

On the day he was born, went out of his shell nine months hav' passed growing up all his cells...
and the cells' multiply and grow in his body .. and he grows even more, six feet high already..
and the cells grow and grow, that is life who must be from the cradle to school, he has been so
lucky

a pair of arms, pair of legs, head that works for the best he brokes himself to fun and is stoned
like a beast

but at no time he thinks that the ends is surround but NOT A SINGLE MOMENT the Prudence is
to come

to say "be carefully",to say "you have to see a doctor a radio"I don't care dark ideas ?

Day after day the cells grow, and they grow and they grow and ever and ever the cells grow,
the cells grow,

and ever and ever disease is like bitch and more stronger he is , it becomes like a witch

to a such huggly day, when his legs stop the danse something breaks in his mind, weakness,
ambulance,

by the bed of suffering, all the friends are coming above to the hospital, the raptors are turning

but during so many years, all these guys have stand IT IS FOR Eternity that we have join the
hand

And the Death we don't care, we fucked her all life long with all these years we spend not
being alone

enjoy life, enjoy life, take advantage of strength go on riding with friends, like do the furious
dogs

devouring the bitumen, devouring the years still talking and singing, just searching to be loved

still talking and singing, anywhere everyday Death is trying to kill, but amplifies Love

the end word of the story that's life is a cancer and what you need to know is how did you use
it ...

What have you done with your life YOU