

## Morphing Thru Time

Enigma

Earth. A biosphere.  
A complex,  
subtly balanced life support system.  
et turtur nidum,  
ubi reponat pullos suos  
altaria tua Domine virtutum,  
Rex meus, et Deus meus and the turtledove a nest  
where it might place its young  
Your altar of strengths, Lord,  
my king and my God,  
We are floating over the line  
Let us follow our mind  
All of our life we'll wait for the answer  
And the question is why  
If we're following our mind  
We can glide into light  
No one knows if there'll be an answer  
While we're morphing thru time  
We are floating over the line  
Let us follow our mind  
All of our life we'll wait for the answer  
and the question is why  
We're just travellers  
in endless space  
If we're following our mind  
We can glide into light  
No one knows if there'll be an answer  
While we're morphing thru time