

Starting over with no hope for turning back.
Still it's calling me ... it's calling me.
Saturated with a vigorous routine.
I hear it calling me ... still calling me again.

Under this stress, it's a mess I cannot avoid entirely.
Trapped in distraction, again I fall the victim to fighting the
battles with focus.
This paradox will be the end of me!

Wired head to toe the rest must go.
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No need for an alibi.
I can't recall what's next, unless I learn of a past demise.
This scattered recollection fails.
My mind is pacing back and forth, through walls of a restless d
aze.
And consciousness is fading.

What breaks inside is not the world to me.
But will I ever make my way back safe inside this remedy.
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If I had an ounce of strength left, I could assure myself that
I'm alright.

The fall of a battling man is unstoppable!
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Watch your step!

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