

Time And Death And God

The Acacia Strain

The spinning you feel is not of the earth, it's all in
your head.
The blue in the sky and green in the grass, unwillfully
imagined.
Everything you know sparked by unbelievable coincidence.
Sub consciousness.
Never any consequence.
The twinkle of the stars you see is your mind wishing to
believe the magic of nonsense.
We are dealt a hand and we act like there's a dealer.
You can't define life without speaking to the reaper.
Your belief that death is an option hinges on the fact
that life is a reality.
We started the fight for survival and now we want to quit
because we are losing.
And we cannot define life without always uttering death.
I wear a watch even though I don't believe in time.
The idea is false, just like the rest of the ones in your
mind.
I don't fear death because I refuse to believe in life.
Genius of design.
Fooled by your own mind.
Size is infinite.
Reality is never explicit.
Simplicity so impossibly complicated.
Infinity too dauntingly sophisticated.
I am not real.