

Anata, Under The Debris

Collapsing are the walls
that used to protect me
Ground under my feet cracks
My universe is imploding
Since my star died

Or was it me that ceased to burn?
A black hole
Is what's left of my world
Now crushed
Solid, as compressed
A chaos attracting chaos
I run but can not flee
I carry this core inside of me

[Lead: Allenmark]

Under the debris
There's still life but for how long?
I Hear no rescue squads

They can't hear my silent screams
Or does this have to be;
I deserve to die?
Mi9s-grown fate can't be stopped
It's harvest-time
And I did invite The Reaper
To help me with the crop

I used to be an observing satellite
Sent here without a task
Collecting images
That I'd never supply

When a lost satellite
crashes and burns
No one cries
We only know our own world
And can't do otherwise
I blame no one
But wish that I, on this ship
Had dared to believe
The navigator has always been me

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