

Open Window

The Gift

Soft view White snow Still life

This beauty is so tragic too

Few tears Few miles

Between My vision and your calm routine

Naked trees around The swimming pool Old leaves left on the ground I finally open up this window

Naked trees around The traffic lights No kids no birds no sound

And I'm standing here Happy to be here now Here and now

Horas horas tantas horas Medos medos tantos medos E mais medos.

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Não quero voltar cedo À certeza de ter menos. Ter certeza de que e espero horas