

Century, Rising Sun

This is what we get. We are to blame. The consequence we will always underestimate.
We move in darkness. Our stolen conscience, overcome by instinct.
And the sun will rise. This is our home now.
But we don't understand how we did this to ourselves. This is where we sleep tonight.
Wet grass, night sky. We move in darkness. Our stolen conscience, overcome by instinct.
We hide in ruins of manmade arteries. Hunger alone remains relevant.
Sudden is something we understand now. We sleep with warm throats.
We wake with fearful hearts. We hear them breathing through the forest.
We sleep with warm throats. We covet our punishment.