

Tempest

Deftones

Take
Out the stories
They've put into your mind
and braceFor the glory
As you stare into the sky..
The sky beneath
I know you can't be tired..

Lay there
Stare at the ceiling
And switch back to your time
just go ahead
now try and taste it
I know it should be ripe...thrust...ahead.

Turning in circles
Been caught in a stasis
The ancient arrival
Cut to the end
I'd like to be taken
Apart from the inside
Then spit through the cycle right to the end
I wonder
just how you shaped it
To get back to your prize...thrust..ahead

Turning in circles
Been caught in a stasis
The ancient arrival
Cut to the end
I'd like to be taken
Apart from the inside
Then spit through the cycle right to the end
Wake for the glory
I know you can't be tired