

Thorns

"World Playground Deceit"

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As you surrender to the virgin born
And as you bow in faithful devotion
To the golden laws of manmade instinct
We take (a long good) look in the crystal ball

And there we see nothing but clouds
In that rotten kaleidoscope reflection
The planet's own cradle of worms
How can anyone ever triumph?

What were you, what will you be?
We can no longer tell
If you ceased to exist
Would we mourn or remember you?

World playground deceit

Would we mourn?
Could we remember?
You lose now
As if winning
Was your game...
He who knows
Who have seen
And have made
Playground deceit
Imaginary love
Shameless joy
Ravishing grin
Pointed finger
Disdainful might

We turn away
No longer caring

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