

The Red Death **"Twilight Of The Idols"**

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Hope for the hopeless
Nature robbed blind
Rendered powerless
To make way for
An idea of the all powerful
To say nothing exists
Exploiting the narrow limitations of human reason
To create dependence
By the belief of
Your immaculate machine
Never breathed life into me
Subject habits
The idea of movement
A psychological habit
In anticipation
Subject habits
The idea of movement
A psychological habit
In anticipation
Giving me the illusion
Of consciousness
Hope for the hopeless

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