

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