

# 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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«There is no God»

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