

Lonely

Frente!

Am I real and what do I feel
Hate is half a heart
Only I am in my arms You were sold to something to hold
Nothing's as rude as the cold
Stupidly beautiful true you
Maybe madness is a heart
Maybe heaven is a habit If I could fly I'd live in the sky
I come from why and obviously you do too
The very start of everything hard
Could be the slip of a fingertip

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