

Scar Symmetry, The Missing Coordinates

A psi-experiment to seek out the enemy
Unleashed abilities obscured within the self
Trace the site, start to decode
I seek signal lines, go through the grid and back again

And then I'm finding the withering light in me
Senses waking up again

Given coordinates reveals the place we search
The field contains all info in states where time is still
Sites to view and things to know
I use forgotten skills to soar this grid and re-access the soul

And then I'm finding the withering light in me
Senses waking up again

What I sense is always real
As I rip through the threads of time
Waging wars to be on my own
Will it ever end

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