

# Rosicrucian, No Cause For Celebration

I try to inhale, a breath of fresh air  
but there is no life inside of me  
Each moment nearer death, yet my life has just  
begun  
my inner filth just won't leave  
I have no trust, I confide in no one  
your words mean nothing at all  
Cause someday you'll see, the winds will change  
and then it's you and not I that fall  
Vacant and distant, I bleed on my throne  
Disposed of thought, I roam alone  
Rancid fumes filling my lungs  
I can't speak cause I've torn out my tongue  
There's no cause for celebration  
Life goes on with distant temptations  
There's no cause for celebration  
Life goes on full of frustrations  
Like father like son, like master like man  
justice is the revenge  
You point your cager finger, unable to see  
that it will bring you to the end  
The passing time, a collection of stars  
pride is all that remains  
This is the world this is our world  
welcome to a century of pain  
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