

Prototype "Pure"

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The stem from eons of strife
Changing intentions
Planning each other's disdain
Savor my disarray
I must convert you
Be by my side

So pure...
Can I believe?
So pure...

Why can't I ensure
Their position's vitality?
Natural selection
Judge me for all that they stand
Part of the universe
Calling for reason
To all that they can

I've arrested my life
Pursuing this measure
By which all others will gauge...
Grades of ability
Render a stature
And gather our minds

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