

Publicerad 2005-09-22 01:16 av Daybreaker

The things we do

The things we do out of madness.

I have lost the screams and the silence.

The things we do out of shame.

The empty gazes are following me still.

The things we do out of pity.

Getting rid of our own guilt.

The things we do out of sorrow.

Following the sad trails of touching.

The things we do out of love.

The things we do.

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