

Elephant "The Mythmaker"

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Why now am I reminded of my lost humanity?
Scents of familiar music upon the grieving wind
My seething mind is a questing razor
Memories come unbidden in the shadows
The miserable shape of the bottomless past
Empty with shock and the stress of thinning emotions
Eternity is but another season
And it too shall pass away

This timeless void of running seems like sullen
stagnation
Spans the self-imposed tyranny of loneliness
Poignant impressions of each moment
The burning path is the one of change

Absorbing the pain as if to defend my confines
Personality conditioned by changing behaviors
The indefinite ways the cosmos might conform
Framed by doubt and dreams of the end

There are no miracles, there is no resurrection
Prescience is the result of a drug
The holy land is a violent place
Sweeping visions shall reap heavenly crusades

Denying variety and time without parallels
Demanding that all follow a predetermined pattern
Reducing all to absurdity to justify my fear
Control is another illusion - Let go of the universe!

Still they marvel at the light from stars long dead
All is transient, forever scattering
Still they revel in the bloom of youth
Yearning for the touch of another human being
Still theories are accepted as immutable laws
Wizened by lore yet ignorant of life
A consequence lost is another lesson lost
I know it in myself

The mistakes of chance and heredity
The recessive undesirable traits
The madness of singularity

The foolishness of certainty and precision

I am not a rebel, but a closet aristocrat
Cynical, depraved and in denial
Vigor has fallen to paradox
No longer can I strive or grow for I am now god
I am the living trigger and the framer of thoughts
Killing and reforming the archetype
The futility of megalomania
Looking back, I resent everythinga

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