

Publicerad 2012-10-19 06:20 av Nightly\_Poet

### **Dreams of Late**

My old horrors are almost empty  
Now new ones fill my mind

And they to are beautiful aplenty  
Of things I will never again find

Am I never to keep something of bliss  
Are these the last moments of peace

My only want is your calming kiss  
To feel that wonderful breeze

But that will not pass  
For I am lost within

It's not by choice I am this crass

I just...want to "bli din"

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