

Stream Of Unconsciousness

HeXeN

With my conscience frozen I begin empirically,
To disassemble truth, ethics, and reality,
Since our lives are confined to the depths of our minds;
Certainty is obsolete.

For far too long in false things I believed,
Inferences derived from delusions and dreams,
The cosmos is not bounded by what we perceive,
In convoluted mental streams.

Woe to the believers...
Whose dogmas are subject to futility.

- Stream of Unconsciousness,
Cannot comprehend nothingness,
A static senseless mind,
Indulges in existence,
Not knowing the reason why.

Clashing against the skeptic faculty,
Cognitive dissonance paralyzes me,
An abstract void between two extremes,
Contradictory...
In the abyss that is the human psyche;
The external world is an impossibility,
Where speculation's all but a useless pipe dream,
And nothing's what it seems.

This is woe to the believers...
Until the vast edges of man-made time.

Stream of Unconsciousness,
I can't comprehend nothingness,
A static senseless mind,
Indulging in existence,
Not knowing the reason why.

The imagination reaches its limitations here,
Seconds feel like days, minutes seem like years,
Oblivious to the nature of order in reverse,
My most terrifying thoughts are of a finite universe.
what then... would we search for?