

Textures, Old Days Born Anew

With the old days born anew
A Massive gathering of onlookers
Sending birds to shelter the shipwrecked
With feathers of dust and wind
Emerging from the fiery fields

We're all being stepped on like insects
A million minds weeping
This boundless energy
This synergy
It's better contained

We are so free
And what a superb absence is our soul
Desire is a liar
Blueprint of mankind's weakness

Absolute absolution
Criticize criticism

We are weighed down every moment
By the merciless sensation of time
This is an epidemic
Without remedy
It's better contained

Evolve, so free
And what a superb absence is our soul
Resolve this mirroring, wondering
We believe in the signs

Into the depths of the unknown
Only there you'll find something new

What are you running from?
Obsession? What are you running from?

There are moments of existence
When time and space are more profound
And the awareness of existence
Is immensely heightened

This is the war of creation
And time becomes a murderer
Murderer!
Bring me consolation
Then we'll talk
Inconsistent copy
Abductor of every art form
Eyes can't see what's beyond
And the wind's silent

So from the mould
Scarlet and gold
A bulb will rise
A newborn
Bring him consolation
Then he'll bless us
Give him a Judas kiss and
Face the consequence
Eyes can't see what's beyond

So long, my serenity
Lost in a conversation

Build these towers upside down
Lost in this constellation
And the wind is silent