

Edge

Rotten Sound

Down the ledge, holding to survive
Towards the edge, closer and closer
Resistance replaced, With urge to fly free
Sliding faster, time to go, Down with the flow
My grip slips, no strength to hang on
Cannot hold, tighter anymore
Dropping alone, can't resist the fall
Going down, Towards the ground

Pressure from above
Pushes me down
Unseen stress
Forces to jump

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