

Matt Willis

"Iapm"

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I pray to you oh great lust god
For you keep the meaning of the myths
And I know that you reign
So I still bow in the presence of your power
If only I could capture the illusions that you create
And hold the wonder of the flesh you animate
This self perpetuated recycled wheel
Reincarnation of thought
I'm so sick of it... perhaps even tired
Look at the circle bite it's tail
I wish it would swallow itself and fail
This is nothing but the curse
Plenty rehearsed

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