September

Daysend

He never talked about it yet it remained
and the emotion of it, again betrayed
How could he hold his head high?
He never talked about it againHe said, let yourself be born again
He said, all you were is all you'll beHe couldn't live without it
before the rain
There's not regret about it
While in the fray
He took a spoonful of pain
He didn't think about it, he saidYou'll go your own way
First Sunday of September
On this great day

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