

Publicerad 2017-09-19 01:00 av Linnea Roslund Erlandsson

Love

Drinking tea with the shape of drugs

You are the mature one of us

Yet you see something in me

I am somehow attracted to you, obviously

A little boy I could use as a toy

You look like someone I would destroy

But I like to think I have changed

It feel so right it is almost strange

What happened to my rage

It disappeared by the look of your face

Needless to say I am in a better place

For love

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