

Trauma, Decayed By False

Don't waste this moment
Don't run away from questions
You know that moment must come
But you have a lot of time
You estimated life for tens of years
Joy happiness without bad events
Subtly created unreal world
World in which death is just an empty word
How many times have you cried?
How many times have you felt weak helpless?
Sometimes unhappiness is a blessing
Brutal memorable revelation
Don't waste a moment
Because it's one of your chances
To find the real purpose of life
Vitalism and courage decrease with flow of time
Don't let you get decayed surrounded by false
All you've created have never existed
Come to light
Neverending litany of virtual lies
Weakness is a matter of your choice
It depends on how you will use your time
Memento mori who remembers that
Is life only a physiological cycle
Your every weaken is only an illusion
You are master lord of your last days