

The Epigone

Becoming the Archetype

There's nothing I can say
That hasn't already been said
I'm just repeating myself
Repeating someone else Equally incapable of
Uttering a single new thought
Yet you are ever worthy of adoration
So how can I for a moment
Cease to lift my heart in praise? Your name is Glory, my song is victory
And I will keep on singing
There is no opposition
No thing can stand in Your way
Make my life Your own

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