

Sand in the Wind

Týr

Lifetime is short compared to the time the earth has existed in
Earth's lifetime compared to that of the great universe
Equally short, our images of the world that we populate
Die harder, our fate and our images
Seen through our eyes might well be lies
What access do we have to the world we are living in
Is this a dream that we live, it's hard to believe
What proof can there be of life, I just think that

it's strange how we all walk around, on visitors feet upon our
ground
and make believe that this is all, as we know all is, as we know
what all is
And strange how how we can't understand,
compared, earth is only a grain of sand,
when faced with this, I can't deny that ignorance is bliss
When all things flow eternally, and no man is ever there to see
the great eternal unperceived, what is existence
Are these things real that we have been
like grains of sand blow in the wind, so is our existence

Kill the fire, cut the wire, deny desire, be a liar, watch me then
Feed the fire, pull the wire, then take it higher than lie, don't
waste breath in it
While we think redemption will save us from temptation
We can't escape religion whatever it's origin, is there no
way out of the madness, it's only brought us sandness
consider it an illness in life, why did it never seem

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