

We've been riding all night and the skies that diminish are right to be known  
We've been finding insight in what we knew to be right from the day we were born  
Every day is the last, only further in time from the will of the past  
So we circle and strive and reverse when we drive so we'll never arrive

We were silent before, but we're not anymore, now we'll even tell the score  
We'll describe and dissect every secret effect that lay hidden behind doors  
There was time in the past to describe or outlast all that cluttered and cast  
A disappearing light through our shallowing nights soon will never be right