

# Ashbury Heights, Hope

The viciousness of youth  
The meanest streak I ever saw  
The harmony of truth  
And self-deception in our hearts  
We're almost perfect  
You're like a deathray  
Little kid blow felt princess Saturday  
We're nearly manic  
Unlike a mute scream  
But I'd never panic if you'd only take me  
I could be your love  
And you could be my hope  
I could be the hangman  
And you could be my rope  
We could be divine  
A perfect piece of fiction  
I could be your drug  
And you'd be my addiction  
Words are left unspoken  
As our opposites attract  
Both of us are broken  
And we both ignore the fact  
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