

LÃ¡szlÃ¡ Reynolds - Timid Stab at the Art of Dying Waltz

**Some say dying is different from death
But I know they share a mattress
And some day I will meet them
One after the next**

**Lower half desperation
Trench foot boots do quake
There's no chance to escape or outsmart this game
God sat fat on me then
I tried to hibernate
Leap across another dull, cruel year
Instead I soared down and dried out a falling tear
Crying eyes undress me in their mind
As thÐpy stare**

**Some preach that dÐpath is the ultimate
Then they hoard as if all of their castles of sand
Will forever stand
Tall piles of gold happily gleam as they grow
But they'd rather not reckon the reality
Ruthless as nature and fate
And your riches will rot away
Even rotting itself, too, may dissipate**

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