Scenario

Dismal Euphony

Talking to an abstract, yet figurative image of myself
Seen vagely from this dim and misty place
All those beings are like faceless and with tranquilled hearts
Words like hunted flesh
They return again... and again
Calling up the stirs of pain
Walking down those stairs again
I am barely the shadow of my former self 'cause
I NO LONGER CARE!
FUCK YOU... ALL OUT THERE!!!

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