

TriORE "The Missing Hour"

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The castle deflated, created of air
A kingdom forsaken, from lover's despair
The queen has departed, yet loving and fair

"When I was lost you told me that blood would heal my
wounds
When I was found you told me to face the ugly truth
When I was young you loved me and all the lies I told
But now our dream is over and we are spurned and
cold"

My land has expired; the court it has died
But please don't resent me; believe I have tried
Love is still likely, when hatred has died

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