

"My Fallen Friend"- by Whyte Panther (Luigi Fiorino)

Where mere mortals tread
Footprints are left behind
In the trails of this gentle giant
Are found, only tender smiles

In the paths of the fiercest warriors
Memorials are built, their tales to recount
In the wake of this noblest of souls
Just the warmest of memories, no statues, no tributes, no doubts

In the midst of the madness of the every day
We reach for some semblance of hope
In the presence of his sweetest of natures
We have never questioned the meaning of home

Accomplished without any effort
No need at all to try
The essence of this man
Was too great to deny

He gave without reservation
It was just his noble way
In giving us all there was left to give
He left us a little saddened here today

With the heaviest of hearts
We now pick up his torch
Sharing his loving memory
And carrying it ever forth

Tonight we'll raise a glass my fallen friend
We'll share some tears instead of laughter
Together, my friend, we'll laugh again
When we meet in the hereafter

You will be missed by all my friend
More than you could know
Rest in peace my friend
Rest in peace