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Black Dove

He doesn't know more hollow lies
to hide the gaping churning hole
Hey little dove, hear his cries
give back his heart and make him whole

You know you stole it with your eyes
the hurtfilled ones with pain inside
Now you see him, without disguise
Lies and masks are thrown aside

The churning hole in his chest
is laid out bare for all to see
won't you there build a nest
and simply let him love thee?

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