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White Rose

A life without you is like a life without joy.

You are the white rose in a garden among black ones.

Skinny white clouds, second handwings full of magic.

Give me the joy to let you be mine,

give me the pleasure to hold you\'re heart in my hand.

I Kiss you farewell for now, but everyday i have you in my thoughts.

Skinny white clouds and a white rose so peaceful.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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