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**moody spoiler alert**

When speakers blast out  
the empty sound of the tomb  
and invisible vapors rise  
to form thick clouds in your room  
Mirth and glee have since long  
let out their final sigh  
Terra rotates while I stand still  
Oasis of fulfillment remains dry  
Inner sanctuary possessed  
by quantum singularity  
There is no sight of solace in that  
darkness of temporal gravity

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