

long ago, I heard among words -
befriend death, and it will let you live
like candles wearing the crowns of doom,
burning out and living right.

when a blind man talks about an escape
to avoid being trapped twice,
he would not scribble on his gravestone
before he takes his first step.

what is a goal without hits?

your ice gets hot, your life gets hard,
you're bound by the stress of your weight -
so does molten, and his amigo; magma
and that's what makes them rock!

you hate climbing the mountain,
so you borrowed wings to the top.
now nothing is left to do,
but to set your way down.

what then has been gained?

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