

Wisdom Call

"From The Past To The Grave"

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Your days are numbered
You can't control them
In the shadows
Your time is running

One day at a time your life is ending.
Are you fore filled, complete?
Too late it's over.
Can't go on like this it's worthless.
Do you regret all that you have done?
Or will this life finally mean something?
Running out of my time.
Departure of my life.
Death is closing in.
Ceasing to exist at all.

Will you forget about me?
Or will my faint lost memory live on.
Deceased and we're gone.

Feeling lost and alone, angry, hopeless, a mess.
Feeling lost and alone, angry and a fucking mess.

Will you forget about me?
Or will my faint lost memory live on.

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