

## Fisted And Forgotten

Glass Casket

Place those eyes that burn on my lap. I can't grit my teeth without you.

Do you believe me? Let me breath. I will never throw that place away.

Never stop hitting the ground, pound your fists into the ground  
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Is it better than the beat being torn from your heart?

Try to breath. Near the tick tock making me sweat.

Blood starts to clog my pores. How do you like it?