

The Ring

Argent

Intentional devotion brings me to unconsciousness
A love of fear inspires me into permanent distress
Dialectics point the finger, each to choose their cause
A diablerie of influence, and logic is no more

I grasp the tangling threads that fall before me
I fade away
Striving for what can never be
I fade away

To edify that which lies far ahead, as foolish men believe
But destiny lies deep within ourselves
Confusion is the burden that we carry to the grave
Effacement of my personality

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