Profound, Futile Reality

I sense this slumber oh you gloomy spirit Though no one ever understood You gave us time and now you steel 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

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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