

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



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych