

## Endless Conception

By Matt Panetta

We are born into a world,  
Of misleading dreams,  
Where we are given opportunities,  
To unfold what's beyond recognition.  
Not all of us are able,  
To discover these ancient scriptures,  
But we'll travel far across the years,  
Into the dawn of endless conception.

The day is coming,  
And I came to you.  
Soon enough,  
We will join them,  
Soon enough,  
We'll set free.

Somehow in dances,  
Our souls will live again.  
We can't change what we have created,  
Unless we learn what it is that we've done.

Children,  
Stop and look around.  
Rewrite the book of sin,  
For the night is young.

There is no longer a fear of God,  
When the sky is filled with derision.  
Death has disappeared;  
Are you awake?

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