

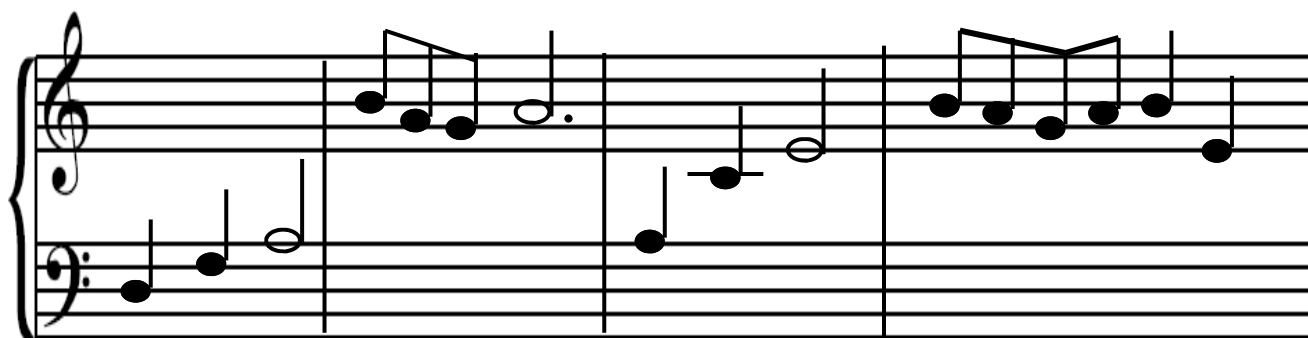
Something of Beauty

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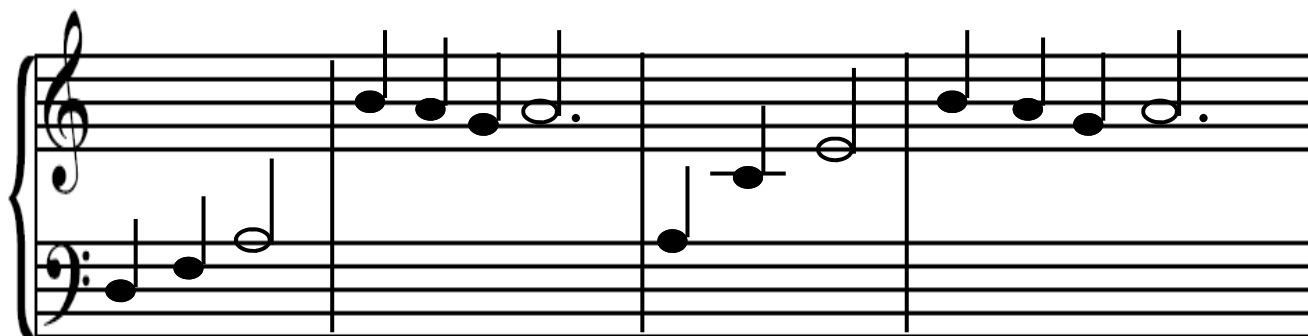
Some - thing of Beauty

