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Från en gammal dikt som jag översatte nu på Engelska.

Tankar om Livet

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Thoughts of Life

Something you always think about

Is how much life really shouts

I am talking about every moment in life itself

Every breath, memory and the dying wish to find oneself

Am I pretty, ugly, mean or kind?

Who do I ask the questions of my mind?

What is the point, being me or not me

Its never ever what it seems to be

Life can really be long and painful

Or short and truly beautiful

And imagine that life doesn't exist only a dream in your head

Just in our fantasy, our true self is written on our foreheads

And if it turned out to be that I didn't exist

My family and friends that I will truly miss

I laugh, I cry, I live in my ways so twisted

I choose this life, I insisted

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