

Wolverine, Post Life

My life is born in pain
Pain weaves fragile threads into dreams,
Skies that are annihilated by
The infinity of the galaxy

Infinity, man's unsolved riddle in eternity
But the fairytale of our life
That became reality
Will never be destroyed

Our hands tied together
For a harsh life
When we met on a cold winter's night
Where only stars witnessed our happiness

Lay three red roses on my grave
They are for you once you follow me
Then I will wait by the gate
Which I was denied in my youth
The roses are three words
I love you