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Opp-o-sitt

Out of total destruction we were born and in chaos we were forged.

The opposite to itself becomes the result of its own existence.

That seems to be the only rule the universe obeys.

Life and death, birth and devouration, order and chaos.

The condition for life to exist is death.

Something so beautiful as all life on this planet, is the result of dying moons, stars and other beautiful planets.

Opposites depending on each other.

We must live so we can die.

Death is the only reason for life to be so beautiful.

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