

Deftones, Tempest

Take out the stories
They've put into your mind
And brace for the glory
As you stare into the sky
The sky beneath
I know you can't be tired

Lay there, stare at the ceiling
And switch back to your time
Just go ahead
Now try and taste it
I know it should be ripe
Thrust
Ahead

Turning in circles
Been caught in a stasis
The ancients arrival
Cut to the end
I'd like to be taken apart from the inside
Then spit through the cycle right to the end

I wonder just how you shaped it
To get back to your prize
Thrust
Ahead

Turning in circles
Been caught in a stasis
The ancients arrival
Cut to the end
I'd like to be taken
Apart from the inside
Then spit through the cycle right to the end

Wake for the glory
I know you can't be tired

Turning in circles
Been caught in a stasis
The ancients arrival
Cut to the end
I'd like to be taken apart from the inside
Then spit through the cycle right to the end