

Harrison George

"Art of Dying"

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There comes a time when all of us must leave here
And nothing I can do or say can keep me here with you
Nothing in this life, but I've been trying
That can philosophies the art of dying

Belive me, for though there are times when your hopes
are fading
When things so very strange become ordinary
And always sitting through the months of lying
And that is when you learn the art of dying

Are you still with me?
But if you want it
Then you must find it
But when you have it
You may not need for it

And when the times when most of us return here.
Backed by our desires to be the perfect entity
And living through a million years of trying
Did you realise the art of dying?

Can you believe me?

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