Death

I have always been afraid of death but,

I find inner peace when it comes to sleep,

When it comes to death my feelings are shut,

Just as if I try to be the black sheep.

When I wake, all I hear is just silence,

But the loud beat of your heart is so sweet,

A sound almost comparing to a siren,

Without you I'd be very incomplete.

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The day you left all I thought was death,

I can't get that siren out of my head,

I will utter your name as my last breath,

Now suicide won't get out of my head.

​ As I hung high above my kitchen floor

​My soul was left sobbing, completely sore.