By: shadowlight

No two things are the same



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Bright, bright the night tonight

Brings forth the day into the night

Of what once thought over

Still now remains

Of all that had become

Now continues on

Through the life through the way

We turn ourselves from the day

Only to find the path remains

Lit beyond the eternal clock

And where lost in an internal block

Barriers built to withhold the "truth"

So how could it be this day of night?

And more so this feeling that all is right

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