

Face Down

The Superjesus

Lying, face down,
with my head in the sand
sharp stones, crash silently in my head
can't get this blood from a stone,
when all ties are severed to the bone.

Warm wind, blows my skin to red
i can't change, what hasn't hasn't been said
can't get this blood from a stone,
when all ties you sever to the bone
can't get this blood from a stone,
besides, I severed down to the bone.

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