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GAH!

It might be a a morbid thought
but existanse with sadness fraught
is a pain in the ass.

Common curtesy is a bullet in the mouth
to allow an open casket
but the way I feel,
wondering if things will heal
I'm looking at one between the eyes
Hiding away in shamefull distress

Yet its half-full, my life as a glass
except for one idiot action
in which I was truly a dumb-ass,

I'm sorry.

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