

(R. Pollard Mitchell)

pollards mumbling here

Rings of blue and
Rings of gold
So many stories to be told
It hurts be worse than it hurt you
You realize now thats not true..oohh

Amber, neon, wet concrete
A well-worn track a smothering heat
They curious pet in an open cage subjected
to his masters rage. oohh

A portait destroyed by fire
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