

# Becoming The Archetype, The Trivial Paroxysm

So it begins  
And I am surrounded by my enemies  
Darkness seems like my closest friend  
Suffering and waiting for you  
Each breath feels like my last  
But that won't stop me  
I've seen the way it finds  
I won't give up  
Carry on till then  
And though I'm incapable of sustaining myself even for a moment  
I will outlive time  
Carry on