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Coffee kills

Sometimes i wonder what will happen after my death.
We only vaguely remember those who took their life.
Why are we afraid to die?

The judgement we get from "friends"
yet the guilt they give you
they are fine by themselves

i only know one who will miss me when i'm gone
that is why i am still here
my wrists are still whole
no pills for me to take

remember the friends you have made
do not ignore their calls
remember the good times
inviting for coffee is the end of friendship

i dont want coffee
i want a friend
when you invited me
i knew it was the end

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