

## Paranormal

Prozak

Much like wind, blowing through hallowed cemetary grounds  
We all circulate within this void of reality, in search of some  
thing more profound  
Hopes and dreams fuel our will to live, projecting our desires  
into the universe  
And awaiting what it gives  
Through our lifes journey you will encounter saints as well as  
the heartless  
But remember, in order to appreciate the light, one must spend  
time  
In darkness