Single Gun Theory "Thetan"

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I must be some use to somebody.

I mean, there must be a reason for me, right?

Consider the probable reality that all time is simultaneous.

Like fallen autumn leaves lying on the ground

I hate to think it's over

It's just that you were so young

And didn't seem to have a chance to make it good

The skies are grey with the loss of you

My heart sighs

It's in the way that I feel

It's in the way that I breath

It's in the way that I see for you

It's in the way I believe

You are my reprieve

I can't accept

It's over

Like fallen autumn leaves

A morbid wind through barren trees

I hate to think, I hate to think

You were so young

You are the universal consciousness.

The pendulum must swim both ways

Before it is brought to rest in the middle.

All limitations are self-imposed.

The mind has every potential and all knowledge

Like fallen autumn leaves lying on the ground

I hate to think it's over

Consider the probable reality that all time is

simultaneous.

You are the universal consciousness.

At ease as your consciousness drifts more deeply

Into the state of all that is.

And if love is a tide

Then it's taking me down to the depths of despair

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