

Buddhuza, I Let It In

I believe my certain eyes,
And nothing more than they can sight,
And though I strain my brain,
Still I can't explain
My sentimental memories,
Mental memories.

Often soaked and over-high
I reached the suburbs of my mind,
Man, I saw the fair!
The magic in the air,
And sacramental serenity,
Mental serenity.

Is there the heaven up the sky?
I don't know, haven't seen.
Are we the spirits in disguise?
I only know we could be.
I'm such an empty piece of mind,
Get it on, I let it in,
I'm ready, let it in.

I believe my only tracks
And commonly conceded facts,
And though I heard them say:
"Don't lock your mind away!"
I'm only here for sanity
And mental inanity,
Mental sanity,
Mental inanity.