

Dostoevsky

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“But the best is always sacrificed;
And you who love yourself too much,
Whatever beauty you have, will be punished.
And the rage cannot be contained;
The doubts rain on like hell fire.
That man lives underground with his whispers
Like dusts floating, crawling, lost in the corners...”
Greetings, stranger in the candlelight,
Dreaming of a color blue as the waves:
You are not a teacher, or preacher,
But my fellow-sufferer.