

Sensorium

Epica

Chance doesn't exist
But the path of life is not totally so predestined
And time and chronology show us how all should be
In the ways of existence
To find out why we are here

Being consciousness is a torment
The more we learn is the less we get
Every answer contains a new quest
A quest to non existence, a journey with no end

No one surveys the whole, focus on things so small
But life's objective is to make it meaningful
Only searching for this
That which doesn't exist
Although our ability to relativize remains unclear

I'm not afraid to die
I'm afraid to be alive without being aware of it

I'm so afraid to, I couldn't stand to
Waste all my energy on things
That do not matter anymore

Our future has already been written by us alone
But we don't grasp the meaning
Of our programmed course of life
Our future has already been wasted by us alone
And we just let it happen and do not worry at all

We only fear what comes
And smell death every day
Search for the answers that lie beyond