimes I can be down like that
When I don't cross myself with you

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Dysmorphic in doses
Imagine trying to shit out twelve red roses
It's how I do but not everybody knows it
Imagine how I'd feel to be called a promotionalist
A mitt man, an emotionalist
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Some kind, psychosis
Don't what you call it, oneness might be the closest
A psychotropic segment so tasteless
It tastes sweet
And then it changes
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