

Yearning

"Haze Of Despair"

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Thoughts are useless as are deeds
Already lost is blossom of the young
No more...

Dreams of morning shine
Days leep, submit to night
A curse is to live before dying

A soul torn from the life
Withdrawn, out of sight
Birdes flew out from beautiful garden

Circle of sorrow seems to never end
Wizened are flowers, brought to monument of zeal

Bleak endless haze covers a dawn
Close to relief and waits no more
Yearning Haze Of Despair

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