

It's as if I've fallen with the fall.  
Like leaves from trees, standing short and tall.

My lungs are frozen from the winter air.  
A stale cold and respiratory flare.

Crimson scatters near the roots  
Of the last soldier from the summer.  
It's as if the battle happened here  
And the bodies were buried under.  
A tectonic drift and polar shift would ensure our camouflage

It would be as if we never happened,  
And this place was a mirage.

We constantly collide with the troposphere.  
We cut straight through like Roman spear.

Displacing oxygen like a paid assassin.  
Promised to forget because it never happened.

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Stimulating consequences rest on my conscience.  
This addiction to the things  
We do is neither conventional or acknowledged.

An echo of existence. Subsist in our commencement. Limitations have escaped  
us, contrary to accepted thesis.  
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