

Obstacle III

Varials

Stuck in a rut with nowhere to go
Obstacles keep me inside this hole
Spinning around and around we go
I can't tell what's true

Why do we spend our entire life
Just living, searching for more?
The challenge I see it spins in my head
Around and around it goes

I don't see the point to deny the truth
When pain is an illogical thing
What I would gain from a fraction of the truth
If I hate the taste?

Tearing my insides out for you
It's just logical harm
Underestimating subtleties...
In darkness I find...

I taste it still inside of my teeth
I don't want more
Reason to doubt or reason to live
At this point

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