Through The Eyes Of The Dead "Skepsis"

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To obtain true knowledge of this world remains hopeless
Doubt, my extended sense
I the inquiring and reflective
The discordant and profound
Fact is fiction, truth is myth
Reality, the greatest illusion

Existence... existence of mankind, insignificant Purpose... purpose in life... irrelevant

Plagued and manipulated by unseen forces Condemned at birth by the somber and opaque Enslaved by this physical realm designed by callous entities unknown

The ethereal, celestial, the spiritual Humanity maintains ignorance, a broken machine

Fidelity in falsehood Far beyond the veil of existence there is rebirth... Rebirth through skepsis

I seek the answers

Manifestation through question
I must abscond this domain

For I fear what dimensions await beyond it
And what fuels the mendacious will of the invisible
The enigma
Enlighten me augur that I may disinter this elusive
obscurity
Channeling the perpetual powers that be, their
misanthropy

And illuminate these sardonic forces

That I may forbear the coming maelstrom For superstition has brought me here Purpose has chosen me

A machination designed to turn reality into a vault of

lies

Fidelity in falsehood Far beyond the veil of existence there is rebirth... Rebirth through skepsis

To denounce the spirit of time... a most clever design To deny the essence of actuality... a mere conception

A misbegotten creation most surreal The inverted infallibility

Far beyond the veil of existence There is rebirth through celestial skepsis

Rebirth through skepsis

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