



*Life is but a series of parodies  
Of songs sung but not lived  
Of empty cups of tea that offer solace  
Of choices that are difficult to make  
Of events without interpretations  
Or ones, that one would rather not see  
Of dreams that are so simple that they will only remain so  
Of desires so complex, that one would endlessly struggle to make them happen  
And achieve the label of success  
Knowing fully well deep within how hollow they are  
Life is after all a series of parodies, that comes a full circle,  
Without even the opportunity, to note them down, for future reference.*

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