

Memento Mori

Crywank

Everyone I love is gonna die
And I will die as well
I think about this before I sleep
And have since I was a child

In my life, will I make a difference?
In my death, will I be missed?
Will I be granted some sort of an afterlife
Or will I just cease to exist?

This fear makes me feel so naïve
I wish that I could just accept
But I'm chilled by the redundancy of
Thoughts collected, but not kept

And maybe I'm still a stupid little boy
Too weak to understand what will come
I want to find peace of mind
Maybe no mind is the answer to that conundrum

Oh I want to be a baby again
Oh I want pure thoughts in my head

Oh I want to be a baby again
Oh I want pure thoughts in my head
Oh I want to be a baby again
Oh I want to forget

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