

The bright lights strike the gun metal grey.
Surrogate stars reflecting off of the shining vessels that carry us through the avenues of these vicious circles.
Gun metal grey, and isolation blue.
Bright lights, but the darkness sustains.
Opening floodgates to the lonely terrain.

We are so far away from home.
Those lights, that fire we follow.
the statue watches over the gated city.
We break his foundation, but his torch still burns.

Gun metal grey, swerving through the circumstances of relentless strain.
It's dragging us through the boulevards of consistent pain.
Gun metal grey, and Isolation blue.

The raging fire sustains. we are so far away from home.
Those lights, that fire we follow.
The statue watches over the gated city.
We break his foundation.
We cool the fire.

Changing evolving what's inside of you.
Changing yet essentially the same.
If I exhaust repetition, will I want to stay.
Changing.
Slowly losing my way.

Lights city, where the demons sustain.
We find a home within a lonely terrain.

We are so far away from home.
Those lights, that fire we follow.
The statue watches over the gated city.
We break his foundation.
That light still guides the way.
Changing.
The light still guides the way.
Changing slowly.
If I exhaust repetition, will I want to stay.
Changing.
The light still guides the way.