

Research, finding pathways in the seamless web
In black spaces between worlds, a field unknown
Repeat, endless mantras of the stored collective drone
A surface world is what the senses show

But you cannot taste the essence of your soul

Sever all strings to the confined
Forget all that has been
Sever all strings to mortal life
Unveil and see through

With every thought you find a sequence has begun
And when you trust your senses peace of mind will never come

Through false sensory perceptions of the flesh
You paint without colors on a canvas blank
Deceived by the history on which we do bestow
Based on the past we re-enact what's gone

And when all else fails your essence will go on

Sever all strings to the confined
Forget all that has been
Sever all strings to mortal life
Unveil and see through

With every thought you find a sequence has begun
And when you trust your senses peace of mind will never come
All that's been said and done is open to perceive
In any way desired now behold, conflict is gone

Whatever you find is never the truth
Unless it doesn't die as time goes by
Whatever you find, you just have to wait
All things found will in time be gone

Sever all strings to the confined
Forget all that has been
Sever all strings to mortal life
Unveil and see through

With every thought you find a sequence has begun
And when you trust your senses peace of mind will never come
All that's been said and done is open to perceive
In any way desired now behold, conflict is gone