

Thanatophobia

Euthanasia

The sun means day
and night for us is resurrection.
Wings of years
don't save our weakness.
The bells of churches
our joy, our care.

The room is darkened
I can't hear the voice.
The dream is alive
and I see you all of us again.

I crossed the dark
and I see the past, here am I?
Maybe I'll breathe
maybe I'll stay with you or beyond the gate?

We're smiling and crying,
your name sounds in our ears.
I don't believe, I'm on the way
between the death and eternity

and I'd like to wake
in your kingdom on one day.
We're just puppets
you haven't changed us, we're afraid in your arms.