

In my core it is two

In my core its two
me and you
we are subject and object

i feel your voice whispering in puzzles
i dance in your question mark
it is a pure fight
in separated parts
of my soul

in which
i always spoke about kindness
but the evils home is my love
it is a bittersweet world
of boundlessness
i slide between light and darkness
to find myself

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