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Don't Cry 4 me!

By Debra Egan © 2013

Don't cry for me, when I finally be laid to rest,
Know that I lived my life, tried to do my best.
Please remember me, no matter what my age,
forget the past memories, of being locked in a cage.
Don't cry 4 me, when God finally call me home,
For now I am with Him, when my spirit is gone.
Don't cry 4 me, please don't sit back and ponder,
if I'm high or down under, and why He called my number.
Sit back for a minute ponder, then let it fade,
thank you for the memories, I'm so glad you prayed.
Don't cry 4 me at all, I'm no longer wrecked with pain,
no more sadness, fatigue, or body feeling drained.
All the heartache I endured, will soon cease,
all stress will end, when I'm finally deceased.
So I urge you to let the memory of me fade away,
for I will be waiting for you, in Heaven where I stay.
Look at my pictures, because you have no choice,
it lasts longer than life, always cherish my voice.
Don't remember the prison number, look up to the sky,
that's where I'll be, and please don't cry.
I'll be with all my loved ones, who left before me,
when I'm finally dead and gone, please don't cry for me!