

# Pure Reason Revolution, Ambassadors Return

He's a phase lies the Dead Skin residue. Overrun  
leave the Towns there's no one. Seething haste  
cries the state indebted to. Underdone left  
to drown he's no one. Weak feelings grow.  
Teases men old. He'll raise them? Sick? Chase  
around me? Greed?

I crammed in a thousand  
hours to fight with the shaded Quicksilver  
moon. The million-bright ambassadors  
The million-bright. The million-bright ambassadors  
of morning. Gone!

He showed them magic in the dark third unknown.  
Free them I'm so far gone.  
Save your place & find your friends is  
all we see or seem but a dream within a dream?