

Anxieties

I stand on the bridge but I´m afraid to jump.

I hold a knife in my hands but I´m afraid of cutting my arms.

I´m kissing you but I´m afraid of falling in love

The day will come when you won´t love me anymore and then

I won´t be afraid of jumping

or of cutting my arms

But i will be afraid that i could hurt somebody

if i would go away

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