

Through the Night

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The Night has left us once more.
Praise the light, for the morning Sun has held true to its promise.
We shall live again at least one more day in its warmth.
Gone too now it would seem, are the beasts that dwell in the shadows,
but fear that they may only be seen in the light of the Moon.
Are they gone, or are they just now not able to be seen?
Can we ever truly be safe?
Be comforted by the Sun but always remain... afraid.
I hope you made it through the night...
I hope you made it.
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