Anasacra "The Weird Ways"

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You are so blind, when you think you are prooved against anything bad, 'cause your belief is so strong. Where's your saviour for all incurable who fell sick? Where's this damned god, to which they all daily pray?

Where's this damned god?

Day by day,
you' re searching for an excuse.
Day by day,
questions attack your godfearing soul:
"Is there a saviour?
Is there something above all?
Is it existing this realm of immortal love?"

The weird ways of existance - are driving you mad!

The weird wys of existance - are piercing your soul!

"When I am dead am I in heaven, or am I in hell?
Or is there nothing at all, who is able to tell?
The coffin, worms inside our fleshis that our destination?
The rotten corpse inside a grave led me to a hesitation!"

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to which they all daily pray?

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