

She said, why's it like this
unseen for what it is
Why do we remain without objection?
Answer's so obvious
but why is it just to us?
When to most it offers no reflection

Is there anyone else alive out there?
Bring it to me!
I wanna know what it takes
to wake from this nightmare

What of those of us who can see
are we something different?
Or are we to lead, define and believe in
all the fallen ones

We have the gift of breath
of thought and of memory
But what has no price can not be valued
I could not close my eyes
and not see what it means
And what is worse, I can't explain it to you

I don't just see it
I know, believe it