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Sisters of mercy

Sometimes I feel like I do not know you. You love me cold. Holding back. Building walls. They will break. Putting on an armor of anger and hate. It is not too late. To let me inside. To let love heal. You sold yourself to a woman made of stone. Bad to the bone. Revenge. Hate. Despair. Denial. A web of lies. Cries. Love dies. Not yet. I am here. No fear.

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