

# Saints of Eden, Scent

Welcome to tomorrow. It was the day we almost died. We breath now, your history. Trapped within our own concept of time. Together we were strong. Spread wide, we were almost left behind. Our consolation prize was our chance to be, and our mis It was the thing that kept us mild.

We look for our solutions so far away... they could be standing by our side.

And to the masters of disguise their life inside we are the frozen alibis.

Million miles of cemetery just passing by. A statue lost in our own time.

Together never wrong. Spread wide, there was something on our minds.

So proud of what we could not be. Unknowingly, every death a life.

So one day cry, for the crushing of mankind. Technology, a friend to me, but your enemy.

Small pleasure for more pain. Together we will rise, as one, no divide.

How many steps behind. So this is their intelligence. From defence, to activation.