

# Hot Soda Apparatus, Enigma

He gives birth to blind men  
Men of valour, men of courage  
Men of infinite wisdom

She sows the seed of injustice  
Oblivious bigotry within  
Eating her way to the valley

He lights the match  
The match of discovery  
The match of enlightenment  
unknowing of what lies ahead  
bravely he forges into the fray

Wading in seas of hatred  
she searches for crustaceans  
prolonging her evil grasp

He stares into the looking glass  
stares and ponders  
for nothing is reflected  
Confused and perplexed  
his journey now resumes

She eyes what she has gathered  
understands them not  
returns to her nest to feast

Why has his destiny led him here?  
From whence has this calling come?  
He stops to sleep  
To sleep and to ponder.

She built her nest of twigs  
Nature's debris and rubbish  
She refuses to accept the truth

He cannot see the path ahead  
The path ahead obscured  
He continues anyway  
Aided by the walking stick  
The walking stick of righteousness

She embarks upon her meal  
soon she consumes it all  
Yet the hunger remains within

He stumbles upon a villa  
built upon a river bed  
He is offered shelter for the overnight

She never stops to think  
of all the pain she inflicts  
she continues to think only of herself

He refuses the hospitality  
and travels for days nonstop  
Soon he shall reach his final destination

The twigs remain, but that is all  
she's resting now, in Hell  
Her evil ways avenged

His stick left lying in the wood

resting in the darkened trail  
He rests beneath the soil  
His destiny complete