

Confessions

Kamchatka

Sleepless.
Weary again.
Questions
fill my head.
What could it be
that you need?
Is it me,
or is it my child?Confessions.
Well, what can I say?
When passion
is fading away.
Satisfaction,
is it not for me?
All your actionsConfessions.
What can I say?
When passion
is fading away.

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