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an old one

The Kiss

everything dies

except for the wounds

in dark red, this blood is streaming

silently to the ground

reborn again

in ages and forever

into this darkness

the winter comes

and sometimes there is spring

I will still love

and it is forever there

for me

only for me

wherever

god where never alone

and neither were you

if there is no one else

there is no need to fear

let me kiss your wound

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