

Chaostar, Miasma

How useless to keep my heart pure and wash my hands in innocence.
When I was stricken all day long, suffered punishment.

Day after day.
Heavens are away.

Can he who made the ear. Can hear?
Can he who formed the eye. Can see?

Sin speaks to the sinner

Sin speaks to the sinner
Heaven or whatever
I cry loud for you.
But you are deaf to my tears, how will I confess?
How will I confess my offence to you?

Can he who made the ear. Can hear?
Can he who formed the eye. Can see?
Sin speaks to the sinner
Heaven or whatever
Is this a place For me?
Heaven, whatever, but first safeguard my fate
Is this for me and for them the way?