

Profound, Futile Reality

I sense this slumber oh you gloomy spirit
Though no one ever understood
You gave us time and now you steal it
The days you rip are gone for good

There is nothing in life
Or in things you want to be
If you'll never strife
Against futile reality

Are these not my hands oh dulling spirit
That I also see in dreams
You know that I can do it, you see it
When I float in your daily streams

There is nothing in life
Or in things you want to be
If you'll never strife
Against futile reality

Were these not my days
In which I was God
Mysterious ways

To things who are not
What they seem to be
A virtual dance
Where reality flee
Will I download my powers

Oh companion in the haze
I know you'll be there
When my pale bones decay to dust
So I'll celebrate my days
And search for rain so I'll strain
And sing my songs until I'll rest

We are creators of you lack of spirit
Cash on the nail we pay
The minute is your monetary unit
When we're broke we fade away

There is nothing in life
Or in things you want to be
If you'll never strife
Against futile reality