

A potion of pink
Made of roses and dew
What do you think
This potion will do

A sip from the glass
It enters your stream
Your heart it will pass
Like a random dream

Your eyes they're heavy
You're losing sight
Surrounded in bevy
Things don't feel right

Your body it tingles
Feel it floating away
To familiar jingles
As you go a stray

The lights become dimmer
The temperature drops
You begin to shiver
As everything stops

Entered the darkness
And into the void
No feelings of distress
From a life you enjoyed