

Everybody Owes a Death

Stampin' Ground

The eyes are the windows of the soul
And behind these eyes lurks a black hole
I often wonder who's really insane...

... the givers or receivers of all the world's pain? I always seek to escape this place

But then I always come back for more
The only way to appreciate wealth

Is to dream of it in vain when you are poor Everyone owes a death We try to make sense of the unknowable

And what we find may be unbearable
We need to understand the bias of the lens

Through which we choose to view this world And only then a semblance of peace

Some shred of meaning to clutch to our chest
Some token that our life meant something

As we shambled blindly towards our death The cries of the damned welcome me home Our 'life cycle' is just
recycled life

We just take up space until we die
Our demise may as well be preordained

Is it anywonder we couldn't care less? The black orb of another sun rising
Another day to watch our dreams dying
Sometimes I feel like I'm disappearing
Seeking comfort in banality

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