

## Utopia "The Ascetic"

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Everyday I go upon the mountain  
Climb to the top, but I don't know what for.  
It's quiet until I hear a voice from the mountain  
It say's "beware of what you want...it might want you  
more!

Ashes...my burned hut...  
But beautiful like cherries blooming from the hill  
One of my patients...just before he died  
And just before I left the hospital and began to travel  
If he could face death so calmly, how can I face life  
with  
So much doubt? now...i sit on the side of a mountain,  
And watch the shadows slowly filling the valleys below.  
But not without the doubts that still linger,  
And constantly caress the edges of my shadowy  
interior...  
At least a cathater expels impurities,  
In a manner of model effeciencies. and my previous  
profession  
Always at least offered that. fully vasectomies in clean  
and  
Well-lit places. a sterile feel, seals from infecti[b,  
But not from disease. I often wonder if I left anyone  
behind?  
But somehow, I just can't remember. only an oddly-  
defined try  
To find a better way. but somehow...i don't believe this  
is it!  
I think about india, and the hindu concept of life,  
To be so loved...and understand the space between  
reality and  
Perception. and now...it seems that I live there...

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