

## My time to die

And should it be, that I am now to die?  
The life I lived, reduced to such unpleasant sights?  
My body only flesh, unable to commune,  
My breath measured by machines,  
No longer my own to use?

My hands tied down, my arms so weak  
My eyes so heavy and yet I cannot sleep  
The movement of a train, is that the thing  
That rushes quickly by  
To roll away, and find some other glistened sky?

But do I also hear  
The gentle sound, of rolling tears?  
My family's sobs, that I should stay  
And let the train go on its way  
So should it be, that I am now to die?

My family's words my last to keep  
To bade my heart's forever beat  
Despite forever, that roars so loud  
And asks me to look upwards  
And imagine a different set of clouds

But only bright fluorescent lights, do now shine down on me  
Day?  
Or Night?  
I do not know, and tell me  
Should I ever again, see the bitter snow?

Or feel the breeze of Spring?  
My life does end, as yours will too  
I did not lie, the papers I wrote  
I wrote for you  
For I told you to *let me die*

When my breath is no longer mine  
And my heart ceases to hold its beat  
My body only unraveled twine  
The life I lived, I loved, though it was rough  
But let me go, for eighty is enough

Know that I love you  
I depart this life knowing I lived it well  
For you are here  
Dry your tears and live life large  
I do not fear the place I go; did I fear the place I came?

But I loathe the lights that shine all day  
The nurses and doctors that will not go away  
The ventilator, do you believe it will not forever stay?  
So let me go, I am to die  
The tears you cry, I cry inside

So let me go, I am to die  
There is no woe  
For death is hard and life is grand  
But the place I head will be the beaches  
And I the rolling sand