

## escape pod

Paris Paloma

There was confusion  
And there were flames  
I had always felt the fire call my name  
But this was different  
I could taste the fear  
And the sweet release, as the end of all drew near  
I will never understand why  
Why

They shot me off a dying planet  
In a tin-sized escape pod  
There was room only for a bed and porthole  
That I watched my home explode from  
The com-link's open, but there's no one  
Tuned in on the other side  
Why did I deserve to live?  
Did I just deserve to watch them die  
Oh why did I?  
Oh why did I?

In those first hours  
No one heard me  
Scream at the hateful, cold eternity  
And I have been floating  
Ever since then  
With nobody but the darkness as my friend  
And if they had asked me  
I wouldn't have agreed  
That it was the right thing when they

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