The Final Symphony
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Bodies everywhere

So hard to breath… in rotten air…

I dig with my nails

Till only bone remains

Feel a movement, try to speak

Sighing slower than a snail

…is that you Juliek?

He speaks

Sayed he is fine

I knew that is a lie

And he demanded his violin

Then all was quiet and dark

When the music began to start

It was Juliek, playing his heart out…

No, his soul… like it was lost

A fragment from Beethoven's concerto

So melodic it put me to sleep

When I woke all I did was weep

Juliek was no more…

…with his violin crushed on the floor