

# Spiral Architect, Cloud Constructor

Life as it seemed to the circling man  
As he gazed into discarded land  
Was a ride on a carousel of faith  
Then he flew away

He travelled far through his worn out mind  
Through sorrow and pain, what had he gained?  
Still his dreams they could never take away  
So he flew into the sun again

Emptiness struck as he realized  
There's no answer to "who am I? what am I?"  
He then saw why men must construct for themselves  
A cloud of Unknowing