

...of a Man

Sinai Beach

Gone to bed, turned off the lights, and closed your eyes,
does your emptiness come as a surprise.

Don live a lie.

Reach deep down and pull up your insides.

Look at what exposed, ponder.

Is life too complicated for an answer?

Or has the act of searching not occurred through the eyes of mortal minds.

Well I smell death in the air, so let breathe in,
remind ourselves we all need air to survive.

Let scrape our skin, remind ourselves we all bleed, we all die.

So tuck yourself in tonight, and sleep tight.

Just be careful, for you might not awake come daybreak.

Tomorrow and its good morning kiss, come with no guarantee.

Well I smell death in the air.

So let breath in, remind ourselves we all need air to survive.

Let scrape our skin, remind ourselves we all bleed, we all die.

We are all dead!

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