

Your words cut me worse, than thy own blade could.

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By : elmoshurtside

Cutting. Pain.

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Your words leave promise of thy Hurst, and if to lie in it I had vowed,
without a fight, I would.

then

I did not vow my life to die, but vowed it to thy love for thee.

Again for you, I will not cry, so together, perhaps, we shall not be.

Despite our previous love I fear a goodbye is due.

So, let there be a flying dove to steal all love untrue.

If no love remains, No love left untouched inside,

Then I shall cry as it rains. You though shall leave your tears un-cried.

You should, once again, leave in the quiet with no words spoken to me.

I shall not hate thee for it because our love wasnâ t meant to be.

Though, if there is love left behind once the dove has flown on,

Then let us with love be blind. And let my tears be gone.

So, our fate is in the wings of the dove

No promise of how it will end.

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