

The Crüxshadows "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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