

Abstraction

Alchemist

Help me, I am watching atomic warfare from the safety of the moon

I am dancing sacrilegiously o' the sound of infectious tunes

There is no sunset, is no sunrise, things on earth don't seem as they are

The opal planet I once called home is now revolving a dying starStrange, awakening from cryonic sleep, I
vacate my homely hemisphere

My soul travels on turbulent thoughts whilst my innards remain here

I feel pity for the ignorant one who leaves the egg but the shell remains

The severance of umbilical ties multiples his deepest painsThrough the eyes in my head I hear the purple
flower's scent

Casting shadows in the shade, lusting for the gates of jade

Through hallucinative wealth I cannot comprehend myselfSterility, fertility, the life that dwells inside of me

I often stop to wonder whilst gazing to the sky

Is there life beyond the quasars, will I find out when I die?

Is there a being out there who gaze into the night

And see our burning star as a tiny spark of light?

Songwriters

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