

Touch the Sun

Crimson Glory

Looking down upon your world
Desperate changes it goes through
My black-eyed point of view...
Though you think you know my face
Occupying space (is what)
Brings me here to you...Dark clouds fill your mind with memories we design
Mask the fear of evil you can't conceive
Transversed through time and space
There is no God to save your race
We harvest the worlds we need...With dark eyes we steal your minds with memories deep inside
You hide in fear from terror you can't conceive
Bending time and space
We are the Gods of your race
We harvest the worlds that we need...If we could only Touch The Sun
To dream is not enough
The world is on our hands...
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