

Anata, A Problem Yet To Be Solved

"God created man
in his own image"
But ever since
the fall of man
Man is but a sinner
who must do penance
That is what
God's servants say
A true believer
was hit by misfortune
Although he had led
a sinless life
"Can this be the will
of an almighty god?"
Clouded skies
are reflecting
his state of mind

Storm rages above him
in the dead of night
But also in his heart
His strength and will
have failed him
And he's beginning
to doubt
Those were even
features of
a higher might

Inside
he feels emptiness
Might reflect
a void in heaven
And the absence of God

Devoid of content
is the word of God
Serves no purpose
in conformity
with his life

As all prosperity
has been washed away
And no support
is to be accounted for
from the "good" souls

He feels named
and alone
as there's no one
to answer his prayers
No angels,
no intervention divine
Would save him
should he fall
All hope is lost but now
he dares not believe
Or live in the lie
that used to be his shield

If the meaning of life;
To honor
and live for God
Proves to be a lie

What's there to live for?

I deny
that there ever was a god
Or a meaning of life
other than reproduction
The rest is up
to each and everyone of us
To seek or create

Scourge
of the philosopher
Can there be a god
if this world is a failure?
The problem is old
but yet to be solved
So if there ever
was a god
He's either dead,
powerless, or a sadist
Only thing
to know for sure
He's unworthy
of our worship