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### **Floating**

My scattered thoughts you gathered them. And so I fell into to that big crushed sea and every instrument had it's own way of embracing me. The cold fierce surface of the sea was kind of ticklish and I could hear myself laugh loud along with the regular waves. The sea was infinite. Weapon without bullets as flat russian roulette in school... floated as small thoughts in bottles by the abandoned shore. I was drunk from the fortune and the passion was right behind.

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