

Voltaire

"Life"

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Raise aching hands to weary skies
Tired bones on suffered ground.
All of this I wish that I
Didn't let wear me down
Down, down,
Down, down, down.
Down.

Rest tortured bones in walls of pine.
A resting place for all of time.
But I don't want to leave behind
The sweetly fragrant mist of life
Life, life,
Life, life, life.
Life.

Quiet spilling pale moonlight
Casts a cross upon your smile
As sleeping in my arms you lie
Peaceful in your dreams tonight,
Night, night,
Night, night, night.
Night.

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