

Ambitions

"Rapid Succession"

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Imprtative motion

Decidedly spoken for

Slowly gaining on me

Slowly gaining on me

I've ripped my seams.

Fell in the cracks between

The things that I feel

Feel like they're worlds away.

Now they separate me

I've lost signal from the outside

Time didn't waste any time

I've been reaching from the inside

Destroying me

I once believed we were the rising seed

But we retreat with every passing day

Now they replicate me

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