

Cynic, Evolutionary Sleeper

Here's my hand you painted on
A circle fades inside a heart
Are you expected here
You whisper in my ear
So I wash my hands
'Till the water burns
A circle sits outside a door
Are you expected here
I whisper in your ear
I'm whole
I'm open
I'm starved
I'm broken
I'm lost and found
I'm an evolutionary sleeper
If letting go
means letting be
And the truth beyond the mind
is what I need
If letting go
means letting be
And the truth beyond the mind
is what I see
I'm an evolutionary sleeper