

Progress, The Unbearable Randomness Of Being

Is there a light in stars above or simply emptiness?
Is this my hand that I now see or just the dream of happiness?
Is there really a now and then? Will we ever see more?
If we hold on to our dreams how will we know when to go on?
Are we made to resemble god, creation with design?
Or sleeping in ignorance, waking to teach others sight.
Do we submit ourselves still to the greater good?
Are we aware organic waste living from day to day?
i don't know
if we are so sure in life why is it death that we fear?