

# Nexus

## vangarde feat. xxi

Across the vein of night there cuts a path of searing light  
Burning like a beacon on the edges of our sight  
At the point of total darkness and the lights divine, divide  
A soul can let its shadow stretch and land on either side, either side  
And balanced on the precipice, the moment  
must reveal  
Naked in the face of time our race within the wheel  
As we hang beneath the heavens and we hover over hell  
Our hearts become the instruments we learn to play so well  
So wealthy the spirit that knows its own flight  
Stealthy the hunter who slays his own fright  
Blessed the traveler who journeys the length of the light  
Outside the pull of gravity beyond the spectral veil  
Within our careful reasoning we search to no avail  
For the constant in the chaos for the fulcrum in the void  
Following a destiny our steps cannot avoid  
Across the vein of night there cuts a path of searing light  
Burning like a beacon on the edges of our sight  
At the point of total darkness and the lights divine, divide  
A soul can let its shadow stretch and land on either side  
Wealthy the spirit that knows its own flight  
Stealthy the hunter who slays his own fright  
Blessed the traveler who journeys the length of the light  
In a spiral never-ending are we drawn towards the source  
Spinning at the mercy of an unrelenting force  
So we stare into the emptiness and fall beneath the weight  
Circling the Nexus in a fevered dance with fate  
Wealthy the spirit that knows its own flight  
Stealthy the hunter who slays his own fright  
Blessed the traveler who journeys the length of the light

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