

Composition

Everyone wants to know why we are here,
but no one asks about something important:
we will die and our souls will disappear,
And that will ever be a constant.

Sometimes I ask on my mind:
“could there be an afterlife?”
or: “what will be of the mankind?”.
Those questions hurt like a knife.

It's strange thinking about what's after death:
What's the hell? Or what's the heaven?
Is there a post-death breath?
Or is life repeated once again?