

Ionospheric splendour ignites the northern skies
Unseen by jaded eyes
Preferring more an insect's view of mundane, grindstone lives
This planet, once a paradise before the serpent spoke
And greed became the rope
By which the race would hang itself
Naked, without hope

Racing like lemmings to the brink of holocaust
With scant concern for cost
We fall before the god of pleasure
Jeopardizing without measure
The rarest gem of everlasting life

With staggering shortsightedness our golden calves are raised
Ignoring former days
Gambling with our heritage in this self-seeking age
The endless quest for freedom, much like the northern lights
So beautiful and bright
But far beyond the mortal's grasp
As witnessed by our plight

Too much casual violence
Too much casual sex
Too much casual unconcern
For what may happen next

The endless quest for freedom, much like the northern lights
So beautiful and bright
But far beyond the mortal's grasp
As witnessed by our plight
The splendour of redemption ignites the newborn heart
A spiritual upstart
Who cannot fathom what's to come Or what will be his part

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