

# 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

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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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