

# Living Backward

## Aftershock

Torn from inside as my eyes absorb the false state of my life...passes by transcended through a tearful eye. Now my eyes...now my eyes...burn with the acid truth of a suicide. Hear my laughter cry. I ask you why. I ask why. Floati ng through this lake of tears, will I not drown? Clicking steel, abrasive skin, it all surrounds. Floating through this lake of tears, will I not drown? Calloused soul, calloused flesh it all surrounds.

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