

# History

## Endless

A stone arises slowly from a rock  
Cold and grey  
Stones wear down to a sand with time  
Cold and grey  
The sand falls through the fisted palm  
Which only dust remains on  
The dust catches the sweat  
From the other palm  
Cold and grey In the crowd where  
The single one is useless Hard as stone  
From the crowd of individuals Where everybody's a king

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