

Looking for the Divine

Embryo

In the darkness of the night
far from the eyes of a blind god,
your only guidance was your mind,
but a candlelight to help your sight.

You just wanted to know and longing for the truth
analyzing bodies in that room,
there's no dogma unsupported by proofs.

They gave you corpses nobody wanted
useless flesh you gave a sense;
you used knives to open them,
but not for a sadistic intent.

You just wanted to know and longing for the truth
analyzing bodies in that room,
there's no dogma unsupported by proofs.

Looking to the sky, trying to see the divine;
with your hands in the chest holding hearts,
feeling the blood that once was flowing.

Eyes and livers, muscles and nerves,
skulls and bones the keys to test
the perfect of creation,
the existence of the almighty.

You just wanted to know and longing for the truth
analyzing bodies in that room,
there's no dogma unsupported by proofs.

"I need to touch to believe that you exist!"