

Andromeda, Crescendo Of Thoughts

Opened wide, eyes to see,
Within, beyond and behind
Faces never seen,
My mind is expiring, beyond all limits

Impulses and thoughts torn
into meaningless words

The darkest of demons are hidden
behind the happiest faces
I wear the mask of fear

Impulses and thoughts torn
into meaningless words
stained on this paper, like the liquid of life
from a slit wrist

I have nothing to say, yet I desperately search
searching for the shadows of mine
yet undiscovered, hidden within

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