

Move, rest in tombs of sleep  
Choose visions, wake from deep  
Painting ourselves on a stained glass floor  
The things we discuss are disguised until unveiled

In the hour of night, we take from ourselves  
We replace and reward  
It's the balance of thoughts  
Seeks to find affirmation, speaking in tongues  
Take the words through you

Dawn of creation  
Blessed in devotion  
Love, lost spaces in time  
Bringing colours to life

Spectrums defy us  
Left to remind us  
Love, lost spaces in time  
Bringing colours to life

Loose words when voices speak  
New shades of darkness seek  
Staining ourselves on a painted floor  
The things we have done are exposed unto ourselves

In the hour of night  
We take from ourselves  
We repent and reward

It's the balance of thoughts  
Seeks to find adoration, sleeping tongues  
Take the words through you

Dawn of creation, blessed in devotion  
Love, lost spaces in time  
Bringing colours to life

Spectrums defy us  
Left to remind us  
Love, lost spaces in time  
Bringing colours to life