Permeates my Soul



Of what it is

I do no - ot know



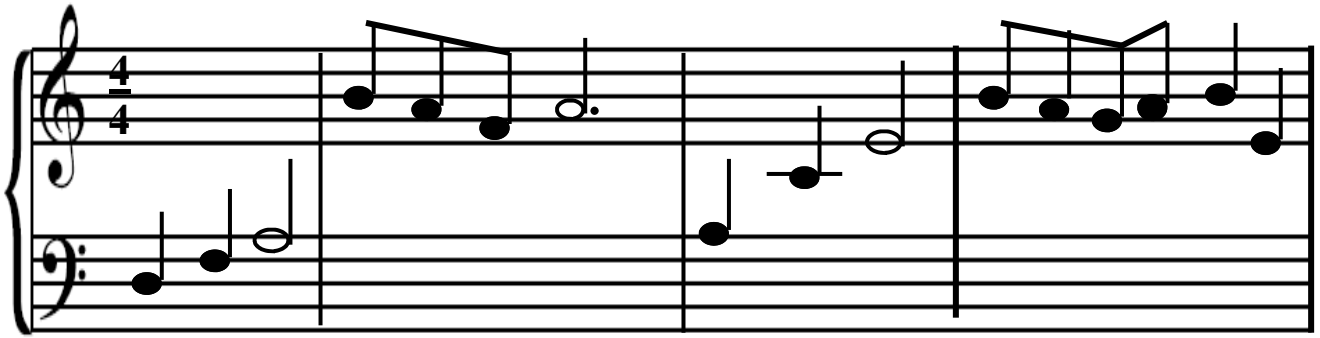
I'm wondering if

You have ever



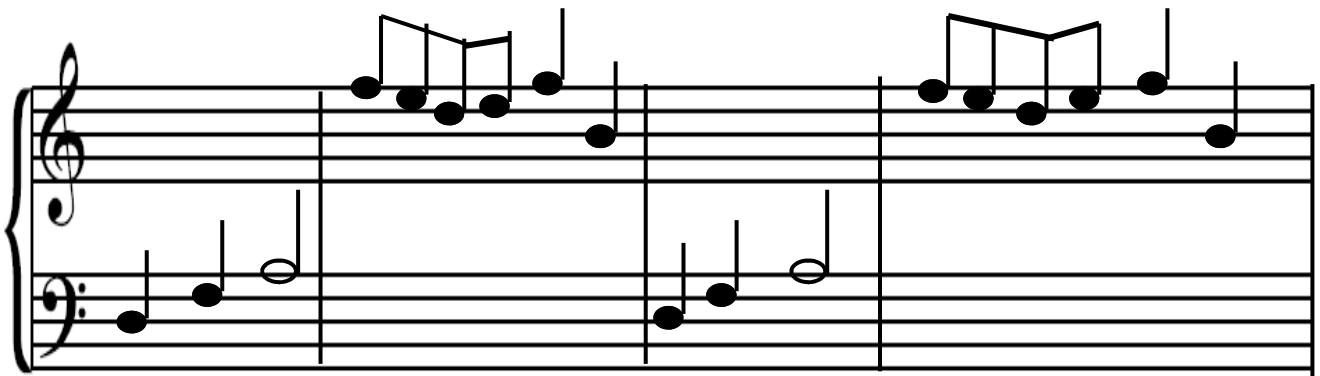
Felt this way too?

Could it be of love?



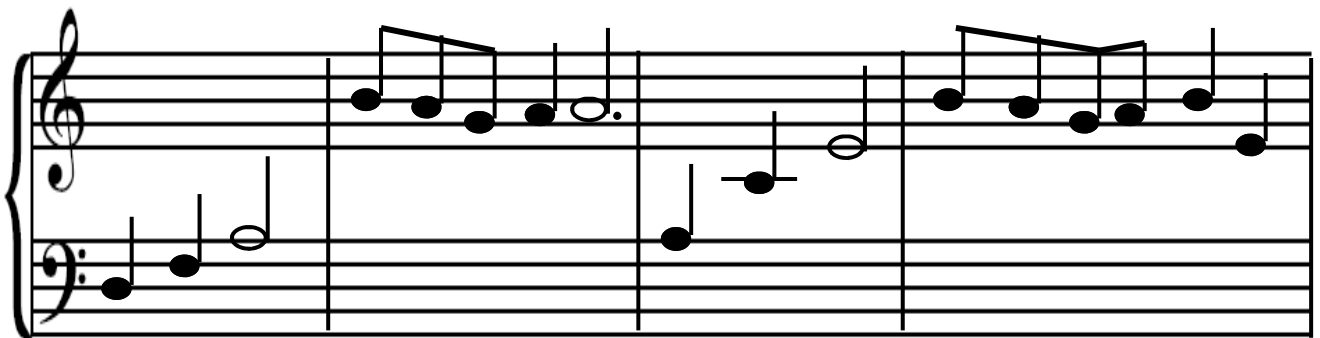
I'm telling you

I do not know



Sometimes it's like a pain

A pain I can't explain



Something of Beauty

Permeates my soul

