



Our story

We live,
And within the rudiments of our existence
We endure!
The night and days,
The smiles and tears
As we trudge along our individual ways
Over the threshold of a million years.
We endure-----
Because we are sure
That life breathes on
Not in gold, fame or glory,
But long after the last day that we are gone,
When someone, somewhere,
Quietly reflects, and narrates our story!

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