

Heavenly bounded by time
Cast shadows at ice seas
Transmit data encode
A final message for beloved
A withering on me
The withering of me now
So sound your horn without me
Please lay your hands before I go
Lay your hands
Sound your horn
Let this go
The iron core set to implode
The withering on me
The withering of me now

"The problem with now is no matter how much we want it to, it doesn't last forever"

A withering
From within
A spore casting on this skin
And if I sing with hollowed hands will burrowing cease

Radio waves
Hollowed hands holding me still
Hollowed hands
Burrowing into
Radio waves
Saturn is
Sing me to sleep