

Endless "History"

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A stone arises slowly from a rock
Cold and grey
Stones wear down to a sand with time
Cold and grey
The sand falls through the fisted palm
Which only dust remains on
The dust catches the sweat
From the other palm
Cold and grey

In the crowd where
The single one is useless

Hard as stone
From the crowd of individuals

Where everybody's a king

A grip of dust covered palms
A mound of stones hard as a rock
A grip of dust covered palms
How many people touch in the crowd
Do you think?

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