

In stillness
A silent weight
Pausing as the minutes each evaporate

A desire
To leave a scar
To raise a voice from within the dark

Decaying
Cascading
Existence falls apart
Around me
Within me
So I must leave my mark

This is a document
To prove that I was here
This is a document
To prove I was at all
And when my voice ceases to be
Will the echo still ring loudly?
And when there's nothing left of me
Will my memory still go on?

A flicker
Transitory state
An echo of an instance that burns away

A moment
A shard of time
A solitary thread that threatens to unwind

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Distant
An approaching age
When this document falls beneath another's gaze

Too late
We have lost the dawn
The signal's loud and clear, but the transmitter's gone

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