

Finding the truth doesn't mean there's an answer  
Who would have thought? It seems worthless.  
There's no end to the travesty, idiocy,  
It would seem I've arrived at the meeting point  
Between then and now, a different place  
The past alive, and the future is now

I can not tolerate being held in the dark  
I need to see, I will the flames  
Expanding light, from within a cube of darkness  
I need to see, I will the flames  
I found myself crawling, looking for an "out"  
And made the gap no longer closed anymore  
'cause my signs are burning, burning the veil  
Killing our idols, scaring ourselves as well  
Necessity, carer/killer  
We're all gonna see, we weren't prepared

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