

# Being Alive

I ponder often  
Why it is that we are threatened with Hell?  
If Hell is worse than life  
Then I truly shiver

Does it get worse?  
No remorse for people crushed  
No rebirth for the fetus hushed  
Sing me the song of youth  
Of innocence  
Of true holy beauty

Confusion blinds the seer  
Of worlds unknown  
Hysteria ripples society  
Closing the circle  
On youthful artists  
Whose only sin  
Is being alive

Shrieks from the moon  
Eye of night  
Illuminate my misty terror  
Covering scenes  
Of true holy beauty

My confusion, a cage  
Imagination, my key  
Monster skinned mandolin  
Baby blue eyes  
I sense caress  
Of your thighs  
Our only sin  
Is being alive