



The Requiem

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The roaring seas of younger days, the distinct edges of desires,
Have retreated and now are blunt, and lost all glitter in my eyes.
On the edge of an unknown world, all alone I'm standing here.
Reluctant to take a step, to meet the light, or night I fear.

The answer's waiting for me there - why I lived and what I was.
What was the purpose of my life, was it a gift? And for what cause?
Before I make that final step, and drift blindly towards the light,
Before the angel singing Requiem will stop, I wish to set just a few
things right.

I want to thank all who loved me, for all the friendship, care and
happy days.
For all those bright and shiny moments, for being with me on my
earthly ways.
I want to thank my whole body, it served me well, faithfully and
long.
It took beatings, frostbites, early mornings,
And yet has done it, merely for a song.

I want to thank all Earth's beauties,
All those trees, rivers, and many others more.
All aromas, which seduced my senses,
And the arts for opening its door.

Angel finished... the Requiem has ended,
And the last breath left my now-dead chest.
Angel's hand is gently guiding forward:
'Earthly treasures?
Leave them here to rest!'