

Ark of roses, rain down red  
Crown of silence keeps us still  
In our conscience  
In our conscience

Into the void where the guardians run  
I'll show you a place where they're parting the sun  
And the web that you weave, consider it spun  
Build me an architecture of time

Underneath the symmetry  
Softly sleeps away his turn  
In our conscience  
In our conscience

Into the void where the guardians run,  
I'll show you a place where they're parting the sun,  
And the web that you weave, consider it spun  
Build me an architecture of time,  
Show me the fabric that keeps us aligned,  
If you drew me a map, then I'll draw you into the sky

It's the cradle between our hands  
Beyond the age of man  
Fixing the fractures in the hourglass.  
At the end of days traces of us remain  
Forever locked away..  
In our conscience  
In our conscience

Build me an architecture of time,  
Show me the fabric that keeps us aligned,  
If you drew me a map, then I'll draw you into the skies  
For as long as we breathe we'll know we're alive  
In our conscience  
In our conscience  
In our conscience  
In our conscience