

# Shadow Of A Lucent Moon

Andromeda

Tears escape from my eyes  
As I'm reminded once again  
By the failure of our kind  
We're closing up this shop for good  
Since we plundered all that we could  
What will it take for you to open up your squinting eyes

It's who we are  
It's who we are

You can't own what you loan  
A short time we've claimed this soil  
Which really is no mans land  
Time is short, we're running out  
But not of ideas of how to squeeze out  
The last drops of the borrowed world we call our own

It's who we are  
Can we accept and just go on?  
It's who we are  
We're trading off the breaking dawn

Unknowing you blend into the dough  
Handing your votes to those who are thought of to know  
What is left to say

It's sickening me when they're raking in  
They couldn't care less as long as they win  
It's sickening me when those who have it all  
Elbows others to get some more  
It's sickening that they'd rather rape the earth  
And claim that they're just quenching out thirst  
It's sickening how we choose to neglect  
How it all unfolds

A vestigial prophecy  
Of tomorrows floating orb of debris  
A faded memory  
Drained out it monuments  
The echoes of ashamed lament  
Of what evolved from silent consent

As a phantom of the past  
Holding the cast

As the shadow of a lucent moon  
Burned out light years too soon  
Benighted we fail to attune  
This acheronian state, is it our fate  
Way out of sight  
Absorbed by night

An endless line  
Running past the signs  
Thus condoning the fall of all

Shadow of a lucent moon

Burned out light years too soon  
Benighted we fail to attune  
This acheronian state, is it our fate  
Way out of sight  
Absorbed by night

It's sickening me how we're wearing down  
What is in our care to hand it on  
It's sickening me how we fail to see  
That all of this just ain't meant for you and me