

Born To Synthesize

Todd Rundgren

A handful of nothing is all that I need
Contains plus and minus everything
The odd combinations are what make up
The world that you see before you
In one hand I hold what people call good
The rest I hold in the other
These are just symbols to the perfected minds
Of which we are but mere reflections
I was born to synthesize
Energize and catalyze
I was born to synthesize
Like waves on still water the forms reappear
Quickly erasing the ones before
But forms like these are born only to die
But the life in them lives forever

Pyramids, spheres and obelisks
Are the patterns of all creation
But the red polygon's only desire
Is to get to the blue triangle
I was born to synthesize
Visions rise before your eyes
I was born to synthesize
The orbits of consciousness spin round and round
Apparently they go nowhere
But the odd combinations are leading you on
To your home which is in the center
You were born to synthesize
Ain't no jive, it's no surprise
You were born to synthesize

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