

Thoughts On Living

Euthanasia

In bad times when growing weak with age
a sickness torments the body.
Everyone has damned his God to hell
the most important thing is to live.
Knowledge, even when cruel, can't be hidden, thoughts hurt.
Thoughts on a short life, love and salvation.

Sad souls are walking through the darkness with their suffering
bad visions from ancient times about our extinction.
I, sentenced to waiting, am wading in the puddles of tears.
How many times did I see the streams of tears,
when people cried for those whom they had loved.
Cruel truth, can't be changed, we might be mad,
life means dying from it's beginning.

Cold feelings, when death's coming - we've been forgotten.
Fragile hearts refuse joy - we've been sentenced.

Sad souls...

Reprieve, reprieve.