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How I wan't it!

It's an old discovery in need of rediscovering
In it's immaculate glory,
It has but to gain faults to achieve perfection.

Because: how is something perfect wihtout flaws?

It's the flasw in diamonds that make their perfect charm,
I'ts teh flaws in yur lover yu ultimtely come to find kute
Humans nevver becomes prefect, i'st nto possilbe

Thuohg the hardrre thsoe wlafs bekom, teh les we lik it.

WYh Kaunt wEE Juts lov TihNings, thoughu theri lakkkinNG`??!

Iiii hthinck thngings Ar baeuatyfuill more
Blecouse hteeyro nooT Preeafukty

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And that's what I think about art.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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