

My Last Day

Raised Fist

I 'm maybe not so unique,
I seem to get it all wrong when I'm angry and when I
try to speak.
I know I misbehaved, and that you always forgave,
now I understand that you just turned into a silent
cave.
I wish I could redo some of all these hurting moves,
I really wish that I had time left to improve.
But as I'm lying here imagining figures in the concrete
ceiling above,
I realize, this is my last day.

Now all this is perfectly clear and it feel s like I 'm
going insane.
Lying here still fully awaiting the darkness to take me
away from this pain.
This is my last day.
The darkness is taking me away from this pain.

So weak.
Once I was stronger than a lion, with an enormous
physique.
Now I'm just bleak, desperately trying to shut the
leak, to where my life seems to seek.
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I really wish that I had time left to improve.

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