

# Cryptic Carnage, Where The Clouds ...

A scientist drifts in his boat the  
silent river down  
He follows the waters  
current  
(The flow which defrauds him...)

The monotony of whistling  
chuckling  
and singing Voices is tiring  
out of man  
And suddenly - a rolling  
thunder  
First still in distance but soon a  
increasing loudness  
thunder - Like from a storm of  
nature  
breaks the still around, still  
around...!

closer and closer comes the  
risk....  
Now return or approach to the  
shores  
It's urgent - the time runs  
against him

Where the rainbow raises in the  
unknown....  
Where a river flows into the  
lowlands....  
Where the water darts in steep bows into  
the deep....  
Where gigantic veils of thigt  
haze rise....  
And the elements build a  
unit!  
On this place there are living  
the gods,  
and there the clouds will be born  
in water....!