

Life, there is only this. All else is unreal. Yet Death has the final word in this. In this entity. So take my hand and walk with me, because to live there is only now. So this is permanence dealing with death? Well everything happens for a reason? Death is a natural part of life. There is only now. Life is like the sweet scented rain. The sweet taste of rain. Death's tragedy comes quick; we are faced with grief beyond us to comprehend. (Death) The fog is thick here. Thin layers of frost are like the pathways to the underworld. -To the underworld. Barren shades of colour show only the dead. Here we go. I never let you down. Death lives. This depression is unfathomable. Death has the final word in this entity. With Departures come new arrivals and I can't let this get the best of me. (Life) there is only now and I keep moving on because in a flash it can all disappear.