

Trapezoid

Scar Symmetry

Research, finding pathways in the seamless web
In black spaces between worlds, a field unknown
Repeat, endless mantras of the stored collective drone
A surface world is what the senses show But you cannot taste the essence of your soul Sever all strings to the
confined
Forget all that has been
Sever all strings to mortal life
Unveil and see through With every thought you find a sequence has begun
And when you trust your senses peace of mind will never come Through false sensory perceptions of the flesh
You paint without colors on a canvas blank
Deceived by the history on which we do bestow
Based on the past we re-enact what's gone And when all else fails your essence will go on Sever all strings to the
confined
Forget all that has been
Sever all strings to mortal life
Unveil and see through With every thought you find a sequence has begun
And when you trust your senses peace of mind will never come
All that's been said and done is open to perceive
In any way desired now behold, conflict is gone Whatever you find is never the truth
Unless it doesn't die as time goes by
Whatever you find, you just have to wait
All things found will in time be gone Sever all strings to the confined
Forget all that has been
Sever all strings to mortal life
Unveil and see through With every thought you find a sequence has begun
And when you trust your senses peace of mind will never come
All that's been said and done is open to perceive
In any way desired now behold, conflict is gone

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