

Minor Project "North"

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North

Born like sun
Warm as steel
Fight your son like the enemy of your future being
And yell..

Why you went up like air?
Why you loved North my sweetest pain?
And I'm just taught to write,
the way you were singing once..

Being fine by luck.
Being dark like scars in my wounded face.
Being angry like devil himself
and sweet as curiosity

Why you went up like air?
Why you love North my sweetest pain?
and I'm just taught to write
the way you were singing once

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