
They say that every morning is a new beginning,
But no one can wake up without their prior self,
And our life is like a licensed building –
You can't just have another storey in a sec.

And yet, we do believe in morning's magic,
In healing power of the brave new start;
We try to say good-bye to all that's tragic,
We try to draw ourselves and our miseries apart.

To start afresh! Oh what a happy feeling!
To leave behind all that is weighting down!
That must be joyous!.. Yet, it is like stealing –
Without conquests of the Past there is no Present's crown.

The turning leaves of books of our lives
Will stay in history the way we wrote them.
And as the clock of our lifetime chimes,
The Present moment is our one and only realm.

So on we go, some tired, others hopeful
In facing every challenge and delight.
Some irresistibly spontaneous, others – thoughtful,
Yet everybody's fighting their own fight.

With coffee-flavored blood in our veins,
We raise our eyes to skies of the eternity.
We can't accept that we are simply brains –
This seems to us an absolute absurdity!

So, go! and fight, and live, and love again
Defying laws of physics and despair!
Your Past may've left you reasons to complain,
But know! – it made you for great things prepared!