

# Tyr, Sand In The Wind

Lifetime is short compared to the time the earth has existed in  
Earth's lifetime compared to that of the great universe  
Equally short, our images of the world that we populate  
Die harder, our fate and our images  
Seen through our eyes might well be lies  
What access do we have to the world we are living in  
Is this a dream that we live, it's hard to believe  
What proof can there be of life, I just think that  
it's strange how we all walk around, on visitors feet upon our ground  
and make believe that this is all, as we know all is, as we know what all is  
And strange how how we can't understand,  
compared, earth is only a grain of sand,  
when faced with this, I can't deny that ignorance is bliss  
When all things flow eternally, and no man is ever there to see  
the great eternal unperceived, what is existence  
Are these things real that we have been  
like grains of sand blow in the wind, so is our existence  
Kill the fire, cut the wire, deny desire, be a liar, watch me then  
Feed the fire, pull the wire, then take it higher than lie, don't waste breath in it  
While we think redemption will save us from temptation  
We can't escape religion whatever it's origin, is there no  
way out of the madness, it's only brought us sandness  
consider it an illness in life, why did it never seem  
strange how we all walk around, on visitors feet upon our ground  
and make believe that this is all, as we know all is, as we know what all is  
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