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Obsessed "Mourning"

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Not wear black Be it not of the same faith Living trials can't be won In the end the hands will be held back In the eyes September sun The magic's gone Tempting fate with the surest of hands Come to be a profession, to walk with You in a mind of many lands Has been my sole obsession The magic's here Always cherish and always hold Not in health but in sickness And in the realm when all is said and told There is no equal likeness The magic's gone

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