

Afterlife

Parus

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?
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