

## Insubstantia

3TEETH

Grasping at the sands of time reveals  
Sliding through your hands  
Our fate is sealed  
Living all your life so filled with fear  
You gather all you can and hold it near  
Carving up the land as you make it clear  
Who can have what from there or here  
Thinking that your plan is so ideal  
Losing true sight of what is real

What is real  
Born into their perfect shame  
Fixed upon their tiny flame  
What is real

As the tides rise upon the wheel  
Lines in the sand will disappear  
You will wake up and sense the feel  
You'll have a chance to lift the veil  
Dissolving insubstantia as you exhale  
Heart and a feather  
Placed upon the scale  
Rising up above as your essence prevails  
Ascending past the realm  
Of a mind that jails

Insubstantia wants you  
Insubstantia needs you

What is real  
What is real

Born into their perfect shame  
Fixed upon their tiny flame  
What is real  
What is real