

Flower

Novembre

Lost in the storming of the north
someone warm up his own beloved
a feeble flower of the north No one can hear their sos
but could someone ever care less,
of those two flowers grown in frozen grass? She was brighter than a star
he loved to watch the rain
and just like a trick of life
they departed in winter Two frozen hearts sleep in the dust
bonded by time in tears and rust
in the darkest hall of winter lust No one could hear their sos
and no-one could ever care less,
about two creatures laid to rest

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