

# Lydia

## Paradise Lost

Through the searching lights that weave and darts  
Comes the stranger that cares not for your heart  
The pain of living life this way must take its toll on you some day  
Your jaded eyes can see embarrassment or harm  
The frail skin that bleeds emotionally on guard  
All lowest forms of life are pounding you inside  
Your hollow cold display your tires masquerade  
Let the image that you present entice  
Unlike the mirror that shows the strains of vice  
This act of contact your decay while willing souls will more than pay

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