

Epica "Sensorium"

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Chance doesn't exist
But the path of life is not
Totally so predestined and
Time and chronology
Show us how all should be
In the ways of existence
To find out why we are here

Being conscious is a torment
The more we learn is the less we get

No one surveys the whole, focus on things so small
But life's objective is to make it meaningful
Searching only for this
That which doesn't exist
Although our ability
To relativize remains unclear

Being conscious is a torment
The more we learn is the less we get
Every answer contains a new quest
A quest to non existence, a journey with no end

I'm not afraid to die
I'm afraid to be alive without being aware of it

I'm so afraid to, I couldn't stand to
Waste all my energy in things
That do not matter anymore

Our future has already been written by us alone
But we don't grasp the meaning
Of our programmed course of life
We only fear what comes
And smell death every day.

Our future has already been wasted by us alone
And we just let it happen and do not worry at all

Our future has already been written by us alone
But we don't grasp the meaning
Of our programmed course of life

We only fear what comes
And smell death every day
Search for the answers that lie beyond

Being conscious is a torment
The more we learn is the less we get
Every answer contains a new quest
A quest to non existence, a journey with no end

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