It's how we think and how we move
And see our bodies changed.
The vibrant youth and endless love can be arranged.
Masters of the air and sea drunk with the flashlights.
At the gates of hell on the red carpet we spend our nights.

We can't tell the difference, We've lost our destiny. We can't tell the difference Between magic and technology.

Seduces of the city left me drained and with infection. The angels must yield or burn by the rules of rejection. The lords in their highest spires, they will have to fall. This One rises beneath them. Hungrier than all.

We've lost our destiny.
We can't tell the difference
Between magic and technology.

The lords in their mighty spires had better watch their feed. The tide rises beneath them, the horde needs to eat.

We can't tell the difference, We've lost our destiny. We can't tell the difference Between magic and technology. We can't tell...