

Lemur Voice, More Of Nothing

Throughout all divisions of concepts
That build fake images of paths to your ideals
You'll find mere disappointment
It's not the manner, it's the form of the starting point
That keeps the flower from it's beauty
Close your eyes and try to see what's real what's present
Dream awake through seas of color

Further and further
You're running in circles
The end is only visible from a distance
Take a breath and realize
Tomorrow's just a guess
More of Nothing

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Virtual paint models boundless shapes to fill your eyes
Original perception confined to this
From moment to moment, from flash to flash
Regain your confidence in life as such

Dissolve in the stream
Acquiesce in it, relieved from desire
You'll feel the presence of it's warmth
It was always there, it's in your heart
It's in your heart

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