

Cr?xshadows "Carnival"

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If you're 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 Came to 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 people call it happiness Others call it grief

Tragedy from tragedy A lover's gift That's simple Religion falls Behind the walls As paradise remains

Does suffering suggest the cause of all our little questions
The answer was not coming soon she paused for reflection

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