

Siri

"Pandeirata"

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Sewn with thin thread words - wind round the shape of
stone mouth

Abandoned gestures

You come first then me

Deafened with the song of senses you steal something
I do not want to give

Fortunes told by cards

You come first then me

A dream faded away

You and me

Two sides of a mirror

Two different ways

Two different words

Somewhere there - another me

Poisoned, forgotten

Starving for memories

Affected - me

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