

## Profound "Futile Reality"

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I sense this slumber oh you gloomy spirit  
Though no one ever understood  
You gave us time and now you steal it  
The days you rip are gone for good

There is nothing in life  
Or in things you want to be  
If you'll never strife  
Against futile reality

Are these not my hands oh dulling spirit  
That I also see in dreams  
You know that I can do it, you see it  
When I float in your daily streams

There is nothing in life  
Or in things you want to be  
If you'll never strife  
Against futile reality

Were these not my days  
In which I was God  
Mysterious ways  
To things who are not  
What they seem to be  
A virtual dance  
Where reality flee  
Will I download my powers

Oh companion in the haze  
I know you'll be there  
When my pale bones decay to dust  
So I'll celebrate my days  
And search for rain so I'll strain  
And sing my songs until I'll rest

We are creators of you lack of spirit  
Cash on the nail we pay  
The minute is your monetary unit  
When we're broke we fade away

There is nothing in life

Or in things you want to be  
If you'll never strife  
Against futile reality

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