

End

Useless ID

Nothing to hold on to when you're alone, then you find each other.

She heard you're leaving in august.

You promise to write, she's waiting at home.

An unanswered call.

I want you to know I'm alright and missing you.

Too bad I'm stuck here with words from a note you sent long ago:

"I'd love you forever"

But I'll be back in november.

I know that by then it will be the end.

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