

Taken

"The Most Feared Thing"

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when the walls come crashing, nothing stands. time
heals nothing. redemption by seeing nothing. the most
beautiful thing is to not try or care. all have become
some sort of clone. for this, letting others decide, the
easiest way. bled dry. bled dry, no substance. if i
wanted to become this i would have copied you. an
elevated thought that we are somehow better, but we
all fall. the minute falls and you are left to look in. this
broken spirit (2x). (until then) some day we will be ill
(my heart grows weary) with the path we have chosen.

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