

One silver streak, and darkness is cut
When lines populate the earth
A clew of chaos, of brand-new souls but
soaked in pleasures and dirt

As the spinning wheel of life decides each fate
And leads life lines to its spools
Where they are beginning to have their downfall created

I am making my own magic tools
The start of the bigger web, the tapestry of life
A world full of kings, beggars, knights and fools

Catching a glimpse of a made up world
It ignites a spark in a heart gone cold
Breaking the thin line wire of an off worldly stare
That was spun, weaved and unravelled, every soul dealt fair

As the spinning wheel of life decides each fate
And all lifelines have left the spools
Then it is spinning, to have new life created

With my own set of magic tools
I am making another web, a tapestry of death
A world full of kings, beggars, knights and fools

Seeing the result, the bigger whole,
The spark dies again, the heart turns cold
unravelling the world of dreams, revealing the reality it stole
I cut the line
When the wheel of life love and hope, came to a hold