

# Born to Synthesize

## Todd Rundgren

A handful of nothing is all that I need  
Contains plus and minus everything  
The odd combinations are what make up  
The world that you see before you  
In one hand I hold what people call good  
The rest I hold in the other  
These are just symbols to the perfected minds  
Of which we are but mere reflections  
I was born to synthesize  
Energize and catalyze  
I was born to synthesize  
Like waves on still water the forms reappear  
Quickly erasing the ones before  
But forms like these are born only to die  
But the life in them lives forever  
Pyramids, spheres and obelisks  
Are the patterns of all creation  
But the red polygon's only desire  
Is to get to the blue triangle  
I was born to synthesize  
Visions rise before your eyes  
I was born to synthesize  
The orbits of consciousness spin round and round  
Apparently they go nowhere  
But the odd combinations are leading you on  
To your home which is in the center  
You were born to synthesize  
Ain't no jive, it's no surprise  
You were born to synthesize

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