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Transient (n): lasting only for a short time; impermanent

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My knees expose deeper wiring within, smoke escaping from gaping holes. They decorate my entire body now, a large chasm taking place in my stomach where a pool of water began to form. But I feel nothing, just the rain against my face as I slowly erode away.

I am not human. I was never meant to be a real human, and though I cry knowing my end is near, I’m okay with this. I’m okay with this.

I feel the pressure on my face grow heavy, burning me viciously. I can’t help but scream, I know I’ll be okay, I know I’m only doing what’s right, but to go before I become any more human will be the ultimate saving grace. Even as I melt into nothing but sparks of lingering electricity, I know that nothing hurts more than the heartbreak experienced by humans.

It kills them, and I would rather be taken out by the rain.