

## Futile Future

### The Misanthrope

How our life is so futile  
What a fool to think about a tomorrow  
Joy is so furtive  
When your pulpy kiss meets my lips

I do not believe in tenderness anymore  
Henceforth more than simple promises  
Go behind our distress in our self-cloak  
We are just livid embers of futility

Futile future  
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We are everything except extraordinary  
I let my lots to the human sorrow  
So where, who will I conjurate my demons  
Simplicity is the power of a being, so be I

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So be I