



M.X.

DEFECT



I LIVE IN A PRISON  
OF MY DESIGN

THE FAULT FOR THIS CHOICE IS  
DARE I SAY MINE

I FEEL HINTS OF FRESH AIR  
AT MY NECKLINE

BUT WAYS OF ESCAPING  
I SEE NO SIGN

I WISH FOR A CLUE THAT  
STARS MAY ALIGN

BUT ONE SIMPLE FACT TO  
WHICH I RESIGN

I LIVE IN A PRISON  
OF MY OWN MIND

DEFECT



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