

## Crucified "Carnival"

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If your very, very quiet  
And do not make a sound  
I'll share a little secret  
That seems a bit profound  
Each thought that is imagined  
Gains life it's own  
And drifts into reality  
Looking for it's home

Some people call it Karma  
Some people call it fate  
Some people call it kindness  
Others call it hate  
Some people use it wisely  
Some people sell it cheap  
Some call it happiness  
But others call it grief

Tragedy from tragedy  
A lovers kiss (that's simple)  
Religion falls behind the walls  
Where paradise remains  
Did suffering suggest the cause  
Of all our little questions  
The answer was not coming soon  
She paused for reflection

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