

# Wisdom

## Xandria

we scintillate like cedar stones  
in plasma veil as ancient ones  
in cold war years you were my fears  
but just to gain the power to reign  
satan's blloid in our veins  
the pigfaced mud will be slain  
but noone dies when blackseas dry  
and noone kill. forever this will  
our wisdom be  
now you're asking  
what are you living for  
no sense of life  
and none afterwards  
what I call wisdom is a flower  
that can seldom be found  
but not in illusions  
you only use to find  
a way out

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