

Cynic, The Space for This

Space, raise my arms
Space, wake my eyes
Space, grace my heart
Can I be the space for this
Soft omens
Traced in air
Phantom warnings
Disassembling the captains chair
Can I be the space for this
Will I be the space for this
Breathe out, breathe in
Out of ruins
Weve haunted like owls
The future druids
Drop the crystal goblet forming spells
Can I be the space for this
Will I be the space for this
Breathe in, breathe out
Must I bend the sky to realize
A bundle of thoughts
On a dirty cloth perfumed
To tell you who you are
A bundle of thoughts
On a lonely ghost pursuit
Lost inside the space for this
Raise my arms
Space, wake my eyes
Space, grace my heart
Can I be the space for this
Will I be the space for this
Breathe in, breathe out
Must I bend the sky to realize
Can I be the space for this (I will)
Will I be the space for this
Must I bend the sky to recognize
I can be the space for this
I will be the space for this
I am now the space for this
I am now the space for this
I just bend the sky and realize