

Red Giant

Haken

Blood red sun, my companion.
Feel my love through the static.
For we rust and dismantle,
salvage us from the ash.

A trial by fire on shoulders of giants.
We're scalded and burning, yet she keeps on turning.
If doom is impending, what are we defending?
Desolate their communion, Gaia mourns her children.

Everything that ends beckons a revival.
Sustain or to descend, nothing's decided.
When I escape myself, how much will be remembered,
of Heaven and of Hell, of what it really means to be?

Desolate their communion,
Gaia mourns all her children.

As time decays, ticking lives away.
All that we know eroded, dreams that we made.
Gently start to break, but never fade.