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The shadows of a dark broken soul

I hear dead whispers of white noise left in
lifeless memories of what cud have dreams.

Not knowing is all what it seams.

The shadow of the mistakes i left behind
finds me all the time.

A daydreamers nightmare is the life that i have.

trying to get lost and disappear but always i know i´m here.

In the darkness i left my soul so i don´t need to feel.

So dead whispers of white noise haunt the memoriesof cud have dreams.

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