

Madder Mortem **"Riddle Wants To Be"**

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This ordeal has made you fret, but you know it's not
that bad
We thought ourselves beyond it's reach
Well, it seems we've both been had

See, it flows so easily
A ruthless piece of art
And it grows and speaks of mysteries to be
And flips itself to show the deuce of hearts

The riddle wants to be

It rubs our noses in nature's demands and it wrestles
our dearest doubts out of our hands

There is a balance of hope and despair
How we bleed for it!
In our need for it all sense disappears

The riddle wants to be

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