

My eyes were jades, so close to the centre I could not see  
But now they are fixed and glaring at the sacrifice to be made  
Now that I'm aware of the cycles I pray that I can deal  
Now that I have shown you these cycles I pray that you can feel

In and out of the stray  
Taking the bait  
Feeling compelled to obey, betray  
The isle of await

Running scared from their thought  
Thinking I can summon some ancient truth before wrong  
Seeking my nature, our nature with fear of being caught  
Or have we been like this all along

The dawn of birth gives way to men  
Age brings dimness to sight as it must  
Death seals the eyelids on darkness once again  
Augmentation of the dust