

The Shadow of Mortality - Interlude

Prozak

Time is the avenger of ourselves and most of all things
Even from the point of conception
Death starts, where life begins
We exist in the shadows of our very own mortality
Spiritually growing, yet physically fading as the seconds pass
in reality
A lifetime of emotions and experiences are acquired
Gathered seemingly for nothing, to waste away, and expire
Perhaps the greatest purpose is to only have lived
Just long enough to contribute...then pass it on, to the kids