

# Faith And The Muse, The Burning Season

I'm having a weak moment, a moment that may not end  
Lonely in my own skin  
And everything is changing, everything seems changed  
As if quietly replaced by something soulless

Burn It Down

What happened to the spirit with all its endless strength  
Did they swallow her up and put me in her place  
Did I grow within my shadow or simply melt around myself  
The human put back on the shelf

Burn It Down

I have seen through the eyes of the opposition  
The one who defines my failure  
At touching that place in the heart  
Where emotions bow their heads in wonder  
(Effortless Oracle - Keeper of Mysteries)  
You have encountered me, familiar with my immediacy  
In a wisp of melody, a neglected phrase unexpectedly heartfelt  
In this world I may tap you on the shoulder

Ignite  
Burning down your effigies  
Ignite  
Burning down the seems of change

(I inhabit that one region where the mind enthralls and lulls the image  
Where my youth and life and bloom are forever fervent  
Where my eyes ignite with existence  
We are all of us a moment  
Our lives a simple sum)

Ignite