

Animate

Northlane

The narrow road is all I know

No map to guide us

No compass beside us

The narrow road

The great unknown

The grater sacrifice grants the greatest gift in life
No more assembly lines of aspirations connecting carbon copy clones

Every artifact is marching like commodities of flesh and bone
The consistency of our censored thoughts

Tread a static course
Ordinary people: your outlook is lethal
Chiseling away imperfections

Until rough edges are same and smooth

The tools have now become too blunt

To break any of the rules
Post-modern minds bleached blank and clean

Drawing pixelated lines

In duller shades that my eyes have ever seen
The narrow road is all I know

No map to guide us

No compass beside us

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The great unknown

The grater sacrifice grants the greatest gift in life
No more assembly lines of aspirations connecting carbon copy clones

Every artifact is marching like commodities of flesh and bone
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Drawing pixelated lines

In duller shades that my eyes have ever seen
We're not defined by a blueprint if we re-write the plans

So will you paint paradise with the stroke of an artist's hand?

Songwriters

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