

Temporary, liberation floods the evening sky
I never wanted to die, I wanted to come
Close enough to survive
Connoisseur of the gaping void
Widening it seems, in the absence of joy
The masochist unmasked
No future, no past
I guess it's these things at the end of the day
That expose my weakness and show my age
The mind was something that I refused to waste
Just stop counting the hours of sleep
And meals in a day, grow frail and weak
I martyred myself alone
It echoes through my bones

What happens to this, happens to me
If it were to burn out young, wild and free
It's not about what I know, but what I believe
I believe in good will, I believe in me

So sing, smile, dance - fall in love, take a chance
Just believe that there is more than this; a much higher plan
True duality is governed by this very sound
Unblemished clarity is yours and its calling out