

# Sensorium – Epica

Chance doesn't exist  
But the path of life is not  
Totally so predestined and  
Time and chronology  
Show us how all should be  
In the ways of existence  
To find out why we are here  
Being conscious is a torment  
The more we learn is the less we get  
No one surveys the whole  
Focus on things so small  
But life's objective is to make it meaningful  
Only searching for this  
That which doesn't exist  
Although our ability  
To relativize remains unclear  
Being conscious is a torment  
The more we learn is the less we get  
Every answer contains a new quest  
I'm not afraid to die  
I'm afraid to be alive  
Without being aware of it  
I'm so afraid to, I couldn't stand to  
Waste all my energy in things  
That do not matter anymore  
But we don't grasp the meaning  
Of our programmed course of life  
We only fear what comes  
And smell death every day  
But we don't grasp the meaning  
Of our programmed course of life  
We only fear what comes  
And smell death every day  
Search for the answers that lie beyond  
Being conscious is a torment

The more we learn is the less we get  
Every answer contains a new quest

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych