

## Paradigma "Best Regards"

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As I lie here, knowing I will  
(never) Get away from here  
(alive) Through death  
No one can do anything but to wait  
As I slowly wither from within

Soon I won't be able to move  
- Will I see the land  
Soon I won't be able to speak  
- Where my ancestors sleep  
Soon I won't even be able to think clearly  
- Will I ever journey home

Dying faster, thinking of all things  
unaccomplished  
Ideas only I could ever carry through  
All my dreams discarded before my time was  
due

I will float in to the ever  
If there is an ever  
I will only know for sure  
When it's too late for me to tell you

So I'll just give you my best regards

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