

Englishman J. "Land Of The Lost"

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Far beyond the mists in sky,
The all embracing round,
Must lie safe from a goddess frown
An unknown land where loss and sigh
Fill every heart and mound.

The lost come here with torment load,
Arising from their difference;
From mass and hate, from mass compelled,
They're lost inside themselves.

Help me to break free from all those treacherous
expectations,
Save me from the numbness of the so called fellow-
creatures,
Free me for to live and not to be lived by the mass,
Free me for to be myself!

Inbetween the grass of woe,
The burdensome discord,
Relieve the slain their shattered minds,
In unknown words of things below
The superficial horde.

And soon when all the grief is done
The loners' crowd will crumble
The lost return to solitude
To win inside themselves.

Help me to break free from all those treacherous
expectations,
Save me from the numbness of the so called fellow-
creatures,
Free me for to live and not to be lived by the mass,
Free me for to be myself!

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