

Anasarca, The Weird Ways

You are so blind,
when you think you are proved
against anything bad,
'cause your belief is so strong.
Where' s your saviour
for all incurable who fell sick ?
Where' s this damned god,
to which they all daily pray ?

Where' s this damned god ?

Day by day,
you' re searching for an excuse.
Day by day,
questions attack your godfearing soul:
"Is there a saviour ?
Is there something above all?
Is it existing -
this realm of immortal love ?"

The weird ways of existance -
are driving you mad !
The weird wys of existance -
are piercing your soul !

"When I am dead am I in heaven,
or am I in hell ?
Or is there nothing at all,
who is able to tell ?
The coffin, worms inside our flesh -
is that our destination ?
The rotten corpse inside a grave
led me to a hesitation !"

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