

Arrival of the Spectrum Obscure

Centinex

Into oblivion, into a void of chaos
Gaze upon a circle of fire
Everlasting elements of innocence
Are transformed by the terrestrial silence

When will the rain turn to dust
When will white turn to black

This is the arrival - The dreamlike decay of mankind
Born with a reaping roam - A shapeless spectrum obscure

From here to beyond and back
Forward with the speed of light
Trapped within the walls of infinity
Decadence reigns in the halls of eternity

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When will white turn to black

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Upon the day and night of nothingness
Calmness is left and forever will

Prophecies of a fading dawn
Reveal the glorious masterplan
There will be no future
No future there will be...

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