

The Beauty of this Form

Blackguard

I watch in wonder with racing heart and shaking hand
At the beauty of this form so delicate a creation
But at the same time fragile and weak that all eyes can see

The illusion of strength
Is quickly dispelled as
It's all destroyed with whisper and breath

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Light and rain creation awake to touch with hand and the pleasure it would bring.
I am in awe of the beauty of this form no constraints in all its shape and form

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My flesh cries for it all and with it all my flesh would die.

My flesh would die!

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