

The Grand Design

Winds

A flaw in the grand design of what we call living
An aimless contradiction based purely on fiction

We must first accept our need to be
If we are to live and to be free
Failure to choose and realize
Is the foundation of our demise

Our subconscious is trying to tell us something
If not here, where should we be, how can we know
And if existence is imagined, does it matter anyway

It's really trying to tell us something
We're not really here, where we should be, that I do know
And as long as imagination exists, matter is obsolete

Meeting it face to face, seeing it eye to eye
Finding reason in changed stability
The key to realizing our futility

Our subconscious is trying to tell us something
That we're really not here, that we really don't know
That our existence is imagined, but it matters anyway

Hope through turning away, letting go of getting nearer
Finding the words to express it, even further down the road
Stepping right in, drawing closer, for time is here and now