

# Death Poems

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Submitted: July 27, 2006

Updated: July 27, 2006

*I was feeling down on this day as you can tell-i like The End better than the passing...*

## 1. Death poems

The sounds seem to die

In this heart of mine

My heart can always hear the telling of a lie

Soon my eyes will shine

With the glisten of a tear

And I will know that my end is near

Does The Lord ever notice

When we are gone?

Did he listen to our prayers

In the morning sun?

Did he hear the outcry

When the pestilence was here?

Is he just a figment

Of our human minds?

Or his He just for when the end is near?