

Memento Mori

Crywank

Everyone I love is going to die,
and I will die as well.
I think about this before I sleep,
and have since I was a child.
In my life will I make a difference?
In my death will I be missed?
Will I be granted some sort of an afterlife,
or will I just cease to exist?
This fear makes me feel so naive,
I wish that I could just accept,
but I'm chilled by the redundancy of
thoughts collected, but not kept.
Maybe I'm still a stupid little boy,
too weak to understand what will come.
I want to find peace of mind,
maybe no mind is the answer to that condundrum.
Oh I want to be a baby again.
Oh I want pure thoughts in my head.
Oh I want to be a baby again.
Oh I want to forget.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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