

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 star
Strange, 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 multiplies his deepest pains
Through 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 myself
Sterility, 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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