

The Elements

Deadsy

Through the mind we flee to space
As the shadows choose the place
Though afraid, my sleeper must awake
So I've used up all and left this time

Station
Towards where we're falling
Faces
Glowing blue eyes upon me
Waste us
Or make us slaves till death like upon me
Or turn around and fake they're proud
I've found my true calling

Well beyond the mortal plane
Lies the place where one's life can be exchanged
No more conscious, no more pain
The now, the past, the future stay the same

At the station
Towards where we're falling
There's faces
Glowing blue eyes upon me
Taste us
Or make us slaves till death like upon me
Or show the world exist without the day
While the tall one tries convincing us to stay