Check Your Misfortune

Intronaut

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Get rid of what we have
Make room for what we are
Behind our fear is always pain
All we stand to gain
All we stand to lose
And in the end we have to choose
If might-have-beens were kings and queens
Then we'd have kingdoms all
The lurking shadows on the path
The tepid grow of aftermath
Obscure the rise that comes before
The fall...
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