

Speed of Life

Alchemist

Each day grows quicker as I breathe. Or is it that every year seems to get shorter? Racing at the speed of life. So much to do, so little time. I don't want to win this race. Heading swiftly to my grave. Epidermis showing signs of natural decay from living my life. No way to slow the hands of time. Of this I am sure you live, then you die. From infancy to my old age. Another day of life. Another turn of the page. Racing at the speed of life. So much to do, so little time. Heading swiftly to my grave. Is it only me, is it all in my head? Rather a fight to ascend than an easy descent. Do you ever get the feeling you're in some sort of race? Each day has more to offer, there's just no time to play. One mine I'm a child, the next I am a man. And fate, it pushes my life, the fastest speed it can

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