

With Different Eyes

The eyes of a traitor

Too many times has this been the case,
hide behind cute poison
sleep it off return to slender
in the wake of humble words

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Or do not rise at all
A moment of clarity runs
through a now clean mind
Sorrow runs deeply down

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Integrety to gain again,
tales told of the night
which struggles to remain
conscious in the mind of the abuser

For the sake of a glimpse
For the sake of a glimpse
of those we had lost...