

10 Years, Empires

Sky cities scrape the lining of heaven
Beneath this vast region
Manifest destination
Leaves us fast erasing

Days pass
Time flies
You don't realize
Today you waste

This dying youth of beauty and pleasure evaporates
Lives are connected to lasting obsessions that become possessions of waste
While buying the next new fashion that's fed to enslave this land of the free

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Don't be so surprised

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