

Every year i blow out the candles on my cake

Hopping that it will be my last

The last time i have to open presents or plan a party

A hope that I will never see this day again

I hope that if a god exist

They plan that my time is short

I know that i could always choose not to wake up tomorrow

but

That would make them sad

So when i blow out the candles on my cake I make a wish

A wish to not see tomorrow

A wish that it is the last time i wake up in the morning

{your resident mountain flamingo}