

Paradigma, Best Regards

As I lie here, knowing I will
(never) Get away from here
(alive) Through death
No one can do anything but to wait
As I slowly wither from within

Soon I won't be able to move
- Will I see the land
Soon I won't be able to speak
- Where my ancestors sleep
Soon I won't even be able to think clearly
- Will I ever journey home

Dying faster, thinking of all things
unaccomplished
Ideas only I could ever carry through
All my dreams discarded before my time was
due

I will float in to the ever
If there is an ever
I will only know for sure
When it's too late for me to tell you

So I'll just give you my best regards