

Somedays I wonder if there is a reason we are here  
or if there is any purpose behind the life we hold so dear  
For we must strive to survive, simply to die in the end  
It scares me to think, that we will never be sure of when  
I realize that death could come any day  
and the thought of free-will slowly drains away  
Death: the sad truth that is often denied  
We hide it away in the back of our minds  
But death is not a lie, rather, a painful realization;  
That dying is more than figmented imagination  
Sometimes I wonder when my time will arrive,  
Or if I will be ready to meet death's cold eyes  
If my time comes too soon, I will kneel down and plead,  
screaming to death for I do not wish to leave.  
But death does not bargain or sympathize with pleas,  
especially not from souls who beg on their knees  
It seems that the end, simply cannot be denied  
so instead of fearing death, I will focus on my life  
And suddenly the purpose becomes clear inside my brain  
I must appreciate every moment and be present every day  
My time will surely come, but I will never be sure of when,  
So from here on out I choose, to be as grateful as I can  
I will love my life so deeply, the idea of death will die away,  
I will find peace within myself and true happiness along the way