

Anata, Metamorphosis By The Well Of Truth

It's the time of the day when I lay down to rest
To impressions of the day digest
But thoughts of my existence emerge
Who am I and why am I?
My consciousness can't be purged
Until a soothing breeze is putting me to sleep
I fall through endless depths

My dreams awake, they're taking over
Take me on a journey within

[Lead: Schalin]

I see myself and I see my world
I meet people from my past
But can't remember where they're from
They stare at me with hollow eyes
Still disappointment therein lies

I see nations birth and death
One thousand human lives
Begin and end
I see new religions are born
And they fall into oblivio
I witness the births of worlds
And the old ones wither away

New universes are created in storms of fire
The old ones are crushed inside black holes
I see my old life fading away
And a new one is about to begin

I see water sprig
From the well of truth
People congregate
With will to eternal wisdom obtain

Those with false hearts
That taste the water change form
To trembling vile creatures with their insides out
The others are reborn as gods

At the very back of the swarming crowds
I see my tense face, I'm eager with fear
I desire to know but I fear the same fate
The one of others that I just beheld

When monsters with false hearts have expired
And the new gods are sent to conquer the world
As the last one I stand alone by the well
With fear I put out my hands
To finally taste the truth about me

[Lead: Schalin]

With uncertainty I awake from my dream
What would have happened and who am I?

I seek but can not find the well of truth
And struggle therefore through my life
With fear and eagerness
To godhood or complete demise