# The Afterlife Pt. II

## Run On Sentence

I can't explain why
the night sky
won't let me sleep
It aint like I'm tired
of sunshine
but when the wind blows
through the dark trees
and the stars puzzle me
I somehow no longer fear dyinNo one may ever know
just what we are
but we're certainly bound for the soil
never to be destroyed
only to be transformed
into particles of the wholeI believe in something large and powerful
that doesn't know a thing,
I believe in something small and beautiful
that lives in everythingin the breath of the afterlife
you can write your name
on the window of every car
and still won't mean anything
anything at all

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