

Unaware of the model,  
I was taught to follow.  
Baptised through the grapevine,  
Rescued by a daydream,  
Back down where I,  
Found the open door.

The open door,  
I was before.  
The open door.

And from the maps that I'd followed,  
Came the thoughts that I'd borrowed.  
A bitter pill I swallowed,  
Cleaned my mind out,  
So I could explore.  
Plagiarised my reactions,  
All my life an abstraction,  
But if I'm more than memories,  
Makes me wonder,  
Who I was before.

I was before,  
The open door.  
I was before.

I know what I am,  
In this light I stand,  
Can I overcome,  
That space that time demands?  
Reincarnation,  
I'm back from everywhere,  
Know that I'll become,  
The thoughts that lead me there.

Turned my back on the drama,  
And ostracised my karma,  
I threw away all my armour,  
Trying to find out,  
Who I was before.

I know what I am,  
In this light I stand,  
Can I overcome,  
The time that space demands?  
Reincarnation,  
I can't remember,  
Who I was,  
Who I was!