

# Wolverine, Post Life

My life is born in pain  
Pain weaves fragile threads into dreams,  
Skies that are annihilated by  
The infinity of the galaxy

Infinity, man's unsolved riddle in eternity  
But the fairytale of our life  
That became reality  
Will never be destroyed

Our hands tied together  
For a harsh life  
When we met on a cold winter's night  
Where only stars witnessed our happiness

Lay three red roses on my grave  
They are for you once you follow me  
Then I will wait by the gate  
Which I was denied in my youth  
The roses are three words  
I love you