

Tale Of Dust

Depresy

We are sooth great in our scruffiness
never can be butterfly altered to eagle
Thousand of subsistences
so blind and vainglorious
We are just a grain of sand
carried by the wind in the vast desert
We are falling into the void of our pride
The light of wisdom is hidden from the sight
astral world's gates are still closed
Imprisoned by our material existence
we are loosing the wings of spiritual being
"We are sooth great in our scruffiness"
Peer into your heart
and your eyes will see.
Lot of things are between the heaven and the earth, there
but just abiding ones can understand
We are doomed to live in darkness
so "Long life to the new King !"