

Coram Lethe

"The Gift Of Providence"

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Is there a faraway place when it's all over?
Are prayers enough to be let in?
I'm all alone in a sea of sand
Where my footsteps sink heavily.
The sun still burns my lacerated back,
My lips tremble with the last drop of water,
My feet are blood-soaked, stung by scorpions,
Flesh and corpses left behind me!
Look at my eyes, I'm still alive
And I'll scream at the innocent faces left to rot
In every deprived storm of this cold life.
The snake is still among us and slithers nearby
He's changed his skin to not be recognized
Inhuman temptation is the gift of providence
On the mortal line that serves food up to the gods.
I'm all alone in a sea of sand
Where my footsteps sink heavily.
I'll drag my body on until it's final spasm,
Ploughing through the dunes of never-ending ice,
Passing through the cold hearts of stone.
Looking past the pain, the true pain!
Look at my eyes, I'm still alive
I'll withstand all the flames that encircle me,
All alone until it's all over.
And I'll cry out to the guards of the sacred temple,
I'll stretch out my hands to ask
The sense of this existence.
The snake is...

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