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forever til no limit

skip

general of the last ship

The Crow

but I miss you in a physical form,

it eats on my soul, in a psychological form.

when love is gone, it transform.

to a deep singularity, a black hole.

where all natural of one are thrown

into it's nocturnal gravitational store.

and those hurts will never leave rip grip of its own.

sore like cry forever alone, until I the same, buried

under that frozen cold dirt and stone.

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