

Spine

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War-weary Snape. A snake is just a backbone with a will of its own.

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Chapter 1 of 1

War-weary Snape. A snake is just a backbone with a will of its own.

When alone, my back speaks war;
Folds itself to store, inter;
Lets its posture fall to feel
Nights who've blacked my eyes before.
In company, my back is fine:
A lie for pride, defiance, spite,
Standing on my strength again;
All that's left of me is spine.