

## Clouded

38th Parallel

The blow's been dealt  
and taken its toll  
Listless I stumble like a drunk in the cold  
Questioning foundations of a hope  
I took for granted  
I feel my soul choked by the rope  
of a slanted view of reality (So it seems)  
maybe I've been living in some childish day dream  
As not but dust in motion,  
an insignificant drop in an endless ocean

Chorus

So rend the veil,  
the shroud that clouds my eyes  
I want to see you,  
and every fiber of my being is longing for you

Cut off at the knees,  
gasping for breath  
Grieving for my hope as it totters on the brink of death  
Watching the sun fade and run down  
As my ears go deaf to  
the ancient and thundering sound of creations singing  
I'm clinging so tight to my questions  
I can't hear its chorus ringing  
Like some perpetual dancer  
I'm running and spinning in search of the answers

Chorus

In this fog of pain,  
creation plays its strain  
The wind breathes one name,  
star shines one fame

Chorus