

Blindness

Galadriel

You think the time will stop for now
To find out what is happening around
That strange look of those blind eyes
In faces of this rushing world You think you are free all the time
But there are thousand things controlling you
Proudly you walk into the abyss
Of thoughts you never owned Look at those dying fathers
And their unborn sons
Notice those crying mothers
Abandoned and broken above graves Time exist no more
It stopped moving in their hearts
So dead is what they lived for...
So dying is the race of us...

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