

Turnover

Prong

I'm turning, turning away
Cycling from this world
I'm turning, changing perspective
On towards new forms

I've been fading, fading away
Getting in touch with finality
Cascading, falling away
Into the dawn

Like it turned on me
A crisis, a disease
Great power, great range
So deafening

Turning it over is a blessing
More power, more gain
More mastery
The point of turning's necessary

Been burning, burning away
Torchlight from this world
Unlearning change of intention
No connection to old laws

I've been hating, wasting away
Losing touch with infinity
Unblaming, staying away
I need to be reborn

Like it turned on me
A crisis, a disease
Like it turned on me
A virus of unease
Great power, great range
So deafening

Turning it over is a blessing
More power, more gain
More mastery
The point of turning's necessary

Turning
Turning
Turn it over
Turn it over
Turn it over
Turn it over
Turn it over

Great power, great range
More mastery
More power, more gain
There's more for me
Great power, great range
So deafening
Turning it over is a blessing

More power, more gain
More mastery
The point of turning's necessary
Go!

Turn it over
Turn it over
Turn it over
Turning it over