

Crüxshadows

"Carnival"

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If you're 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
Came to 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 people call it happiness
Others call it grief

Tragedy from tragedy
A lover's gift
That's simple
Religion falls
Behind the walls
As paradise remains

Does suffering suggest the cause of all our little
questions
The answer was not coming soon she paused for
reflection

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