

Pik

"Farewell"

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Already yesterday
Like a proud bird
You faced the problems of your days
Which cut scars deep inside
While the way of your life
Your aims were maybe quite in reach
Dreams which grind winds
Wrapped with the warmth of memories
Drifting somewhere
In a murderous fight with demon cancer
Which insolently has broken inside
But you do not bow
In spite of inflicted wounds
When death knocks on your door
Invites you to unknown ways
When death stands at your door
You raise up your hand and proudly live

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