

Scarve, Luminiferous

What if we were not
(Tools by a deadly design)
What we hoped to be?
(Pieces to be inclined)
Sneaking after dusk
Banishing the perception
Of those cold breaths in the air
We gather courage
At night, our eyes are told
About suffocated places
What if we were not
(Tools by a deadly design)
What we hoped to be?
(Pieces to be inclined)
Don't know what we'll learn there
But our dreams have been insisting
And we're not resisting our need to know
Their care in secrecy is so convincing
We don't need to look far
Their breathing's frozen still
We only want to see
We don't need to look far...
Sneaking before dawn
Still remaining on our feet
Our questions are precise now
We need to look no further
Our eyes already know