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Burn

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Burn

Alone, darkness pulses, silence whispers
"you still haven't finished your thought."

I know,
I know.

If truth be told, silence lies.
Loneliness is written on my blank paper.

I know
I know.

But what company does loneliness keep
other than the stain of tears and blood?

I know.
I know.

Silence whispers once more, taking my
thoughts in its breath, only to join the darkness.

I know.
I know.

Light fills the dark (they aren't on speaking terms)
and I say into silence,
*when the time comes, I will set myself afire, for
the world must burn, and I am the only world I know.*

I know that
I don't know.