

## All This, For Nothing?

Sit down and ask yourself,  
Why am I here, and for what purpose,  
A work of nature with no consequences?  
I think that, alone, would be a curse.

Am I at the top of the animal world,  
Or am I something more,  
In someone's grand scheme,  
Why a conscience, what for?

What are the thoughts and feelings I have?  
Do they just die, and turn to dust?  
Deep happiness and sorrow,  
They must live on, they must!

Wouldn't the greatest sin of all,  
To think and reason.  
With no outcome for the thoughts,  
Whether they be kind or not?