

## Render

Northlane

Pilot of the biomachine  
Manning the controls of a babbling monkey  
The circuits behind the interface can't be seen  
So the truth is up to me  
Is this life but a dream

Is reality  
All my senses perceive?...

It tears me apart from the inside  
The story we've accepted with malleable minds  
Dogmatic perceptions designed  
In egotistical pride have led us blind

Short of sight  
Wondering why our lives feel like they're lacking meaning  
We have stopped believing  
This is just a ride  
This is just a ride

Is reality  
All my senses perceive?  
Is what I touch and I see  
All that lies in front of me?

We wonder why our lives feel like they're lacking meaning  
We've stopped believing  
This is just a ride

This is just a ride...