

# Crown Of Thoughts

Autumn

Filling this world with a gloomy gaze  
While living in an absorbing haze  
A deep grey lake is all they see

Focussed on what will come and what will be  
What will be shall come at last  
And knowing what will come has already passed

Thinking and thinking, it's going to deep  
The borders are gone now, even in his sleep  
Where is the beginning, where is the end?  
What will you go through, where do you stand?

A sorcerer, a beggar  
A king or a knight  
The emperor of a world  
The world of his mind

Intelligence that crossed the lines of his stare  
Enchanted by the pearls at the bottom of the lake  
It catches a glimpse in this world of fake

And takes along a piece of a mystery  
That is there, an isolated soul, dreaming or awake  
Or one that is open, insane or full of care

This is the beginning, the beginning of the end  
What will you go through, there where you stand

A sorcerer, a beggar  
A king or a knight  
The emperor of the world  
The world of mankind