# Canaan, Prayer For Nothing

Thousand are the words
As I close my eyes
and drown in my little
prayer for nothing

Like dust dissolving in a water
too deep, too cold, too dark
I paint a pale imitation of happiness

With the weak brushes of
passing desires
I portray the thousand pale signs
and the thousand bright years
wasted after the illusion
of a NO MEANING life

While everything disappears
like a child begging for mercy
I close my eyes and save
a last prayer for nothing

Waiting for an end that
never comes.