

Earthen

The Chant

This body was made of clay
This soul was born from ideas
This body was made of clay
And will become it once more
No greater rule to follow
Just a will to find a different path
Delusions prevail
Creating somber characters
I didn't ask to be saved
Nor blend into their mass
When the mind speaks
All beliefs break
I don't need to be blessed
To find silence
This soul was born from ideas
Bred from common reasons
No higher place to reach for
Than a distant light at the end of the road
I'm of the womb
The Womb of the earth
Won't that suffice?
I'm of the womb
The Womb of the earth
Won't that suffice?
This womb
I'll return to its cold
This earth
That floats on its own