

## half mad hope

what do i do to make you real?

to dream is not enough

i need to feel

the touch of your caress upon my face

the passion of your self in love's embrace

you live inside my mind

and every night i find

this mere mental stuff is not enough

in fruitless fantasy we walk in moonlight

and lay beneath the stars by a fire at midnight

dancing in the dark

touching at the dawn

its just in half mad hope that i go on

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