

## Sever

iamamiwhoami

Might look so grand from a distance that you need to touch  
It gives a vision of the simple but it is so much

I won't be fooled by its touch of emotional supply  
The scent of affair in heavy love we dry  
The cold in the bare grass so delicate by one's eye  
Is why we can't ally and elope tonight

Almost forgotten the way we used to live for play  
To be accepted, I must blend into convention's way  
And sing the universal ways

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