

# Neruda

Russian Red

I let go my words  
To make room for your temper traps  
The air dances to the farthest melody  
As we live only though our transparent skin

We travel far  
To try to understand  
That no one can ever break this,  
No one will ever break this promised land

I let go my voice  
It's fragility will only make me strong  
Your heart dances at a speed I'll never know  
Your heart dances leaving mine out of control

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