

Shelter, Death And Dying

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 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 more 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 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 you
To be coming our way
I fear for my peers and see the future in every elderly body's
Face
But this material fantasy is hard to see
And when death comes we're blown away

Death and dying but no more crying