

Fold Zandura, Ultradust

there is no place for us in this turning world
we're like the sadness of an ocean
we're both the nearest waves and the farthest shores
and they'll never ever really begin to understand

there is no time for us on this spinning earth
today, tomorrow is set in motion
and though we might be living in our finest hour
they could never ever really begin to understand

the world is not in our hands to hold
we are ultradust caught in its spin and flux
all the while, revolving perpetual
dreaming, waiting to break free

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they could never ever really begin
they will never ever really begin to understand