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The iterant match

There's some tiny altar on the road
With a million arms and feet
I gave it my heart and it said to me
Go forth and forget all you meet
I asked it to give me the rulebook
It said that the struggle's the game
Battling with rooms and mirrors
I felt the noise was the same
Coming to terms in a futile way
I just jumped down the hidden hatch
It's in plain sight but no one gets in
Except if you've lost the match

I kept losing

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