

I Am Not Alive

Paramaecium

I am not alive, though they say I am.

Such is the grave inconsequence of man;

liar that I am, I am not alive at all,

not alive at all, no. I am not alive. Countless years have I spent in my quest, or so it would seem, at the will of my mentor's request for truth, for the meaning, for life.

But what of this day? What of my own existence? How can I

pray to that which I cannot perceive? Destiny would have that I blindly follow with no thought of my own. But when I contemplate tomorrow my heart is turning to stone. Why am I never satisfied? Why do I live with constant pain?

Is life just passing time till I die and thence never to rise again? The sun is gone bringing the dark, the darkness heralds in the

night. I cannot sleep, my eyes are wide, it's the longest night of my life. I've been denied, my life is gone, where is my breath, I must have died. My hour is come, my tears are dry within my

eyes, life is denied. I'm cold, I'm dying, I'm cold, I am dying. In my wretchedness, I recall the words my Teacher spoke to me,

"It won't suffice merely to exist my young friend. To be alive is not to live, you must have life." Destiny, my companion, who has joined me for many a day, enlightens my wandering mind thus, "The fact that it is your utmost desire to behold both truth and life, whilst you live in ongoing uncertainty and the everpresence of death, would suggest that this state which you find yourself in is not of your own demeanour; suggests that you once had contentment and life from whence you've been enticed away.

Such was the Fall, that great tragedy of man. To behold both truth and life, reason alone cannot suffice. You will not find it within yourself for there lies corruption and death. And there's no use in searching outside yourself for that, I'm afraid, is just nature.

Reason alone cannot suffice. You must search in the great beyond, involve the Hidden Lands in your reckoning. You must search in the great beyond, acknowledge the Ancient in His beckoning. For this you'll require faith, the substance of things unseen, for reason alone will never suffice. For there are greater things behind the sky than in the entirety of creation. There are greater things behind the sky than in all that you survey." The spirits cry, they want me now but I resist, I will not die.

I need the truth, such is my quest, I will not rest until I find the light.

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