

On the search for a universal truth there are less answers than questions
Sooner or later you will find out there's no such thing
It's a utopic imagination which only fools will believe in
Truth is made up by your point of view

No one will tell you wrong from right
You're left alone in the dark
Hoping what you see is not reality

But this is not a dream
Or are we just imagination
Of a higher being dreaming?
Then our seeking is senseless
What if the dreamer wakes up?
Will we still exist or will we fade away?

Are we free or is our fate already sealed? no one can tell you
Look into yourself - the answer is in you
No need to take a choice 'cause nothing lasts forever
It's the fate of all beauty to decay

We're running out of time
Whatever we believe in
You better wake up before it's too late

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