

Tight Rope

Kazu Osawa

Delighting minds
with my shadow
rely on your way to grow
you want to decide
from your cloud
Your lost in a world
that I have to repair.
You want it all
the greatest smile
who wants to deny forever?

You're made of ice
I pay the price
for all your unforgiveness.
Enlightening lies
with my shame
beneath the veil
of your flow
Don't try to deny
with your mouth
so fine it is knowing
You're under the shade.

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