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Moody

Dim dark shadows sparking in the parks darkness

One part wants to embark the other part is heartless

Moody artless surround-sounds pounding my mind

and leaving it without any kind of grounding in time

An astounding fine wine are served through veins

I pass the glass untouched and let my words chew brains

Like two chains connected to eachother in both ends

I form a strong unshaped zero so I can coat trends

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