

The Lady And The Dormant Sponge

Carnival in Coal

In the middle of nowhere
In the eye of the storm
I can hear raging thunder
And many other clichés
I remember the bird's words
Foreseeing nature's victory
In the grandeur of it's multitude
Only but toys are we
(This is meaningless)

Wicked Wind!
In the eye of the storm
I hear the call of magic
Riddles yelling to be solved

The seven paths to Rahahaaz I must walk and forget my fear
For the ones who make this journey will acquire wisdom (and probably an extra beer)

Beyond the secrets one can find hides a decision divine
But will you find the One who pulls the strings?
It isn't the Lord of The Rings, though it would make a brilliant rhyme
The man who finds the answer (will) be our king

Took a nap before going
Visions invaded my dreams
Weird creatures flashing in my mind
They appear, then they disappear
What does that mean?

A sheep with a ball gown
Surrounded by pygmies (Note: Why pygmies?)
A lady and a dormant sponge
(Which will surely make sense in a near future)

In the middle of nowhere
In the eye of the storm
May God spare me the way
Leading straight to the Grim Reaper
Seven deadly sins, seven ways to win
Seven holy paths and believe it or not
I stepped in shit
Off to a good start...
Haaaaa!
(Justifying what you've heard,
Anger's knocking at my mind's door)
I can't wait 'til bedtime

Can't wait until bedtime!

The road will be hard, the road will be long
If you don't mind I'd rather postpone my quest
For everything that's been happening so far
It really doesn't make me feel at my best

In the middle of nowhere
In the eye of the storm

The path to Rahahaaz I will walk and forget my fear
But a week before or a week after, that is no great deal

Beyond the secrets one can find hides a decision divine
But will you find the One who pulls the strings?
It isn't the Lord of The Rings, though it would make a brilliant rhyme
The man who finds the answer (will) be our king
But there's no hurry...

To be continued...