

Death And Dying

Shelter

You're the only thing that sobers me up and keeps me always trying, it may look bleak but I can't be weak and I go on with more crying. Each moment I search it won't get worse. So when will I stop denying. Give up these lies, time's ticking by, as I watch this body dying. I'm gonna get some answers. The trivial things I'm caught up in, can I give up this fantasy? I know there's much more in store than what my eyes can see. Five minutes, five weeks, or fifty years, which moment will be the last? And when time runs out, what was it all about? This is all going by too fast. You belittle my problems and by doing so solve them, no more worries today. We say we understand you, but don't plan for to be coming our way. I fear for my peers and see the future in every elderly body's face. But this fantasy is hard to see, and when death comes we're blown away. Death and dying, but no more crying