

Becoming The Archetype "The Sky Bearer"

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I carried the sky on My back
I caught it the day that it fell
All of the world had turned black
And stared into the mouth of Hell

It crushed all the mountains
And the tops of the trees
For even a moment even brought Me to My knees
On My shoulders I lifted impossible weight
Up the mountain I bore the unbearable freight

It was in silence that I arose
And in silence infinity closed
There are no words wasted
When death is tasted

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All of the world had turned black
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