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red fog

anger hate and rage are the closest friends
to my heart.
all i see is red.
these feelings lead to death.
bullet wounds ooze the life force of
the innocent
streams of blood
always lead to the puddle
where you find the end result of your hate
corpses lay strewn about
blindness to your rage.
hate fills your heart destruction is all you crave.
this sickness you claim through emotional pain