

Officium Triste, On The Crossroads Of Souls

I see bulbs of light flashing by
Souls with different goals
They've all got various destinies
So many but on their own

They're moving fast
A life like this won't last

No time to stop
Got to move on

And I'm standing still
Transfixed and in awe
Wondering why
Why this rush
Why this haste
This insane pace
Being in a rat race

They're moving fast

As I'm standing on the crossroads
Observing these souls on the move
I keep thinking it is time
It is time to slow down

Slow down
Slow down
Slow down
Slow down