

Satan

by Sydney Bell

Thick as thieves to loose in leads.

I'm just happy I met you.

Hot as hell to cold as can be.

Are you happy you met me?

Satan was an angel -
before the fall.
Who can't relate to -
losing it all?

Wherever the tether,
He's coming to getcha.
Even though it's far.

They say it gets better;
from under the weather,
you can see the stars.

Come home.

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