

## The Psychedelic Ensemble

### "The Realm Of The Skeptics"

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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 . . .

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