

## Cynic

### "Comfort In Your Strangeness"

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Woke up this morning

I was staring at the ceiling

Cracks and roadmaps and highways and landscapes

I have seen

I have been

To places far and deep in my mind

Only to find

Comfort in Your Strangeness

Of moving shadowss

When I call the wind by name

Rushing Firewater in the dark of a cloud

I have seen

I have been

To places far and deep in my mind

Only to find

Comfort in Your Strangeness

We are slaves to the crimes we commit

In fits of passion we shame

We are nothing

We are nothing

We are nothing

We are nothing but

The dust on Your feet

Dying to be born again

Singing Ether Water Fire singing Earth Singing Air

I have seen

I have been

To places far and deep in my mind

Only to find

Comfort in Your Strangeness

I have seen

I have been

To places far and deep in my mind

Only to find

Comfort in Your Strangeness

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