

## **Paramaecium "I Am Not Alive"**

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I am not alive, though they say I am.  
Such is the grave inconsequence of man;  
liar that I am, I am not alive at all,  
not alive at all, no. I am not alive.

Countless years have I spent in my quest, or so it would  
seem, at  
the will of my mentor's request for truth, for the  
meaning, for life.  
But what of this day? What of my own existence? How  
can I  
pray to that which I cannot perceive?

Destiny would have that I blindly follow with no thought  
of my  
own. But when I contemplate tomorrow my heart is  
turning to  
stone. Why am I never satisfied? Why do I live with  
constant pain?  
Is life just passing time till I die and thence never to  
rise again?

The sun is gone bringing the dark, the darkness  
heralds in the  
night. I cannot sleep, my eyes are wide, it's the longest  
night of  
my life. I've been denied, my life is gone, where is my  
breath, I  
must have died. My hour is come, my tears are dry  
within my  
eyes, life is denied. I'm cold, I'm dying, I'm cold, I am  
dying.

In my wretchedness, I recall the words my Teacher  
spoke to me,  
"It won't suffice merely to exist my young friend. To be  
alive is  
not to live, you must have life." Destiny, my companion,  
who has  
joined me for many a day, enlightens my wandering  
mind thus,  
"The fact that it is your utmost desire to behold both

truth and life,  
whilst you live in ongoing uncertainty and the  
everpresence of  
death, would suggest that this state which you find  
yourself in is  
not of your own demeanour; suggests that you once  
had  
contentment and life from whence you've been enticed  
away.  
Such was the Fall, that great tragedy of man. To behold  
both  
truth and life, reason alone cannot suffice. You will not  
find it  
within yourself for there lies corruption and death. And  
there's no  
use in searching outside yourself for that, I'm afraid, is  
just nature.  
Reason alone cannot suffice. You must search in the  
great  
beyond, involve the Hidden Lands in your reckoning.  
You must  
search in the great beyond, acknowledge the Ancient  
in His  
beckoning. For this you'll require faith, the substance  
of things  
unseen, for reason alone will never suffice. For there  
are greater  
things behind the sky than in the entirety of creation.  
There are  
greater things behind the sky than in all that you  
survey."

The spirits cry, they want me now but I resist, I will not  
die.

I need the truth, such is my quest, I will not rest until I  
find the light.

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