

## Angkor Wat "Corpus Christi"

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Born into  
A hazy crossfire  
The end result of  
Innocence and ignorance  
Flesh and blood cure  
For emotional strife  
Vision obscured by a  
Soft skin curtain  
Torn and ripped  
Youth in a glass case  
Convinced of divinity  
Afflictions for attributes  
Living out-of-body life  
Crippled cub for crippled life  
Vision obscured by a  
Soft skin curtain  
Window to reality shrouded  
Soft skin curtain  
Torn and ripped  
Battle lost  
Casualties ignored  
Ignorance victorious  
Minority whored

Behind cold stone front  
There lived one who cried  
He feels like a man, he feels like a child  
He feels like a doll, He feels like a living  
Dead thing. Empty and dry, lying soaked in the rain  
Drowning in lonely tears, dreaming of living  
Searching Exploring  
Lost in a bottomless whole  
To live and fly  
Breathe the clouds  
Sleep with the stars  
Know answers why  
Soft skin curtain  
Window to reality  
No longer clouded  
Soft skin curtain  
Torn and ripped  
Away

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