

See them as they rise
From ancient sands - constructs
They're reaching everywhere and nowhere
As they're trampling on the archetypes
The Listener warns

Tension... Pain... Fear... Violence...

It reaches the limit set by
Ageless reason
Tension paints logic's hunts
Pain dances... (with justice)

Lies for the liar served without remorse
Like the gifts bring gifts
Altering view

Constant truth - drained of spirit
By own will

"Ref..":
Waruun
Waruun - Drawn in the dust of morning
Waruun - The violence of the soul

Suicides upon the altars
Of evasion

Feared dissonance kept away - nails on stone
As darkness descends
Can't find our way out of here
Yet... It was built by you
Words on the trap-door

"Ref..":
Waruun
Waruun - Drawn in the dust of morning
Waruun - The violence of the soul

Tension... Pain... Fear... Violence...

How could freedom become the cage-maker ?
What spoke to the mind-slayer ?