

Stampin' Ground, Everybody Owes A Death

The eyes are the windows of the soul
And behind these eyes lurks a black hole
I often wonder who's really insane...
... the givers or receivers of all the world's pain?

I always seek to escape this place
But then I always come back for more
The only way to appreciate wealth
Is to dream of it in vain when you are poor

Everyone owes a death

We try to make sense of the unknowable
And what we find may be unbearable
We need to understand the bias of the lens
Through which we choose to view this world

And only then a semblance of peace
Some shred of meaning to clutch to our chest
Some token that our life meant something
As we shambled blindly towards our death

The cries of the damned welcome me home

Our 'life cycle' is just recycled life
We just take up space until we die
Our demise may as well be preordained
Is it anywonder we couldn't care less?

The black orb of another sun rising
Another day to watch our dreams dying
Sometimes I feel like I'm disappearing
Seeking comfort in banality