

141-1000
Precious days

We're all terminal, Let's start there
Here comes the reaper, Why should we care
If we understand, This truth we embrace
Each day becomes precious, There's no more rat race

But such recognition, Does not change our path
We toil in turmoil, Despite the clear math
We seek out approval, We want to be rich
We crave youthful power, By things we're bewitched

And yet we all know, How transitory it is
Life's metastatic, There's no need for a quiz
By all definition, We are wasting away
That's our condition, We could croak today

And despite this reality, This axiom and law
We feel overburdened, We desperately claw
The narrative holds us, We're pinned to the mat
Always bemoaning, The place where we're at

I have no advice, I'm the same as you are
I may find respite, Alone in my car
And even though i can see, The sun through the haze
I'm unable to cherish, each of my precious days