

Under The Sun

7Days

Why do we feed on sin?

Made out of clay
To end up in fire
Our human kind
Destined to find

Of all things how can we
In this ocean of lies
Give up the true meaning
For our ego

I accept that some things
Under the sun
Are not meant to be understood

But why, why do we feed on sin?

Ashes to ashes
And dust back to dust
A human mind
Destined to find

Of all things how can we
In this ocean of lies
Give up the true meaning
For our ego

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