

# Midasuno, The Continental Length

The closer you get to the revelation everything seems to matter  
A shift in the weather the urgency of a last breath they called here then  
You can try and refuse the hand that you've been dealt if we gave you enough rope I'll trust you'll take it

Set the time these attempts on your slackened schemes  
Vent the lust lift the curse to bring them to their knees  
This was in the premonition  
This was there in black and white although we live in grey  
Wherever we stray  
Wear the skin of a stalker

And I'll meet you there  
When we'll cut you down  
If these tactics scare  
Lost in the sound

Well I'll drop the bomb  
And they'll sing along  
Waiting for the walls to cave and crush our faith  
Well I'll drop the bomb  
And they'll sing along  
Well I'll drop the bomb  
And they'll sing along  
Counting on the pressure drop collapse this place  
Well I'll drop the bomb  
And they'll sing along

We reiterate the negative  
With visions of the imperative  
It hangs in the air  
Watching the night turn to day  
This constellation never waits  
But I'm sure you're well aware

Surface in the A.M  
Stab at the fabric of time  
Caught between the cross-hairs