

# Julius

## Paper Airplanes

Now I wait alone for death to come,  
faded pictures so I know,  
no where to go, so I don't.  
Picture? your body, hearing your voice and fall into your eyes.

Through crooked lines,  
the morning light faded pictures in my mind.

Not scared of death,  
n...o i know,  
picture your body, hearing your voice and fall into your eyes.

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