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Way of life

He were young and resolute.

Colorful and kind.

He had decided,

never to become like his father.

He was dissicive, naive and blind.

With every choice appeared many roads.

His beautiful heart beated fiercely,

for every soul,

he met.

He understood,

way too late,

that a heart could not be divided

again and again

without cost.

He grew close to understand the morals of his father, by every moral conflict that he lost.

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