Sensorium by Epica

Fill in the gaps

Chance doesn't exist
But the path of (1) is not totally so predestined
And time and chronology show us how all should be
In the ways of existence
To (2) out why we are here
Being conscious is a torment
The more we learn is the less we get
Every answer contains a new quest
A quest to non existence, a (3) with no end
No one surveys the whole, focus on things so small
But lifes objective is to make it meaningful
Only searching for this
That (4) doesn't exist
Although our ability to relativize remains unclear
Im not afraid to die
Im (5) to be alive without being aware of it
Im so afraid to, I couldnt (6) to
Waste all my (7) on things
That do not matter anymore
Our (8) has already been written by us alone
But we dont (9) the meaning
Of our programmed course of life
Our future has already been wasted by us alone
And we just let it happen and do not worry at all
We only fear what comes
And smell (10) every day
Search for the answers that lie beyond



- 1. life
- 2. find
- 3. journey
- 4. which
- 5. afraid
- 6. stand
- 7. energy
- 8. future
- 9. grasp
- 10. death

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