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To walk amongst the ruins of me

The sound of rain falling amongst the flowers of illusion

The scent of the morning dew

The lingering memories of summer;

Decay and death

I behold the graze of man made filth

The silent gardens of concrete and asphalt

Concrete...

There's beauty in this destruction

I died when the chords fell and the dance began

I was not meant to take part

And from my failures I learnt my lesson

I was never one of you...

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