

Alone

Art of Dying

It's got me on my head again
Close can be so misleading
It's hard enough to get to know yourself
Into words I cough my feelings
I don't know the half of it but, this I finally figured out
I used to think that being alone meant being by myself
Now I know, to truly be alone means being without you

Ignorance eats for free
There's more questions than there's reason
Time smiles, forever laughing by
End is prey for the beginning
Lost track, forgot who's losing
A mouth opens up inside

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