

Artist: a\_long\_winter

Title: The Boy From Judecca

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You're porcelain promises wear with age.  
It's getting hard to breathe when you hold my head under.  
The stage is set for a tragedy.  
My eyes are closed...I won't stand..  
I won't stand in the way my eyes are closed..  
My eyes are closed.  
The cold steel feels good in my back..  
Broken hearts, broken promises.