

The Finite Beings "Grasp Of Its Hold"

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One of these days all will be known
Beyond what I've seen, beyond what I've shown
One of these days I'll see myself clear
They'll be no misunderstand, miscommunicating,
blindness for the seeking
In here!

I try to grow
I try to show that the weakness in me is like a pest
running ragged through the world
And in due time I'll take what's mine, leave my
agenda behind
Because I'm choking on the grasp of its hold

One of these days my possessions will decay
I gain more and more just to watch them fall away
One of these days I hope to grow wise
Break me out of my shell
As I look up to the sky
From down here!

I try to grow
I try to show that the weakness in me is like a pest
running ragged through the world
And in due time I'll take what's mine, leave my
agenda behind
Because I'm choking on the grasp of its hold

And so this story goes
I can wonder but who really knows
If the door I'm trying to get to is open or closed

This worldly fixation throughout the population
We need a destination over here
This worldly fixation throughout the population
We need a realization down here..

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