



## 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 find out why we are here

Being conscious is a torment

The more we learn is the (2)\_\_\_\_\_ we get

Every answer contains a new quest

A quest to non existence, a journey (3)\_\_\_\_\_ no end

No one surveys the whole, focus on things so small

But lifes objective is to make it meaningful

Only (4)\_\_\_\_\_ for this

That which doesn't exist

Although our ability to relativize remains unclear

Im not afraid to die

Im afraid to be alive without being aware of it

Im so afraid to, I couldnt stand to

Waste all my energy on things

That do not matter anymore

Our future has already been written by us alone

But we dont grasp the meaning

Of our programmed course of life

Our future has already been (5)\_\_\_\_\_ by us alone

And we just let it (6)\_\_\_\_\_ and do not worry at all

We only (7)\_\_\_\_\_ what comes

And smell death every day

Search for the (8)\_\_\_\_\_ that lie beyond



Answer

1. life
2. less
3. with
4. searching
5. wasted
6. happen
7. fear
8. answers

**Fill in the gaps**