

I want to turn every stone
And to scour every rootstock
The number of possibilities is boundless

In the mist
Shadows entwine with spirits
I see figures
They tell about the space
Beyond our consciousness

As I step into the fog
Reality blurs

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Every path has to be explored
My wandering shall never stop

Fighting against the insurmountable winter
But at the same time knowing that this is what I need to do
Release your mind from fear
Become hollow
Observe from the outside
The only way to see it
I'm already dead

They tell about the space
Beyond our consciousness
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Reality blurs