

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

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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