

Antestor, Under The Sun

I started to think of
what I've done with my hands
Worked hard and suffered for
nothing but emptiness
Want to cry to die
under the sun that's why
Wisdom and foolishness
nothing but emptiness
Wisdom is better than folly
The wise have got eyes in their head
while fools walk about in the dark
But they meet the same destiny
Want to cry to die
Can you tell me why?
Then I said in my silent mind
I've the same fate as the fool
Want to cry to die
Can you tell me why?
Want to cry to die
Is it all a lie?
How can all my wisdom serve me?
The wise must die like a fool
All Man's days full of pain
all he does brings him grief
No comfort just oppressed
nothing but emptiness
All his tears all his fears
under the sun it breeds
Hopelessness wickedness
nothing but emptiness
God has granted Man abundance
a gift of God power to enjoy
He won't dwell upon the passing years
because God satisfies