

Insubstantia

3TEETH

Grasping at the sands of time reveals
Sliding through your hands
Our fate is sealed
Living all your life so filled with fear
You gather all you can and hold it near
Carving up the land as you make it clear
Who can have what from there or here Thinking that your plan is so ideal
Losing true sight of what is real What is real
Born into their perfect shame
Fixed upon their tiny flame
What is real
As the tides rise upon the wheel
Lines in the sand will disappear
You will wake up and sense the feel
You'll have a chance to lift the veil
Dissolving insubstantia as you exhale
Heart and a feather
Placed upon the scale
Rising up above as your essence prevails
Ascending past the realm
Of a mind that jails Insubstantia wants you
Insubstantia needs you What is real
What is real
Born into their perfect shame
Fixed upon their tiny flame
What is real
What is real
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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