

Psychedelic Ensemble

"The Realm Of The Skeptics"

Visit "[The Realm Of The Skeptics](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All the souls are lost here
Still uncertain of their end
We contemplate all possibilities
Our positions we defend

When we look beyond here
At the stars that fill the air
We wonder what might lie beyond our realm
Is there anyone out there?

Round and round we go again
Questioning the fate of men
There are days I think I'll lose my mind
And I'm just wasting time, wasting time . . .

Round and round we go again
Even we, the wisest men,
Cannot find the truth within infinity
Perhaps we're wasting time, wasting time . . .

Souls like yours have come here
And we ask them all the time
Can you tell us what you found out there
But they cannot speak their mind

Round and round we go again
Questioning without an end
Won't you tell me what's beyond here
I guess I'm wasting time, wasting time
Wasting time, Wasting time . . .

Visit [Psychedelic Ensemble](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.