

Suicide Note

Forgive me.
I did not live up to your hopes.
Everything was done in vain.
I never thought that life
could be so empty and meaningless.

There is no reason to live anymore.
There is nothing to wait for.
It's already too late to change anything.
Oh, sky — too late.

Life has become torture for me.
It has become a curse
with the stinking breath of an old woman.
All this time I only pretended to live.

I made the decision long ago,
And laughed with everyone to drown out the pain,
Knowing that later your life will pass by.
Already without me

And all of it... and all that was —
was done and lived in vain.
Did I think I'd be writing
all this in a suicide note?

Please, forgive me.

Vladislav