

Kaddisfly, What Comes Of Honesty...

There is a means to end
There is a way to seems right to a man
They drag for gold in the sea
But there are no riches, the stubborn will see

They will be grasping at sand
They will be left with lonley sad salty hands

There is a means to an end
There is a different way to be a man
They try to build their empires but...
All their sand castles will on day expire

Wealth is not measured in land
The richest of men have the least in possesions