Being Human

Bent Knee

I imagine your dead body lying on my bed
and I note the details why you had to go.
You never liked the thought of being human anyway.
Death is one more option to explore.Blinds cover the window,
alone in a room,
where moss grows on a temple
too smooth to shoot.
One life full of adventure,
spring flowers in bloom.
Now smile, pick up your pieces,
there's nothing to lose.
But it feels like pain
with no justified gain.
How does one stay sane?
Crushing waves of shame
swirling down the drain.I imagine your dead bodyWhen you look down on my body,
do you want to come home to me?When you look down on my body,
do you want to come home to me?
I imagine your dead body lying on my bed
and I note the details why you had to go.
You never liked the thought of being human anyway.
Death is one more option to explore.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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