

Nexus

Vangarde

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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