

Publicerad 2009-06-05 17:16 av Enough flogging the unfortunate

I know

You sit there

Saying, "I don't care"

You punch your eyes into mine

"I don't care"

Picking the flowers of my tomb

Pulling them up by the roots

Crushing them in your hand

As if they were nothing but flowers

But you know, that I know

Sure, I'll throw you the bone

But you'll have to figure out how to get up by yourself

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