

You're trying to comprehend death  
And that's the very problem  
Like mathematics inside a black hole  
Impossible to solve it

Scary, isn't it?

And that's the irony of ultimate eternity  
The very nature of it makes it impossible to see  
...or hear, smell, taste, touch, or feel  
Truly the opposite of life

I understand why rituals and fear start at the same time  
Once mystery shows its face, sensibility unwinds  
It's easier to walk with your head down  
The concrete is your truth  
For safety and security you've compromised the view