

# Waiting

Tired eyes are lingering  
To see the blithe endeavor  
Of his senile reminiscences  
As he walks down his memory  
lane  
He finds his chums, consort and  
His ecstatic pace.

Back then everyone was with  
him  
He had a happy home  
He recollects all his retentions  
Yesterday he visited  
His old friends in catacombs  
They are all happily  
reconvened

He is lying in wait  
He is lying in wait  
Not for his kids or relatives  
But, to be apart from the  
world  
to be united with  
His eternal happiness of  
Euthanasia ...

