

Deletion / A Cyclic End

Ingrowing

Clone casualties? None of clones will count the dead.
Human casualties? Reaper has his hands strained, dread...

But who am I?
I didn't meet my copy... even kill
I doubt about my originality
I feel like foreigner... thoughts so ill

Epoch of clones now ends, tabooed, banned
New day dawn soon will come, trying to understand why...

Day of the victory, our mankind is safe
But I think I am one, a clone, my death's postponed

Final deletion...
I survived my deletion.

But who am I?
I didn't meet my copy
I doubt about my originality
I feel like foreigner... thoughts so ill

A cyclic end, history to flush
There's one left to decimate
A cyclic end, my future is unknown
To join normal life, I have to procreate