

The walker

Christine and the Queens

I am out, for a walk
And I will not be back until they're staining my skin
This is how I chose to talk with some violent hits
Violent blossoms akin
Every night I do walk, and if there, looking down not referring
my chin
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That's a way to truly be seen
By furiously scheming in
Forget the jewels
I'm livid, friends are shutting out
Fine on their own
Blood on my cheeks, birds come by
One of my stomps and they fly
People politely smile to make sure I won't come any closer

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Now
A swollen eye is for days
Of curious calm, snow in May
Way better off on my own
Since no one cries there's no one to blame
It hurts, I feel everything
As my sense of self's wearing thin
Such pains can be a delight
Far from when I could drown in my shame

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