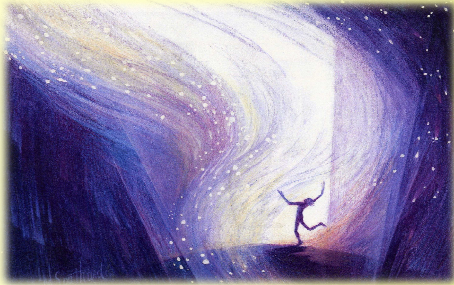


They die slowly

They die slowly,
those who become slaves of habit,
repeating the same journeys every day;
those who never change brands,
never wear a new colour,
never speak to persons they don't know.



*If you always keep the rules
you'll miss some of the fun*

They die slowly, those who avoid passion,
who prefer black to white
and dotted "i"s
rather than the whirlwind of emotions...



They die slowly who don't turn the tables
when they are unhappy at work,
who don't risk certainty for uncertainty
to follow a dream,
who don't permit themselves,
even once in a lifetime,
to run away from sensible advice.



They die slowly who don't travel,
don't read,
don't listen to music,
don't appreciate themselves.

They die slowly who destroy their own self-love,
who don't accept help.

They die slowly
those who pass their days complaining of their bad luck
or of the incessant rain.

They die slowly
who abandon a project even before it's begun,
never ask about a subject with which they are unfamiliar,
never respond when asked about something they know.

Let's avoid dying by installments,
by remembering that being alive demands
much more than simply breathing.

Only ardent patience will ensure
That we reach a splendid happiness.