

Clouded

38th Parallel

The blow's been dealt
and taken its toll
Listless I stumble like a drunk in the cold
Questioning foundations of a hope
I took for granted
I feel my soul choked by the rope
of a slanted view of reality (So it seems)
maybe I've been living in some childish day dream
As not but dust in motion,
an insignificant drop in an endless ocean

Chorus

So rend the veil,
the shroud that clouds my eyes
I want to see you,
and every fiber of my being is longing for you

Cut off at the knees,
gasping for breath
Grieving for my hope as it totters on the brink of death
Watching the sun fade and run down
As my ears go deaf to
the ancient and thundering sound of creations singing
I'm clinging so tight to my questions
I can't hear its chorus ringing
Like some perpetual dancer
I'm running and spinning in search of the answers

Chorus

In this fog of pain,
creation plays its strain
The wind breathes one name,
star shines one fame

Chorus