

The Quickening

In:aviate

Godspeed us to save this place.
Godspeed us to states of grace.
Fate is something that I pray
stays stronger than your self restraint.

We all have eyes but few can see
we're already in the place to be.
Let's write out doubt so gracefully.

Godspeed us to save this place.
Godspeed us to states of grace.
Fate is something that I pray
stays stronger than your self restraint.

The living rhythms start again
with yet another night to spend
on unseen wires and window panes.
We can share the same last name.

And if these lines could rearrange
to redesign a perfect frame,
pictures painting us in place,
breathing life; exhaling space.

If these lines could rearrange
to redesign a perfect frame,
pictures painting us in place,
breathing life; exhaling space.

Don't you know that your best friends
don't make you question your confidence?
But don't let it bruise your ego
Don't let it bruise it, oh no.

Bad boy, where to go?
What to prove? Don't you know
those who move fast always fall?
In pride, in shame,
inside it all feels the same.
You bad boy, where to go?
What to prove? Don't you know
those who move fast always fall?
In pride, in shame,
inside it all feels the same.

Godspeed us to save this place.
It all feels the same.
Godspeed us to save this place.
Godspeed for one more night.