

# Blindness

Galadriel

You think the time will stop for now  
To find out what is happening around  
That strange look of those blind eyes  
In faces of this rushing world

You think you are free all the time  
But there are thousand things controlling you  
Proudly you walk into the abyss  
Of thoughts you never owned

Look at those dying fathers  
And their unborn sons  
Notice those crying mothers  
Abandoned and broken above graves

Time exist no more  
It stopped moving in their hearts  
So dead is what they lived for...  
So dying is the race of us...

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Of thoughts you never owned