

100-1000
Of the spirit

When you speak to me of spirit
Do you mean my soul?
Do you judge my disconnection
Say that i'm not whole?
What if i think your belief
Your claims of feeling bliss
Are simply biochemistry
Mysticism i dismiss

When you speak to me of spirit
I meet you with mistrust
Fake it til you make it
Always ends up in a bust
I for one feel little
More than urges and regret
Guilt and shame compel me
But even better yet

I believe our character
Our nature's carved in stone
This is not a subject that
I ever will bemoan
The only place transcendent
For me's deep within a song
That is where i lose myself
The place where i belong

I am mind
Life I find
real but cold
Truth be told
Just my nature
Please don't fear it
I just don't live
Of the spirit