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*It is out there somewhere.....*

### **The Truth**

When I cry I use a lot of handkerchiefs,  
they are lying there in my hands like dry leafs.

I throw them away when I'm done crying,  
I don't know why I cry every time someone is dying.

They don't know how I hurt inside,  
after they are gone I will stop to hide.

The ones I love will know how I feel,  
my life is not a fairytale,  
it is real.

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