

# Romario Punch, Dead Ye

Red blood on the snow  
I think I'm ready for it  
It's look so real

Feel so lonely  
Dead inside  
I can't run and I can't hide  
From my disease  
It's look so real

Feel so lonely  
Dead inside  
I can't run and I can't hide  
From my disease

I head voice inside my head  
Is it enemy or friend?  
Should I say that I'm not dead yet  
Yet

I'm lost in this world  
So what I'm searching for  
Please tell them truth

It's gettin darker  
And Silence is killing me

I head voice inside my head  
Is it enemy or friend?  
Should I say that I'm not dead yet  
Yet

Too many fathers sad  
Too many mothers crying  
But their tears will never die  
And never lie, like you fucking government  
Too many blocks on fire  
Too many blocks in smoke  
It's not a stupid joke  
Take your pills, you stupid cock  
Yayaya

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