## **The Freedom Fall**

After all my efforts to rid the demons away Since learning by science where to address God By doing the good deed and being the bitter spice Knowing the meaning of a heaven and a hell

We are void Spiral or circulating Static in His cold shivers

The will is but a scattered piece In a all too great scenery

No one thing matters more than one another Chaos ever on for eternities to pass Mankind is but a monstrous mischief of the great show Nothing greater, nothing smaller, but all things wholer

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## Satariel