

## Homa's Coma

The The

History repeats itself  
Within the realms of my inexperience  
Life is but an empty sack  
Withered in the storms of resistance  
See me dwindle watch me dwell  
In the cut out corner of my plastic world

I have no future for I've had no past  
Can you help me at last

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How I wish, how I wonder  
How I wish, how I wonder  
How I wish, how I wonder

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