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The Void

I'm not sure what time it is or where the music's gone
But a mighty echo shakes the shelter of this home
I lower down my book and scream, "is there anyone?"
Nothing answers me; I hear my self-indulgent moan
I stood up and walked a bit, or so I thought I'd done
The floor much like the darkened air, would not make me known
I fumbled for my knife and thought, "Just me's as good as none"
But when it all was said and done, I still woke up alone

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