

# Afterlife

## The Reflektors

I touched with one who made me run  
Away from my own soul  
In this world with its many illusions  
We are moving like mice through a maze  
And now I find what's left behind  
Has served to make me whole  
Full of doubt, deception, and delusion  
Seeking purpose to all earthly days  
I search within, beneath a skin  
That bears both pleasure and pain  
In a world full of constant confusion  
I will not be a par to the craze  
In the afterlife  
Will dark be bright? Will cold be warm?

Will the day have no night? In the afterlife?  
Will the blind have sight? In the afterlife  
Behind closed eyes, some comfort lies  
In knowing the truth never spoken  
Through this world with its hidden conclusion  
We'll keep moving like mice through a maze  
In the afterlife  
Will dark be bright? Will cold be warm?  
Will the day have no night? In the afterlife?  
Will the blind have sight? In the afterlife  
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Will dark be bright? Will cold be warm?  
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