

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 you Each breath feels like my last
But that won't stop me
I've seen the way it finds
I won't give up Carry 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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