

The Last Felony

"Quandary"

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I still remember when it started. How do we fall asleep?
Unanswered it kept me
Awake. Am I a series of reactions (A constant domino
effect from the big bang/
Nothing lost, nothing gained, everything changes) or
have I been perverting my
Essence since birth, with every action I regret? Is true
self a labyrinthine
Course towards my metaphoric heart or rather the
whole of my destiny's design?
Or is the whole of myself a quest to balance these
states? Therefore I'd be a
Quandary, a state of perplexity or doubt. But did an
enigma lay dormant 'til
Unearthed or did the question create the state?
Crudely said: Is it my fault?
If the answer is that there is no answer and the
question will not die what
Then? How do they pass through life with (or without)
these questions? If it
Would, at least, block my reasoning at myself: For if I
do not understand my
Mind, what is it worth trying to figure out the world?
Why do I still try? And
Finally I question the very basis of the crisis, is this a
lucid state? And
What if it's all genetic? Depression passed down, wires
shorted out.
Pre-disposed to think? Pre-disposed to be sick? Seems
like this is the deepest
It goes... my own body, which I cannot trust, so no
reasoning is possible. I'm
Forever blocked at my first step... and sometimes I
think I'd rather stumble like
The blind. The final level of questioning, self-doubt
leads to nihilism. No
Knowledge will ever be gained. But with silence comes
questions. Unanswered
They'll keep me awake...

