

Wellwater Conspiracy, The Scroll

In this dark-eyed room, now spent mind
Too little time time
You wake up, hours loom
It comes to you too too
The staff went through the power lines
The power lines

Some more time, is little
The life, the scroll has killed them
If you cross the line, forever asking why

Shiver only witnesses, with every move
Sweat a beat bright-eyed glint
Last morning never comes for holding to
Too soon for you too

Some more time, is little
The life, the scroll has killed them
If you cross the line, forever asking why

If there's a time close to you die
I will be pleased to meet you to see you
If you'll be going ice