

Textures, Regeneration

Fighting storms with good intentions
Distant thunder sounds
Observe, listen, join the restless
It's fine

The most beautiful thing we can experience
Is the mysterious
We measure life as a formula
SO cold so rational so much to uncover
So little time
When infinity stares you in the eye

Something as fragile as a nightly vision
Eagerly waiting to choose a side
Uplifting or downgrading with the snap of a finger
The mind's a powerful tool
With the world at your fingertips
Puzzled but guilty we see our world collapse
Time is up (8x)
Embrace the regeneration
This time there'll be a foe more relentless

Bring them down
As their feet touch the ground
We're fading

Close your eyes
Feel the sun burn pitiless down on your face
Are you a traveler?
One who carries it all - from burden to blessing?
This defiance leaves you crawling on all fours
Or makes one stronger

This blood red horizon
Colors our destiny
A painted portrait of our mortality

We've become what we despise

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