

# 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