Spaceotemporal

Cire

The frail threads of perception connect to no certainty.
There's no magnetism toward the truth,
just you and me floating in our minds, in our galaxy,
searching for something to help us through.
So disregard your biology if mortality is too difficult for you.(chorus)
Keep on holding onto this conception of your place.
Keep on picturing yourself outside of time and space...
and see where that gets you.A moment you eternalize-
try to lock your fleeing world into... some safe and sacred womb.
Safe to assume cosmic indifference to everything we do.
And there are no signs anywhere that anything will turn and go your way,
and your time is quickly escaping you,
no matter how desperately you want to stay.(chorus)You're grasping in thin air, an infantile expression of no hope.
Keep living by your codes,
your god only knows around your neck your arrogance is a fucking rope.(chorus)The soul is memory, just smart enough to see we're fading away,
and it's far too much to know.
We're running from our intellect each time we pray for more.
But if comforting, then true, so hide from the world.

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