

Sigh, Invitation To Die

we fear the cold blackness that night represents
and at dawn we watch the shadows flee the night
yet our pleasure is muted before life's final event
for we know that we face the eternal night
our fragile lives are pulled by the strings
of every impulse and desire
the cruel unknown may be the thing
that puts a cold blade to the wire

a crowded street with a thousand faces
may hold one with murder in his eyes
for death can hide in many different places
and shadows conceal the sharpest knives
at each corpse claimed by an act of violence
we think it's always "someone else";
but what if no-one else was sacrificed?
what if the victim was yourself?

contemplate your own morality
the curse that marks all of humanity
you can never know your final moment
but worse, you can never avoid it
we all are born just to perish
to lose all that we truly cherish
a life turned to ashes...
a life turned to ashes...