

In the passing light
Silent and alone
Trying to make sense
A fate now set in stone

Never enough time
Somehow it isn't fair
Sprinting towards the finish
Running out of air

When December ends
At last you will be free
Unbound from Earthly plight
Unfettered by disease
When December ends
The pain will disappear
Your worries all behind you
No more suffering or fear

Every day is pain
A dull, narcotic haze
Brief moments of awareness
Losing track of days

The world seems so dim
As faculties decline
Your body just a prison
To trap your mind inside

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When the moment came
A tear fell from your eye
Your senses overwhelmed
A beauty words defy

Weightless and complete
A sudden sense of ease
May your spirit carry on
As the wind that shakes the trees

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