

[Intro – no rhythm, just atmosphere]

The absurdity of it  
Clowns claiming crowns  
Frogs dancing in the streets

Singing for something  
No one can quite name

[Section 1 – faint pulse begins]

We searched for names in shifting thoughts  
Songs out of place inside my head  
Titles drifting, lost then found  
Like memory without a ground

What just happened?  
Where did it go?  
The shape of meaning I used to know

[Section 2 – rhythm slowly forms]

Thunder in the distance  
Traffic in my chest  
Trying to hold the moment still  
But it refuses rest

Insights fade mid-thought  
Hours disappear  
Searching outside  
While fighting here

[Section 3 – rhythm clearer, reflective]

So let's start with titles  
Anchors in the air  
Names are all that's left  
Of something that was there

A life built from fragments  
A identity made of air

Trying to give persistence  
To something unaware

[Section 4 – music softens, becomes internal]

Come dance with me  
Where shadows grin  
Where voices hum  
From deep within

Spin with ghosts in candlelight  
Laugh as stars forget the night  
It's only madness if we explain  
So let the strange remain

[Section 5 – rhythm dissolves, spacious]

I witness what is here  
I feel what passes through  
Light, sound, breath, time

All becoming something true

I do not need forever

This moment is enough

Awareness is the wonder

Presence is the gift

[Outro – almost no sound]

I am the consciousness

Nothing more than this

Breathe...

[audible inhale]

Just listen...

I am the consciousness

To perceive the beauty and the pain

To give it meaning in this finite moment

While the infinite remains unaware

A universe is meaningless without a mind  
to receive

The glories of moments unique to the  
consciousness that perceives

I witness what is here

I feel what passes through  
Light, sound, breath, time  
All becoming something true  
I do not need forever

This moment is enough

Awareness is the wonder  
Presence is the gift

I am...

Nothing more than this

And this is enough  
To be aware of the beauty of a single  
moment

I am...

A perspective to perceive

I am...

Existential awe without despair