

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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