

# Litomerice

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*Feelings leave little choice*

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Litomerice On the streets of ancient stone we wandered in the snow. Made love every day, our bodies seemed to know. The only choice to hold on tight. Not caring what's wrong or right. It's good to know and feel the pain. Expose yourself to love's domain. Orene is the one I love she's my Prague fantasy, An absinthe dream come true, a new reality. Its not a love the world condones, But I can't change a thing, I'm lost in this feeling, Whatever time may bring.