De-Orbit

Novembre

The shadow of the Earth Abyssing your lonely water-visage Giving us a breather from the yoke of the Star Before utter oppression restarts In a schism of major zones of remote dreams Where I own the empire You hand me the keys And the sceptre of your playground A parade of fast satellites across a slow night-sky And once again it's dawn They're made of steel and chrome The screams propagating through The coldness of the outer space It's a message no-one is gonna get There in the infinite abyss of the night And not making a noise we quietly deorbit And the night that I gave up the way All the songs have returned to silence And my friend of the other side Was the witness to that miscarriage But the truth was not by my side I was blinded from all those dark things So the night (that) I let you go astray Couldn't see the full extent Of all the hate that followed

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