

If I find a reason to live
Everyday the struggle is real
I'm worried I'll still have the same problem years from now
Girl, when you have lost hope
And when you get old
And you're not beautiful anymore
And when you're not young anymore
Whos beauty is unbearable
when I'm not afraid of being rejected
when I can tell you my true feelings
why I have been in pain for so long
If you don't love me
At least I will know the truth

Petrarch Sonnet 12 Paraphrase

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