

Little fighter

Lying down in a deep hole

while the moonlight is touching the ground

missing the beat, missing the sound

missing the drum of life played by my soul

my heart, it is quiet, it sleeps, it rests

It hated, it mourned, it suffered

It loved, it burnt, it danced, it recovered

It failed and won all of these quests

It stopped beating with a smile on its face

because it knew it gave its best

it gave its best and it gave more

it knew about what it was fighting for

and nothing will take its place in my chest

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