

Afterlife

Dream Theater

I touched with one
who made me run
away from my own soul...
In this world with its
many illusions
We are moving like mice through a maze

And now I find
what's left behind
has served to make me whole
full of doubt, deception, and delusion
seeking purpose to all earthly days

I search within
beneath a skin
that bears both pleasure and pain
In a world full of constant confusion
I will not be a par to the craze

In the Afterlife
will dark be bright?
will cold be warm?
will the day have no night?
In the Afterlife?
will the blind have sight?
In the Afterlife.

Behind closed eyes
some comfort lies
In knowing the truth never spoken
Through this world with its
hidden conclusion
we'll keep moving like mice through a maze

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