

When you open up to everything
It all comes down to believing nothing
Yet another truth to be swallowed
Even more so than before

Plow through the fields of the nephilim
Reclaim the status of the blind
Reinvent the doors of perception
The seed of nucleus, the ends in your mind
Struggling with this rigid system of structure and power
Squaring off into the next impossibilities
In this conceptual reflection you filtered out
I used to think they were fools, but now I can sympathise

Neither a side way or a gate way
Self experience ended by us
Your truth is no excuse for abuse
Well, you stumbled and fell at the finish line
Picked up the pieces that you left somehow
It's still nagging, but I will find some kind of peace
Strengthen and renew my beliefs