

You are someone  
You would not like to be  
Wandering the way to illumination  
Sinking in bizarre rituals  
Whole life studying lines and signs  
You take pains to chase

Shadows of yourself...

Shadows of yourself  
Things, you are thinking are right  
Just must have imagined as that

Myths of all systems  
And never written book  
Or book written thousands of times

No matter where and how  
Your move is your start...

Like freely river of perceptions  
Consciousness, private library  
Of everything anti and pro

Life, choice, death  
Despite circumstances  
There is always your way