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never appreciated perfect

why won't my life go back to normal?

like it was befor?

i lived in a fairytale,

without knowing it,

without appreciating it.

my life was easy,

soft and slow.

dazzeling me with its kindness.

but now i wish i could go back

to this strangeling warmth,

the softness

which was pressing me,

so firmly,

to the ground.

but my thought were clouded by the hatred

against this normal, uncomplicated life.

i wish i would have enjoyd it.

i would have,

if i had known

what i know now.

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