Breakdown

Neuroticfish

I step into the darkness
Preparing for the lightI do expect the hardest
And deferred out of sightI still sense the different
Darker kinds of meatI try to feel the distance
Between ground and feetSometimes it seems to me
This little invitation
You're smiling down on me
Without retaliationThe purpose comes within
With different dependenciesI step into a room
With mirrors of disguise
My theets begin to flicker
My Fingers become eyes

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