

Atheist, Room With A View

Lie half-alive in my hospital bed
Or to some of you that may be half-dead
I.V. machines and tubes running to my veins
Man-made life restores my withered remains
A mirror of sorts appears before my being
My human end has come, that's all that I see

Now that my soul it set free
I'm classified dead now, it seems
My destiny plunders on through
I'm granted a room with a view

Nurses and interns gathering at my side
I try to yell at them, I haven't died
As I project, my soul emerges from fear
I soon remember all the reasons I'm here
How strange, I thought that I could see myself
A different light, sight, sound and smell

A different experience, a new world
Almost unhuman to me
See them cart me away
I venture to a new day
Human inhibitions are gone
Emotions are few
I'd pass up any life
For a room with a view