

# The Unknown

Dillon

WITH THE WATER I FALL  
OVER VERTICAL DROPS  
MOVING SAND, PLUCKING STONES  
CARVING DEEP INTO YOU  
ERODING WHAT WE KNEW  
CRAVING SHELTER, FINDING HOPE  
UNDER PRESSURE WE CRACK  
AND RECEDE INTO DEPTHS  
FAR FROM WHERE WE BEGAN  
THE UNKNOWN

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