

## Evolutionary

Cynic

Here's my hand you painted on  
A circle fades inside a heart  
Are you expected here  
You whisper in my ear

So I wash my hands  
'Till the water burns  
A circle sits outside a door  
Are you expected here  
I whisper in your ear

I'm whole  
I'm open  
I'm starved  
I'm broken  
I'm lost and found  
I'm an evolutionary sleeper

If letting go  
means letting be  
And the truth beyond the mind  
is what I need  
If letting go  
means letting be  
And the truth beyond the mind  
is what I see

I'm an evolutionary sleeper