

Publicerad 2015-11-08 21:32 av Frida Andersson

beauty within an invisible love..impossible love..

I run my nails through my hair..

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Crushing my emotions as they...

Constantly..

remind me of this..

At a point where frustration leaves a physical mark for
me to hide, seamless scars that bleed with devotion
and unrecognizable coloring's...

Words are written within me that spells the sweetest
poems and unwavering protection..
the plains are no match as I will appear as a ghost
in the dusty distance..

the frustration is mine..

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