

The Human Abstract, Harbinger

Inching nearer each and every moment feel the rhythm of our drums.
Searching, seeking forward thinking, a dawning of mind that we create.
A border breaking for the taking, words that remind us to awake.

I don't need a bold commandment; I've got one of my own.
Stand alone.

Let's watch Babylon fall, our captivity.
Vices of the kingdom, exile in luxury.

You'll hear the darkest voice say bow before, crawl beneath, dance around my altar, if you grovel
Someday I will let you be as pure.