

The Cycle

Suspyre

We were so close to symmetry
A progressive serenity
The ring that lies, inside your eyes
Such is the king of the deceit
These multiples of painted glass
And the offering made to last
Standing corners, and nothing pure
The present becoming the past

Time is the circle that draws us all
But that time ends now...

As the light dawns on us all
The ones we know are watchful
They'll keep the system fixed on
Explaining the shades of the cycle

Now the memory of autumn leaves
Gathering the December trees
A bitter wind, that's always been
Recovering the vivid dreams
The binding of limitations
Are breaking through our sensations
I will provide, the words inside
And shake our world of the burdens

As the light dawns on us all
The ones we know are watchful
They'll keep the system fixed on
Explaining the shades of the cycle

We are many, we are one
And the cycle is something more
This is the only circle
To draw different than before...

Time is the circle that draws us all
But that time ends now...

As the light dawns on us all
The ones we know are watchful
They'll keep the system fixed on
Explaining the shades of the cycle