

# Flow of Time

Time the ever-flowing river,  
Not to be tamed, not to be controlled,  
What have we to do with it,  
Can't it leave us alone?

Life is a stream of actions,  
Basket of dreams and desires,  
Pleasures and pains,  
Victories and defeats.

In the end we wither  
And perish and are forgotten,  
Our little role on the stage of life ends,  
A new generation is born and the cycle continues.

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