

Darwin

"V"

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With every passing day, a tiny portion died.
Silent and emotionless leaving purely flesh to die.
Silent and emotionless.

But the truth hurts, and the love binds.
So you forget and believe the empty lies.
So beautiful presented on a bed of roses.

Just dried out flowers, mark a grave.
With just one purpose; not to fade.
A grave fading.

But memories now fuelled by hatred inside.
Everything he loved he lost it.
Two halves apart, imperfections.
Two blood trails separate ways.

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