

The Cull

Intronaut

Here lies a man
Who fell victim to pride
Culler of staves
Stylites in the sky
Cracks in the old
Stone oubliette
Betray the false
Hope of light

And we'll never get it right
Darkness, let us
Dwell

We started with a bang
We'll end with a sigh
We are all to blame
Empty is my way

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