

Skepsis

Through the Eyes of the Dead

To obtain true knowledge of this world remains hopeless
Doubt, my extended sense
I the inquiring and reflective
The discordant and profound
Fact is fiction, truth is myth
Reality, the greatest illusion

Existence... existence of mankind, insignificant
Purpose... purpose in life... irrelevant

Plagued and manipulated by unseen forces
Condemned at birth by the somber and opaque
Enslaved by this physical realm designed by callous entities unknown

The ethereal, celestial, the spiritual
Humanity maintains ignorance, a broken machine

Fidelity in falsehood
Far beyond the veil of existence there is rebirth...
Rebirth through skepsis

I seek the answers
Manifestation through question
I must abscond this domain

For I fear what dimensions await beyond it
And what fuels the mendacious will of the invisible
The enigma
Enlighten me augur that I may disinter this elusive obscurity
Channeling the perpetual powers that be, their misanthropy

And illuminate these sardonic forces

That I may forbear the coming maelstrom
For superstition has brought me here
Purpose has chosen me

A machination designed to turn reality into a vault of lies

Fidelity in falsehood
Far beyond the veil of existence there is rebirth...
Rebirth through skepsis

To denounce the spirit of time... a most clever design
To deny the essence of actuality... a mere conception

A misbegotten creation most surreal
The inverted infallibility

Far beyond the veil of existence
There is rebirth through celestial skepsis

Rebirth through skepsis