

The Cold Emptiness

Wolf

I wake up before the dawn
Still breathing
To endure another day

A look in the mirror reveals the years
Some of which I can barely remember
Lost in a string of aimless thoughts
Look at the time, I'm late again

Work, endless procedures
Still breathing
Yet another aimless routine

Empty phrases, echoes in the hallway
And I wear my professional face
Back home I stare at the ceiling
Wake up, do it all again

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