

# Epica, Sensorium

Chance doesn't exist  
But the path of life is not totally so predestined  
And time and chronology show us how all should be  
In the ways of existence  
To find out why we are here

Being consciousness is a torment  
The more we learn is the less we get  
Every answer contains a new quest  
A quest to non existence, a journey with no end

No one surveys the whole, focus on things so small  
But life's objective is to make it meaningful  
Only searching for this  
That which doesn't exist  
Although our ability to relativize remains unclear

I'm not afraid to die  
I'm afraid to be alive without being aware of it

I'm so afraid to, I couldn't stand to  
Waste all my energy on things  
That do not matter anymore

Our future has already been written by us alone  
But we don't grasp the meaning  
Of our programmed course of life  
Our future has already been wasted by us alone  
And we just let it happen and do not worry at all

We only fear what comes  
And smell death every day