

Matt Zane

"Not Death"

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Death calls to me and I usually listen
It is as if it is holding out it's hand waiting for me to
grab
Hold and ease the tension of living by ending
Sometimes I'm so eager to take hold of this
But my palm is sweating with consequence
I'm afraid I might slip
So I simply shake hands
All these suicidal passions...
Is it my fault that reality is the greatest killer of them
all?
Not death, it is merely a necessity
Eventually leading to my destruction
Forever

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