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Life keeps us blind

When you feel your alone
cut out from this cruel world
your instincts telling you

to run

Oh, how that is true
Oh, how I feel it, though
not running

but crawling

These wounds don't seem to heal
Fear is how I fall, confusing

what is real?

I wonder how I got this way
I know it's not alright
I can't seem to break

The habits

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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