And now I close the door
Melding a resurrection
Living through every war
I underscore the pain
Windows of fantasy
shadows of expectations
drowning in agony
I set this body free

It always happens right before it's over You light the sky up like a supernova

I believe the writings on the wall I don't regret at all I never played the game Part of me will always see the sun as if it just begun to be the only one who knew what I became

Walking the way I see gateways in all directions magical empathy the wind it knocks me down lost in a neutron star ready to break a cycle it never heals, it's gone the moment tears in me

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(Spoken) The ticking moments beats against me like broken waves in a desert Lolling envy cascades beneath a yellow sky dying slowly in a casket of infinite density

Aiming too high the arrow misses and makes its mark on a setting sun Reaching up, there is no one but the echoes of potential that rattle and ban g against what could have been

Having regret, we find the ego wanting more, needing more The frozen walls melting into the childish night The time has come to open our eyes and be blinded by the sun. (/Spoken)

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