

Pagan Lorn, Unborn

Ignorant
I drift into uncertainty
I have never been prepared
After the second
But real birth
Came self-reproach
Perception
Followed by frivolous sins
After the first coining came emptiness
Becoming a part of I
The thinking
The question what for
Why should someone go on
Falling in every grave
Digged by the ones
Who are not yet
Existence covers a lonely mind
Dirt under pressure explodes
And surrounds a mind
Becomes an acting
I cannot recognize my words
Because life is deranging me
Mindsucking from me
Life is no sensation at all
Got to redeem myself
After flesh came birth
Then emptiness
What is the sin
That makes me live
Love is paid in tears
Live is paid in trust
My detestable beliefs
An egoistic wish
You are accused
I am nothing
I was not asked
So I will not ask!