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A master

Like a stone are you hanging on my chest.

Somedays it feels like I drop it, but in someway I always catch it.

I've been a master on it.

Drop the havy things,

then it's like a reflex.

\'cuz I'm always finding the stone again.

You are like a rock,

it's hard to get to the top.

But when I reach it,

I know that's the best thing that ever could happend.

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