

# Gray Blow

## Unholy

Water gives a sigh  
My hair seems to be seized by the wind  
But I must continue this trip never looking back  
Whirl absorbed, water gives a sigh  
Through's are reserved, water is darkening  
Gray blow is my home  
Nice weather was, is and will be today  
Now I'll transpire, gray blow is my home  
Still I am doomed to be in this walls of myself  
They prevent my words  
I fell in love with myself

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