

## Stampin' Ground

# "Everybody Owes A Death"

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The eyes are the windows of the soul  
And behind these eyes lurks a black hole  
I often wonder who's really insane...  
... the givers or receivers of all the world's pain?

I always seek to escape this place  
But then I always come back for more  
The only way to appreciate wealth  
Is to dream of it in vain when you are poor

Everyone owes a death

We try to make sense of the unknowable  
And what we find may be unbearable  
We need to understand the bias of the lens  
Through which we choose to view this world

And only then a semblance of peace  
Some shred of meaning to clutch to our chest  
Some token that our life meant something  
As we shambled blindly towards our death

The cries of the damned welcome me home

Our 'life cycle' is just recycled life  
We just take up space until we die  
Our demise may as well be preordained  
Is it anywonder we couldn't care less?

The black orb of another sun rising  
Another day to watch our dreams dying  
Sometimes I feel like I'm disappearing  
Seeking comfort in banality

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