Afterlife

Cybass

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
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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