

Changing Times

Scanners

Now the world is turning, spinning round the sun
So we're standing still but moving fast
One day your breath will be your last
One day you'll breath your last

We all must one day melt into the earth
The only path we take from birth
We must make life have some worth
Dying from our birth

It's a bird that's flown
Through an empty room
It's a planet and it's a molecule
As its ripples spread
Through our darkened pool

It's the speed of light
It's a golden rule
And we're moving fast
Though we're standing still

It's a wonder drug
It's a bitter pill, it's a remedy
For our simple minds
It's a symbol for our changing times

Now the sun is rising, spreading through the sky
Chase my horizons far away
Carrying the break of day
Chase my demons far away
Chase them far away