Train (Poem) / The Tree

Agathocles

Life seen through the eyes of an agarchrist
So cold
So blind
So naieve
The truth beyond, will not be found
Deceiving masks, that's what's all around
So cold
So blind
Like a train, leading to nowhere
Reflections of death, but why?
Forced to choose another path
The one which is covered with theatric thoughts

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