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ensam är att vara utan sina vänner

Lonley

<table border=\"0\" cellspacing=\"0\" cellpadding=\"0\" width=\"100%\" height=\"100%\"
id=\"HB_Mail_Container\"><tbody><tr width=\"100%\" height=\"100%\"><td id=\"HB_Focus_Element\"
width=\"100%\" height=\"250\" valign=\"top\">I can fell shiver in my backbone, it goes all the way up to
my neck

I'm so cold. And In some way, it hurts.

Not literal, but inside me - in my heart

It stings like deep papercuts, and it bleeds terrible

It's dark and cold.

The only thing I hear is my breaths, and Mr. Deaths steps up to the flat were I sleep, he's coming to
get me out of here, precise like my wish said.

Lonley at night, also when the sun shines, I hide deep into my darkest tanks, and imagins, who rules my life,
in danger. I wish it goes away, but I know -It'snt that easy.

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