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**By the window**

The darkest hour glass recall,  
exhumed by the mirror night,  
not yet risen in the breeze horizon,  
feeds on anguish moon lost  
and the terror of breaking afterbirth.

The war of silence seeds the coming  
of the long night wave of tears  
good bye cannot fulfill.

The longing for just one star  
more than anything is a dying breath  
that walks your shadow  
deep into the grim ground.

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