



## Fill in the gaps

Sensorium by Epica

Chance doesn't exist

But the path of life is not totally so predestined

And time and chronology show us how all should be

In the ways of existence

To find out why we are here

Being conscious is a torment

The more we learn is the less we get

Every (1)\_\_\_\_\_ contains a new quest

A quest to non existence, a journey with no end

No one surveys the whole, focus on things so small

But life's objective is to make it meaningful

Only searching for this

That (2)\_\_\_\_\_ doesn't exist

Although our (3)\_\_\_\_\_ to (4)\_\_\_\_\_ (5)\_\_\_\_\_ unclear

I'm not afraid to die

I'm afraid to be alive without being aware of it

I'm so afraid to, I (6)\_\_\_\_\_ stand to

Waste all my energy on things

That do not matter anymore

Our future has already been written by us alone

But we don't grasp the meaning

Of our programmed course of life

Our future has (7)\_\_\_\_\_ been (8)\_\_\_\_\_ by us alone

And we just let it (9)\_\_\_\_\_ and do not worry at all

We only fear what comes

And smell death every day

Search for the answers that lie beyond



## Fill in the gaps

Answer

1. answer
2. which
3. ability
4. relativize
5. remains
6. couldn't
7. already
8. wasted
9. happen