

Thinking Being

Cynic

Coinage of my brain
A bodiless creation ecstasy
Madness counterpart visioning things
I want to believe

Idealistic cure
Unecessary to disclosure
A wishing world making me
Mad because of what I want
To see in reality

Time after time I keep
Questioning myself but
I can't understand why
These truths, these lies
These answers I can't find in me

A constant fantasy
This world in which I live in ecstasy
An expression to neglection
My oppression cause of a dream
That's purely meant to be

Thinking being
Retraction of this thought
Is so much pain
I can't understand why
Mind and body lie to me
Why reality, I can't be sane
Just supervene and
Make this thought come true

Naive understanding
Precaution pessimistic with fear
A weakness creating
A fault in your mind
That is so clear

Morality preserved
A creative confidence you
Believe your own words
Resulting in assumptions from
Your thoughts creating a madness in me

Time after time I keep
Questioning myself
But I cant understand
Why...do these truths, these lies
These answers keep fuckin' with me

Using this part of my mind
Helps me bring into being
A thought that's meant to be
It's something I feel
Deep inside an inexorable
Fate of what's supposed to be
Meant to be

I let my mind take it's
Stroll through imagination
I think to myself how can I
Relate to this world
That can't begin to understand
Of how my mind is in demand
This world it creates is so
Truthfully innate
It's authentic actuality
Is something that's too good to be
This thought is purely meant to be

Thinking being
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