

Grrrr...

For generations we mourn a richness in life,
A day by day different scene, analysis of...
Information!
Mental memories project visions to feed on,
Our wisdom enhances only to question
And acknowledge your fears!

You frolic and play when you're young,
Rot in your stench as you grow old
Facing your own mortality fills you with
An obscene dread you can't rid of
The onset of disease,
Your air comes with a receipt.

Worried you will die alone, you expect the crucifix
Around your neck to save your soul!

A hint of growing old,
And losing beauty,
Fear of impaired mobility,
Your face deteriorates,
As your insides decompose,
Your brain lacks oxygen,
A soft whistle spews out
As you choke internally.

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