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Pagan Lorn "Unborn"

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Ignorant

I drift into uncertainty

I have never been prepared

After the second

But real birth

Came self-reproach

Perception

Followed by frivolous sins

After the first coining came emptiness

Becoming a part of I

The thinking

The question what for

Why should someone go on

Falling in every grave

Digged by the ones

Who are not yet

Existence covers a lonely mind

Dirt under pressure explodes

And surrounds a mind

Becomes an acting

I cannot recognize my words

Because life is deranging me

Mindsucking from me

Life is no sensation at all

Got to redeem myself

After flesh came birth

Then emptiness

What is the sin

That makes me live

Love is paid in tears

Live is paid in trust

My detestable beliefs

An egoistic wish

You are accused

I am nothing

I was not asked

So I will not ask!

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