

# Gyroscope

## In Flames

Geology is digging through my brain  
A manta engulfing the world  
To throw it up once again  
To a guild of lifted daggersNeo-wolf, but older again  
Than the Lopus itself  
Linked its fur to the Gyroscope of time  
A collection of failuresA diabolical sequence of stabs  
Written in cutting stone  
From the fossilized den of thieves  
Our lives dieNeo-wolf, but older again  
Than the Lopus itself  
Linked its fur to the Gyroscope of time  
A collection of failuresI see the nursing all mother  
Spitting out a trail of termites  
In the mouth of her first born hope  
With smog-filled rebellionApathy dressed in violence  
White, insectoid legs  
Curse her lips and her mouth receptive  
Only to painNeo-wolf, but older again  
Than the Lopus itself  
Linked its fur to the Gyroscope of time  
A collection of failures

### Songwriters

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