

Transition, Idol The Ashes

It will take forever to slow this down,
Days go by with nothing left behind.
The photographs that trace my life,
Are broken down and left with no receipt.

Could this be for real?
Would someone please just save me from this death
Of memories, this tragedy
Consider this a trial of life,
As we watch it burn away.

Take what's left,
And wipe the ashes from your face.
It's time to start again.
Reality is setting in,
Day is coming to an end,
And there's no place left to go.

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