Night

Philip Maurice Ramon

NIGHT

Today is about to die
Tomorrow is on the way
An ordinary day
Tirelessly repeated, sometimes I feel myself
Weakening but I must keep going

I've been a father I've been a son
I had a mother and I made one
A real child's play
Naturally repeated
Sometimes I find myself bowing
But I keep growing

I can see the end of lease
Young we learned to stand
Undoubtedly someday
We forget a sec how to remain

Seeds that I planted have become trees
Roses that I picked have become sleaze
What does that mean
Many assumptions no answers
Maybe the truth doesn't matter

Sunset comes and I am proud
Because I survived from many wars
Indeed I stayed equal in spite of all troubles
Finally my tears became fortunately a big rainbow

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