

Alone

Art Of Dying

It's got me on my head again.
Close can be so misleading.
It's hard enough to get to know yourself.
Into words I cough my feelings.
I don't know the half of it but, this I finally figured out:
I used to think that being alone meant being by myself.
Now I know, to truly be alone means being without you.
Ignorance eats for free.
There's more questions than there's reason.
Time smiles, forever laughing by.
End is prey for the beginning.
Lost track, forgot who's losing.

A mouth opens up inside.
I used to think that being alone meant being by myself.
Now I know, to truly be alone means being without you.

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It's hard enough to get to know yourself.
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