

I feel that each year repeats itself,  
Only with their minor setbacks today is her day,  
And god is not holding anything back,  
The sky is gray, the trees are dead,  
And the air is cold and hollow each time I swallow,  
This knot in my throat grows swollen  
My hills have turned into mountains and my streams into rivers.  
There is nothing beautiful about this day,  
No way to glorify this day,  
There is nothing now except I know the pain won't go away.