

Perpetual Generations

The Atlas Moth

I sing that sacred harmony
that makes our minds align in the old way
I sing that sacred harmony
to know what its like to finally be free

Praise for the wicked and a curse for the earth
heroes die
Diseased we wait on the altars of ash
Rats will devour the sky

Home is a lie

Home feels like a lie
straight from holes in the earth
take me to the place where the stars arent dying
home feels like a lie