


# The Flight



Now dry your tears  
and look above,  
For soon there will fly Pure  
white doves.

I ask for a moment  
Before setting them free,  
To listen to these words and think of me:  
As your days on this beautiful earth pass by,  
Don't be afraid to love, don't be afraid to cry.  
Because even though I am gone from sight,  
Remember, it was only my body  
That couldn't take flight.