

# The Trivial Paroxysm

## Becoming the Archetype

So it begins  
And I am surrounded by my enemies  
Darkness seems like my closest friend  
Suffering and waiting for youEach breath feels like my last  
But that won't stop me  
I've seen the way it finds  
I won't give upCarry on 'til then  
And though I'm incapable of sustaining  
Myself even for a moment  
I will outlive time, carry on

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