

My greasy hands trying to hold on  
That which can't be held  
Or measured against anyone else's  
I hear if you sit still long enough  
Something will bubble up  
But it's hardly ever what you want  
I wish I even had the patience  
To bring myself to pray to something  
But it's always only a guess  
No one has convinced me one way or the next  
And then I try to relax

But can I see its blood  
Even if only one time?  
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Even if only one time?

I keep on spitting into the abyss  
And now I'm surrounded on all sides  
And I probably should have changed  
But what if my mouth had run dry?  
And I've a sneaking suspicion  
That it's been a joke the whole time  
That our brains are playing pranks  
That are just feeding us lines  
But I'm still unconvinced  
That not even nothing exists