

Like Yesterday

Heavenwood

You won't find them on the floor
Those hundred gifts left at my door
Cherry red as if asking more
From my heart or a simple forgive you

Like Yesterday
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There is more than meets the eye
To be the hunted, then I'd rather die
If my tender words would never rhyme
It means my heart will stop again to shine

Like a dreadful sound that will ever last
Forever chained to my past
When everything is dying fast
Even if I would be the last to feel it...

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