

The Ghost Walks

Arena

This moment seemed so far away
A thousand long lost yesterdays
Floating down an endless stream
Of seconds, minutes, hours and weeks

We search for clues, we work we strive
To find a meaning in our lives
But when It's all been said and done
The end is the same for everyone

And yet as I cross this great divide
I finally see the other side
The sum of what i came to be
My genuine identity

But does it really matter now
Something we should care about?
Perhaps it has no meaning here
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