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In the Dungeon

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In the Dungeon

Lea Hirsch

I wake up and open my weary eyes.
I look around. The sun is too bright in the outside world.
Another day.
Another dismal morning to continue mourning over anyway.
It's dark inside, dark and comforting.
I wake up from my blanket of darkness.
But I can't see. I can't feel anymore.
I think I'm alone, of course I'm alone.
Alone with darkness.
What if they told you it would all end just like this?
That you'd always feel just like this?
Always alone just like this.
They've already told me.
I've always felt this way.
Alone in the darkness to comfort me through the day.
It's the only one who will always be there.
Never leaves me.
Never deceives me.
No one can break through this wall of my dungeon.
This wall that grows.
This wall that knows it all. Sees it all just like me.
In the wall and in the darkness I'll sleep forever.
Hoping for more; it's never enough.