

Love Letter

Von Zaje

My Love.
My one true Love.
You were *everything* for me.
I didn't tell you and now...it's too late.
You saved my life by giving yours.
We wanted to start our life together.
But you're not here – anymore.

Tokyo. We always talked about Tokyo.
And now I'm here and you are not.
It really hurts – seeing all those happy people.
Because I know I'll **never** be happy again.
My happiness died with you.

I don't even know why I'm writing this.
We never talked that much.
And you know why?
Because it was always clear.
We didn't need words to understand each other.
I looked into your wonderful eyes and saw everything.

I'll never forget the moment we met.
In Rio.
You wanted to kill Roman and from that moment on I knew you were something special.
You just looked at me and my mind was an open book to you.
And vice versa.
It was like meeting an old friend.
Our relationship wasn't platonic – everyone knew but we didn't talk about it because we didn't have to.
When we stood together Dom always had that smile.
He knew it from the beginning.
I never thought that I could love and trust one person that much as I loved and trusted you.

If I had known that this was our last ride I would've told you that I love you.

Now it's too late.
Damn, Gisele, it's too late to tell you *anything!*
It was all my fault.
I should've kept an eye on you.
You died because I didn't pay attention.
I miss you so much I can't even find words.

You know, the pic you gave to me.
I kept it.
It's always right here at my heart.
Because I keep you in my heart 'till the end of time.

I hope that you're in a better place now.
And I hope they have cars for you.
Keep me a seat.

And Gisele...don't forget:

We. Are. Endgame.