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fifth flute : Fog's Flying Flower

she flies on a flute

to flower from flower

no fear for big brute

just flickering hour

our fantasy falls

from everyday tower

we're chasing real walls

like goblins by Bauer

where clouds are her suit

she feel like a shower

her wind peels cute fruit

from sugar to sour

our flute foggy calls

for sun to switch power

then moon no more mute

rise troll as her lover

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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