

Minor Earth, Major Skies

Textures

Cursed we are above all contentment
Breaking the evolution
Our history swept away
We are shattered by our prey
Lashing, spoiling
Staring through the eyes of decay

Comfort is losing contrast in this light
Ignorance eradicating
This life draws to an end

We need to find the strength to put the earth in motion
Behold, ignorance is our new messiah
Abundant rays, all light from the sun

Gaze into the fire
And the soothing winds

In our eyes, in our nerves
As our colors are fading out
Just like birds in the storm
So let the squall come, waking us

"As tidal waves hit solid ground
No permanence is ours
We are a wave that flows
To fit whatever form it finds"

Minor Earth, major skies
The summit of the syntax of all life
Is eroding along the path
The great ocean road
And its walls that always change
Are still rising up
The distribution of energy
In dissonant directions
A shift of paradigms
Are these enough answers to our questions

As we dive
We might see a new dawn
This life that carries on
Promenading through the storm

The everlasting chase
The ways that seize the days
Predicted to amaze
Serenity will pave
The inner state of grace

As tidal waves break down
Consciousness collides
No permanence is ours