When The Sun's Born Red

Cemetery of Scream

How strange...
So moonlit is the Great wall of China, this night!
The huge full moon is casting long shadows before my eyes as I'
m slowly strolling over the wall, approaching another tower. Wh
at am I doing here?
 I feel spiritually naked under these chinese skies.
Not thinking, still waiting...
All those myths and beliefs,
I have heard seem likely to happen, now, what have
I come here for? I remember nothing...

Good gods have sent me here to warn you, but my warning is a ri
ddle, and the final answer may belong to you, Master. Please, l
isten up : what lies between reality and unreality, and we all
have to go there?

Nothingness, it is nothingness.

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