

Elephant

"The Hypnotist Of Hypercube Transcendence"

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Am I an individual or just a pattern of behaviors?
A frustrated observer unable to control
I am this monolith - impressive and solitary
Lingering without being perceived
The crux is corrupted, inadequate, illusory
Assumptions in the center, a point of blindness
I built this model around a flaw
So failure can never confront me

I am a machine of heat, entropy, and friction
Simplified into a drone of fear, hunger and lust
A critical period of social development
Being is motion and I stand still

Purity is a symptom of waste and neglect
Only a stylite would be so proud
From atop a tall and narrow pedestal
I shall be toppled by my own pretensions

The fallacy of regression, cause where none exists
Once I believed then was betrayed
Friends are still alive and unchanged in my thoughts
And I can never forget because I am alone

An eye of contradiction in the core of stability
Absorbed within myself, all is elusive
Barriers I created, the arrogance of secrecy
The altered state of memories is now my existence

Calculate the imponderable for the thrill of possibilities
To avoid facing the harshness of the present
An instant of fulcrum and quiet privilege
Becomes the slow sinking into insanity

Beauty is vanity, says one embittered soul
Without companions, obsessive and hateful
Desperate for others, I surrounded myself with mirrors
And grew to despise the sincerity of my reflection

Clues, codes, and mysteries - a sea of irrelevance
Ambitions pale beside the remembrance of those I
loved

The questioning child weaves uncertainty
Because not one answer will suffice

From a brave man I've become a whimpering creature
Initiative to inertia through inexplicable disillusion
At last in a dream I see her and I speak
And she turns her back on me - she doesn't remember

It is always too late and it is never too late
Dying and birthing in constant flux
Voices surround me to join them in life
Circling and mocking like my wounds agape
A palindrome while clever is still an enclosed system
Emotions collide until stagnation and freezing
Momentum and intent defeated by indecision
It's all my fault, I could have been

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