

Beyond the End

Fear, and Loathing in Las Vegas

Waking up from the alarm I lift my body from the bed
"What a same everyday..." sighing as I brush my teeth

Walking calmly down the road, I turn my eyes to see the sky
Instantly a warm ray of light covered and drove me to sleep

When I woke up everything was gone
Tears ran down
"Please come back to me..."

Where will our soul rest in calm (and) peace?
Even (the) sky will rain for your pain
Though we don't know when we'll die, we have to live

Where is what we call heaven?
If it exists why do we fear of death?
Is "death" the end of life? Is it (our) imagination?

Tears came running down (and) fell on the ground
In fear I screamed
"Please don't leave me here by myself! Somebody come help! I do
n't want to die!"

"Sleep" and "Death" are both brothers
To be awake means that we are all alive
"Life" is just too fragile for us to live
It's only you who could decide what to do
Live everyday to the fullest

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What's beyond our life?