

We survived catastrophes We are leaders of the modern age
Something led the way to let us be Dominating for so many years

When clouds in the sky tasted iridium In darkness began the dawn
Building for eyes the shield from the sun And the dragons were
forever gone Leaving us all in charge for the days to come

Sometimes the things we disapprove of From another point of view
can evolve in something positive Some things, so precious and
uncommon From beyond the world we know Wrote the first page of
our History

History repeats itself Will we see clouds of a new material? 'Till
the sun sets on our time We'll remember the dawn of Mankind

Through ages of Time scent of iridium From changing horizons Future
potential leads to unknown And everything can fall undone

Will we still have control in the days to come? Sometimes the things
we disapprove of From another point of view can evolve in
something positive Some things, so precious and uncommon From
beyond the world we know Wrote the first page of the History

In the end... Scent of iridium... Ours are the days to come...
Ours the hands building the future...

(All the prophets in religion, read the future in the sky What's
the subject of their vision? Iridium? Does the weight of our
decisions change the clouds passing by? Is our "freedom to decide"
the control of future?)

Shall we see tomorrow the fall of our throne for our new iridium?
Night is falling, the skies are burning A new dawning for age
of Gemini