Activate

Icon of Coil

Mutilated images, it looks the same, feels the same
Pointing at you again can't help myself asking you how?
Where is our path? It's not a phase, it will come back again
As soon as you forget what is your excuse?
The mind is a lack of existenceIn time we'll heal all open wounds
Still we'll remain the puppeteers
Open up the doors, lock them up behind us
Blended by the winter light as the worlds collideWe'll feed the storm again beauty stole my sight
We'll fall into the same cycling game again
It's not a phase bring this world to an endAs the fractures strife your eye
We enjoy our masquerade
Through the days of convicted grief
The action slowly fadesAs the countdown reach the end
And shimmering light starts to burn
We still remain the puppeteers
It's too late to make a turnWe'll feed the storm again, beauty stole my sight
We'll fall into the same, cycling game again
It's not a phase bring this world to an end

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