

# Withered Beauty, The Worm

(Crister Olsson)

Crawling below, striving forever  
The sky with its shine or blackness  
It will be mine, yes, I will reach it  
As I'm heading for the sky in my dreams  
My journey brings me deeper, deeper  
Only my will to crawl keeps me alive  
Pointless existence, guided by instincts  
Feeding others with myself  
If I had wings, the wind would take me there  
If I had a mind, my dreams would be destroyed  
I travelled far away  
I will never stop