

The Explosion

"Ringer Of Death"

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Blank thought spinning in the wise man's brain,
wondering if it shows that he is going insane. The
distance between idiocy and genius is me. The late
ringer pulls in his rope to give a sign, that death has
not taken his soul for endless time. The distance
between life and death is free. Drowning, falling,
dying, fading... The candles fading out and leaves the
seeing blind, just like the future hopes for the entire
(lost) mankind. The distance between past and future
is now. Lifeless statements told by our superiors each
day, the road to Armageddon seems to be the only
way. There's distance between love and hate somehow.
Drowning, falling, dying, fading...

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