

Unaware of the model,
I was taught to follow.
Baptised through the grapevine,
Rescued by a daydream,
Back down where I,
Found the open door.

The open door,
I was before.
The open door.

And from the maps that I'd followed,
Came the thoughts that I'd borrowed.
A bitter pill I swallowed,
Cleaned my mind out,
So I could explore.
Plagiarised my reactions,
All my life an abstraction,
But if I'm more than memories,
Makes me wonder,
Who I was before.

I was before,
The open door.
I was before.

I know what I am,
In this light I stand,
Can I overcome,
That space that time demands?
Reincarnation,
I'm back from everywhere,
Know that I'll become,
The thoughts that lead me there.

Turned my back on the drama,
And ostracised my karma,
I threw away all my armour,
Trying to find out,
Who I was before.

I know what I am,
In this light I stand,
Can I overcome,
The time that space demands?
Reincarnation,
I can't remember,
Who I was,
Who I was!