These Old Rags

Pale Forest

Smoother surface than before
eyes set to a different shore
But what of that which lives within this faceSweeter scent than before
renewed temptation, open door
But what of that which stirs inside this bodyMy colours have faded to gray
I know
Inside I feel the same
You've left to see a fresher show
To burn another flameWarmer weather than before
storming fire now in store
But what of the lightning we made

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