

Naked wasted honored

we'd been walking over bodies
of a million fiend souls
each other can be brother
but they are just empty holes
and in the name of my desire,
hold in, watch out, beware
of the naked, wasted, honored
things, should not be there
but I use the impression of the day I'd spent with you.
in the backyard of hidden places
things, should not be true

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