

Audrey "Carving And Searching"

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I keep crouching in remnants of him
Of your memory laying all folded in remnants of mine

To carve deep enough to see your neck's open pulse

I take whatever it gives
Your youth, I take whatever it gives

Am I the last, am I the one?
Until you speak it my dreams will be real
His left right arm pushes and pulls me so far
And I channel something more
And I feel it spear right through my fingertips
And I bless those crooked arms
Wrap their limbs around me

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