

Compos Mentis, Black Clouds Gather

Black clouds gather
Small drops are born and whirled down
They splash against the cold ground
Perplexed and ignorant of what to come
Engulfed by a stream and carried away by the current
All attempts to get away are in vain
And the stream just keeps going, keeps growing
A chaotic ride in the torrent of life
The moment we are born we begin to die
Mortal souls longing for salvation
A carnival of mindless and blind forms the world
Lying, drying, dying
Crushing against sharp rocks the drops are shattered
And cast up in the blue sky
Struck by rays of light they evaporate and disappear
Nothing ever changes
Small drops drown among millions of others
In their search for an explanation
Thousands of archaic lies disguised as solutions
Save from absurdity
Searching for meaning
Striving for innocence
Following the prescribed
The only thing that gives strength
The moment we are born we begin to die
Mortal souls yearning for salvation
A carnival of mindless and blind forms the world
Lying, drying, dying
Black clouds gather...