

# Death

Najwajeen

Here it comes  
and it's warm  
it is not sun  
But it's warm  
and it's between us  
I'm not frightened  
but my body is  
Maybe is death  
Maybe is death  
Maybe is death  
Maybe is death  
Maybe is death  
Like a twist  
that comes from behind my arms  
I've been called  
from somewhere beneath the earth  
I didn't know  
till it was too late  
I didn't hear  
Because tonight  
wake me up  
with a new fear and it feels  
like I lost all of my tears  
I didn't know it was too late  
I didn't hear  
You have to die  
trice here  
then you'll be born  
back again  
Like a king  
or a queen  
Like a king  
Like a thief  
I was trying to be smart  
In the end  
I was just a simple heart  
I didn't know  
till was too late  
I didn't hear  
Like a glove  
that is trying to fit my hand  
Now it feels  
like I'm covered in mud  
I didn't know till was too late  
I didn't hear