Sensorium

Delerium

Chance doesnt 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 hereBeing conscious is a torment
The more we learn is the less we getNo one survives the whole, focus on things so small
But lifes objective is to make it meaningful
Only searching for this that which doesnt exist
Although our ability to relativize remains unclearBeing conscious is a torment
The more we learn is the less we get
Every answer contains a new quest
A quest to non-existence, a journey with no endIm not afraid to die
Im afraid to be alive without being aware of itIm so afraid to, I couldnt stand to
Waste all my energy in things that do not matter anymoreOur future has already been written by us alone
But we dont grasp the meaning
Of our programmed course of life
We only fear what comes and smell death every dayOur future has already been wasted by us alone
And we just let it happen and do not worry at allOur future has already been written by us alone
But we dont 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 beyondBeing conscious is a torment
The more we learn is the less we get
Every answer contains a new quest
A quest to non-existence, a journey with no end

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