

The Phoenix

I like birds, I like fire,
to be reborn is my desire.
I can fly like a plane,
and still look insane.
I'm gentle and handsome,
my wings make me awesome.
Ashes to ashes you say?
But I chose to go another way.
If my feathers burn down,
and the time is over for me,
I will respawn in flames,
to defeat the mortality.
A phoenix can die,
and children may cry,
How bad, can it be?
you just have to see.

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