

Morning Mist

Immortal Souls

afraid to open my eyes.
Horror of facing the day.

Mist of the morning is fading,
while cancer burn in my bones.
Horror of facing the pain.

Years ago I had plans,
what to do with my life.
But now it all is so futile.

Oh.. again my fears come true
and painkillers are out of effect.
To the pain I must reconcile.

The color of my desperation,
if I wouldn't be heading to Christ.
Would even be darker than now.

My dream is to wake one morning
without these tears of pain.
Oh.. why can't I just die?

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