

# Metamorphosis By The Well Of Truth

Anata

It's the time of the day when I lay down to rest  
To impressions of the day digest  
But thoughts of my existence emerge  
Who am I and why am I?  
My consciousness can't be purged

Until a soothing breeze is putting me to sleep  
I fall through endless depths

My dreams awake, they're taking over  
Take me on a journey within

Lead: Schalin

I see myself and I see my world  
I meet people from my past  
But can't remember where they're from  
They stare at me with hollow eyes  
Still disappointment therein lies

I see nations' birth and death  
One thousand human lives  
Begin and end  
I see new religions are born  
And they fall into oblivion  
I witness the births of worlds  
And the old ones wither away

New universes are created in storms of fire  
The old ones are crushed inside black holes  
I see my old life fading away  
And a new one is about to begin

I see water spring  
From the well of truth  
People congregate  
With will to eternal wisdom obtain

Those with false hearts  
That taste the water change form  
To trembling vile creatures with their insides out  
The others are reborn as gods

At the very back of the swarming crowds  
I see my tense face, I'm eager with fear  
I desire to know but I fear the same fate  
The one of others that I just beheld

When monsters with false hearts have expired  
And the new gods are sent to conquer the world  
As the last one I stand alone by the well  
With fear I put out my hands  
To finally taste the truth about me

Lead: Schalin

With uncertainty I awake from my dream

What would have happened and who am I?

I seek but can not find the well of truth  
And struggle therefor through my life  
With fear and eagerness  
To godhood or complete demise