

Lars Edegran

"Thorn Of Creation"

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The crumbled ceiling has fallen
to the floor
A lull replaces disorder
dilemma speaks broken words
of the tongue
And still we care not to listen
With blackened fingers
I've touched upon the earth
Alone in places remembered
Misgivings race to the front of your thoughts
The answers there are uncertain
All the thorns of the earth creations
Splinter the cause of aggravation

Lies of mother earth's creation
splinter a cause of aggravation
The thorns of Earth's creation
Rolling the soul with aggravation
The crumbled ceiling has fallen to the floor
A lull replaces disorder
Misgivings race to the front of your thoughts
The answers there are uncertain

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