# The Corner

## Babylonia

Born alone
Poor creatures made of flesh and bones
Unprotected
Hope someone listens to their moans
There are leaves in the sky at the mercy of the wind
Unconsciousness
Walk by my side, lead me through the nightSomething waits around the corner
I don't want to discover
What schemes around the corner
I am trembling
There's a state of disillusion
An inner feeling of confusion
Here comes the conclusion
And I'm falling apartCarry on
Try not to show how frightened we are
On the run
At the end it seems we haven't come so far
There are clouds in the sky like thoughts inside my mind
Disenchantment
Through the veils of human uncertainty

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