

Truth

At the well of souls I kneel, awaiting death's grand appeal.

For though I've lived a thousand lives, those around me love to lie,

People say that I am cold; this is because I am old,

Ancient battles from the past, catch up to us extremely fast,

Though I believe I cannot die, when I do, please don't cry,

For death is merely part of life, often causing lots of strife,

Since there is nothing we can do, I believe it's time to bid adieu.