

Perfect Message

Endless

on the surface, everything seems to make sense
things vibrate and forms all states of matter but go deeper
to the realm of a quantum, and all sense is lost
and forms all states of matter but go deeper yet somehow - things crystalize
somehow there is form
god doesn't play dice, he plays chess
I am a pawn, that somehow staid fragile senses feed collective thoughts
but my senses are conspiring
how sweet, I was blind, but now I see
show - but who watches? chaos, it would seem, is the ultimate nihilist
somehow there is form
god doesn't play dice, he plays chess
I am a pawn, that somehow staid
the quark can't be predicted
the system should either collapse - or explode!

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