

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 ta

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