

Anything Goes

Impending Doom

Anything goes...

When every thing's gone, anything goes.

Theories without real foundation,
Blind folds entire nations,
Idols as big as your bank account is.
No compromise.

Your gods resemble humanity,
The irony is they are inferior
And non-functional in their making.

Are we here by chance?
That would make our circumstance
Absolutely worthless,
Flesh and blood without purpose.
Are you part of no bigger scheme?
Don't bother with self-esteem.

Are we all but fading dreams?
From sunrise to sunset are we part of this big accident?
The vastness of space, the delicacy of your face,
The artistry of nature, all without a painter.
I don't have enough faith to buy into that.

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