

Crown Of Thoughts

Autumn

Filling this world with a gloomy gaze
While living in an absorbing haze
A deep grey lake is all they see

Focussed on what will come and what will be
What will be shall come at last
And knowing what will come has already passed

Thinking and thinking, it's going to deep
The borders are gone now, even in his sleep
Where is the beginning, where is the end?
What will you go through, where do you stand?

A sorcerer, a beggar
A king or a knight
The emperor of a world
The world of his mind

Intelligence that crossed the lines of his stare
Enchanted by the pearls at the bottom of the lake
It catches a glimpse in this world of fake

And takes along a piece of a mystery
That is there, an isolated soul, dreaming or awake
Or one that is open, insane or full of care

This is the beginning, the beginning of the end
What will you go through, there where you stand

A sorcerer, a beggar
A king or a knight
The emperor of the world
The world of mankind