A Problem Yet to Be Solved

Anata

God created man in his own image
But ever since the fall of man
Man is but a sinner who must do penance
That is what God's servants sayA true believer was hit by misfortune
Although he had lead a sinless life
Can this be the will of an almighty god?
Clouded skies are reflecting his state of mindStorm rages above him in the dead of night
But also in his heart, his strength and will have failed him
And he's beginning to doubt
Those were even features of a higher mightInside he feels emptiness
Might reflect a void in heaven and the absence of God
Devoid of content is the word of God
Serves no purpose in conformity with his lifeAs all prosperity has been washed away
And no support is to be accounted for
From the good soulsHe feels named and alone
As there's no one to answer his prayers
No angels, no intervention divine
Would save him should he fallAll hope is lost but now, he dares not believe
Or live in the lie that used to be his shield
If the meaning of life, to honor and live for God
Proves to be a lie, what's there to live for?I deny that there ever was a god
Or a meaning of life other than reproduction
The rest is up to each and everyone of us
To seek or createScourge of the philosopher
Can there be a god if this world is a failure?
The problem is old but yet to be solved
So, if there ever was a god
He's either dead, powerless or a sadist
Only thing to know for sure
He's unworthy of our worship

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