

# Colony 5, Commitment

Every now and then  
Your seventh sense sees more than you  
It covers you with lies and truths of  
what to do

Knowing eyes, infected lies  
And twisted truths  
I'm far too old  
To blame it on my youth

Commitment to a higher force than you  
could put your faith in  
These flames and fires make me too  
tired to repress my sin  
The world could never be so beautiful  
Without you without me  
without the symbols that we see

I could never say those things you  
say to me in shame  
I could never remember  
the colours and numbers in your name  
Your maker wants you back and there  
is nothing I can do  
I believe that you believe  
your maker wants me too

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