

Decision to die is that but a myth,
That we might all end up Jones and a Smith;
Am I willing to die but why the big lie,
Though a lethal injection might leave me sky high.

But really in my heart I much rather go to space,
To die in the heavens in the universe with grace;
It's a similar thought just being willing to die,
When I've had enough and it's the decision I try.

I think I'll just wear out all over the place,
Till I'm tired and I'm worn and people are sick of my face;
But all I really want for the rest of my life,
Is kindness and goodness and to find me a wife.

But what about Europe and all the youth in Asia,
I hope you don't give up on your hope of all people aging;
And what about the thought of one great big think tank,
People being purified and renewed by the drain of the money bank.

And if it all was but a matter of a computer,
Your life in the balance and whether you were puted;
Would I really retire and ask to do the deed,
My life all over and my death I did need heed.

But the beauty of it all of those unimaginable sorts,
Of those who declined activities and participating sports;
God bless their souls and grant them the peace,
That in life and in death their hearts never ease.

Signed,

For me it's ok if you decide