

## Distraction

Balzac

A stabbing sensation  
Tightens around our actuality  
From illusion that knows no hesitation  
Leads to a loss of all memory

Pushed to god-like limits  
Destruction and regeneration reverebate  
Even if you escape it's path  
An eternal night overcomes

Left in it's current state  
It makes me sick  
Recklessly, entrusting the dark  
Liberal desilusions, Paranoia

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