

Blow

Future

To know why, hope dies. Loosing what was found in a world so hollow. Suspended in a mrpmoocise. The silence of the sound is soon to follow but, somehow, sundown. To find the answers is forgetting all the questions we call home, passing the graves of the unknown. As reason clouds my eyes, the splendor fading; Illusions of the sunlight. The reflection of a lie will keep me waiting, love gone for so long. Trading Yesterday Shattered

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