

Postmortem "Drowned In Dirt"

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World has drowned in dirt
You'll never achieve the sun ideal
'Cause it stink dirt
Is reason crystal purity
Your heart has broken
In this world of emptyness and indifference
You can touch, you can see
But you can't feel

People are - the ants
With - sick minds
And you - will endure
Until - mortal agony

And later...
And later you will suicide

And, perhaps, will come out of "harmony"
You will be free like wind
In the world of eternity

You wanna be free
And go outside into the light
You're here and you are not
Living in order to endure
Living in order to live

All sounds like the funeral march
All deeds... It's pain
All thoughts... The cry
The life is dark

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