

It is from the order of succession in nature  
And not from the ever-lasting endurance of her works  
That we may expect the reign of perpetual activity  
In her wide domains

In her living kingdom  
The ravages of decay and death  
Are eternally repaired by the birth  
Of new representatives of life  
As lands will vanish and appear above the waters

We are alone  
And under cold stone  
We rot

So afraid (so afraid)  
Of change  
Still we serve (still we serve)  
The origin of worlds

The matter saved from such mighty wrecks  
Will again be available for useful ends  
The forces which seem destroyed  
Only assume other forms to participate  
In new movements and operations

We are alone  
And under cold stone  
We rot

So afraid (so afraid)  
Of change  
Still we serve (still we serve)  
The origin of worlds

I can see  
A face split in a grin  
And I see  
A dream that did not come true  
And all according to the plan  
We are deer  
Expected at the rear end of our own objective  
All we were and are and will be  
Serves the origin of worlds  
Serves the origin of worlds  
Serves the origin of worlds  
Serves the origin of worlds