

Left wading neck-high in dirt by
the flood of wastewaters
Completely soaked to the bone
Floating restless in in time pining
out-Through the unending
struggles
Straight towards the unknown
with nothing to hold onto

Always against the stream
Beating through the debris
But as long as the scenery keeps
rushing it's alright
Always against the stream
Riding on the belief
That as long as the scenery
keeps chancing it's alright

Left sailing the sea of dirt on a
raft that is leaking
Moved by the stench of the wind
Waiting the high-tide to come to
finally sink in
In the scum-tsunami with
nothing to hold onto