

Katatonnia, Deliberation

Visions come, visions come, in a sick room bed
There's something left to learn
Pass them on, let it show
Let the rich meet death
Confront our own concern
See us sleep behind the glass unaware of crime
Will you wake us up before it is time
Dueling circles, holds the only light
Break down my perspective
Notify everyone when the time is right
My mouth remains inactive
So when you let me in
Let me justify
My own rewards
You put your hands on me
Now I learn the words
I didnt know before
I am ice, I am clear
Let the world be cold
Our deliberation
Pass them on, let it show
Let the words come slow
Your constant incantation
Repeating cycle
Of light, no light
There's nothing in the air space
There's no one in the air space
Repeating cycle
Of love, no love