

## **Compos Mentis**

### **"Black Clouds Gather"**

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Black clouds gather  
Small drops are born and whirled down  
They splash against the cold ground  
Perplexed and ignorant of what to come

Engulfed by a stream and carried away by the current  
All attempts to get away are in vain  
And the stream just keeps going, keeps growing  
A chaotic ride in the torrent of life

The moment we are born we begin to die  
Mortal souls longing for salvation  
A carnival of mindless and blind forms the world  
Lying, drying, dying

Crushing against sharp rocks the drops are shattered  
And cast up in the blue sky  
Struck by rays of light they evaporate and disappear  
Nothing ever changes

Small drops drown among millions of others  
In their search for an explanation  
Thousands of archaic lies disguised as solutions  
Save from absurdity

Searching for meaning  
Striving for innocence  
Following the prescribed  
The only thing that gives strength

The moment we are born we begin to die  
Mortal souls yearning for salvation  
A carnival of mindless and blind forms the world  
Lying, drying, dying

Black clouds gather...

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