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Skriven 2009

Death of a Soul

A cold dark

Endless emptiness

The warmth inside me

Slipping slowly

Leaving my lips

With every breath

The force that is me

Dying without a sound

The light of my source

Shining without a trace

Consumed by the darkness

Filling what was once

Pulsating life

But soon ceasing

Transforming into emptiness

Darkness

Silence

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