Who Knew?

Enos

Every single notion burned indelibly
Every motion leaving scars behind
All sincere emotion received skeptically
With no preparation for life eternal
Every tear that's fallen brings one thousand floods
Paper cuts are leaving blood behind
All the silent laughter ringing piercingly
I blink, making my eyes mine
Words in their worthlessness
They should be weighted down
But do I truly wish their cessation?
Fly

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