

## Breed the Cancer

The Red Chord

Festering stench in the air - rotten.  
The black and filth all around - breeds.  
The masses breed this cloud that is slowly blackening our lungs  
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The ashes cinchur and slowly destroy, turning the pink flesh to  
rot.  
The rot, stench and filth slowly bring decay.  
Resurrect yourself.  
You have become a slave to nicotine.  
Yellow stains on pink flesh, every time you spark it up.  
You are but a slave.  
You are forever a slave.