

Cemetery Of Scream, Bridge To A Desert

The role of Jack-o-lanterns is to be a bridge
a bridge to a desert
a hope in empty words is like the sand,
the sand that burns my soul
with a glow of desires

Who was I?
Who Am I?
Who'll I be?
Should I try?

Can we stop the rain
if the sky is blind
can we stop the tear
a bird that is divine

Left the night behind
silent candle prayers
no one's ever found
tear that pined away

How strange... so moonlit is the great wall of china; this night!
the huge full moon is casting long shadows before my eyes as
I'm slowly strolling over the wall, approaching another tower.
what am I doing here? I feel spiritually naked under these chinese
skies. Not thinking, still waiting... all those myths and beliefs, I
have heard seem likely to happen, now. what have I come here for?
I remember nothing...

The chinese girl: good gods have sent me here to warn you. but
my warning is a riddle, and the final answer belongs to you, master.
please, listen up: what lies between reality and unreality and we all
have to go there?

Nothingness, it is nothingness