

## Alone

## Art of Dying

It's got me on my head again  
Close can be so misleading  
It's hard enough to get to know yourself  
Into words I cough my feelings  
I don't know the half of it but, this I finally figured out  
I used to think that being alone meant being by myself  
Now I know, to truly be alone means being without you

Ignorance eats for free  
There's more questions than there's reason  
Time smiles, forever laughing by  
End is prey for the beginning  
Lost track, forgot who's losing  
A mouth opens up inside

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