

Colossus

Holocaust

Rise above your peers
Play upon their fears
(Heaven looks on)

Carry on and up
The secrets in your heart
(Heaven looks on)

Pride is the soil in which we grow, wither and die,
Open your heart.

Where does it all end... this futile search for more and more?
(Heaven looks on)

Pride is the air we breathe each day, lost in the Self,
Every Colossus shall fall.

How short is this life, how precious, how fragile?
I cannot believe the things I do.
The flames of love and meaning will burn on without me,
I am only ashes and dust.

Now may I introduce to you the cancer of the soul...
I know what it is to be wise in my own eyes,
Every Colossus shall fall.

Is there a peace I could enjoy before I turn away?
Is there a peace I could enjoy before my final day?