

Headstone Epitaph, Riddle

(Everyone of us, at one time or another, has surely wondered where we come from, where we are

I know we've always been asking ourselves
How do we hatch out of eggs or of shells?
Me and the birds and the flowers and trees
Out of the oceans it's hard to believe

Where do we come from? Where will we go?
This is the riddle we don't know

Riddles of descent and our mankind
Answers come slowly to shatter our minds
Where do we come from ? It isn't quite clear
When did we first once appear?
Might not be here

If we continue the way that we choose
We're not secure if we win or we lose
The fire keeps burning inside of our heads
Keeping us weighted like iron and lead

Where do we come from? Where will we go?
This is the riddle we don't know

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Where do we come from? It isn't quite clear
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So come on you people this is our chance
Because we've had this success
We hold the future in our hands
To obtain this mighty progress

Can we go on without a sorrow?
For our life we beg, steal and borrow
In a world that won't stop tomorrow,
Filled with joy and restraint and horror

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