

Goodbye

Faces are Fiction

I hate reflection of my self in a rough dirty fact
Everything bad is good for something, to our broken hearts
I'll never stop thinking about the good times when we both cried
better not to think about love, things to say, persuade

Why can we just stop breathing for the last time
I never got chance to understand
when we both stop seeing our future
everything will fall to pieces

Sentence begun with some bad words
And ended like a time bomb
and I can't breath

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