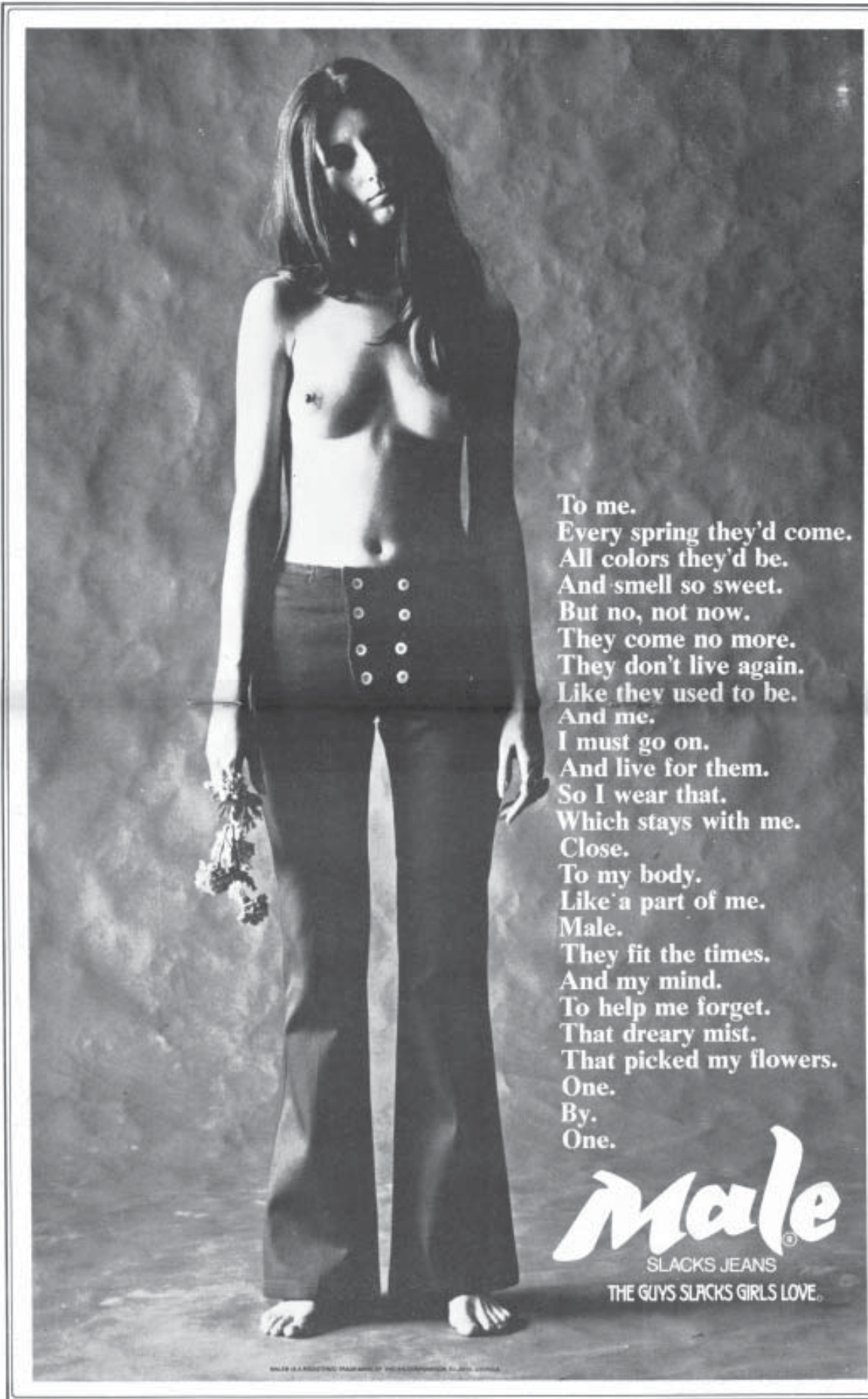


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To me.
Every spring they'd come.
All colors they'd be.
And smell so sweet.
But no, not now.
They come no more.
They don't live again.
Like they used to be.
And me.
I must go on.
And live for them.
So I wear that.
Which stays with me.
Close.
To my body.
Like a part of me.
Male.
They fit the times.
And my mind.
To help me forget.
That dreary mist.
That picked my flowers.
One.
By.
One.

Male[®]

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