

Shadow Of A Lucent Moon

Andromeda

Tears escape from my eyes
As I'm reminded once again
By the failure of our kind
We're closing up this shop for good
Since we plundered all that we could
What will it take for you to open up your squinting eyes

It's who we are
It's who we are

You can't own what you loan
A short time we've claimed this soil
Which really is no mans land
Time is short, we're running out
But not of ideas of how to squeeze out
The last drops of the borrowed world we call our own

It's who we are
Can we accept and just go on?
It's who we are
We're trading off the breaking dawn

Unknowing you blend into the dough
Handing your votes to those who are thought of to know
What is left to say

It's sickening me when they're raking in
They couldn't care less as long as they win
It's sickening me when those who have it all
Elbows others to get some more
It's sickening that they'd rather rape the earth
And claim that they're just quenching out thirst
It's sickening how we choose to neglect
How it all unfolds

A vestigial prophecy
Of tomorrows floating orb of debris
A faded memory
Drained out it monuments
The echoes of ashamed lament
Of what evolved from silent consent

As a phantom of the past
Holding the cast

As the shadow of a lucent moon
Burned out light years too soon
Benighted we fail to attune
This acheronian state, is it our fate
Way out of sight
Absorbed by night

An endless line
Running past the signs
Thus condoning the fall of all

Shadow of a lucent moon

Burned out light years too soon
Benighted we fail to attune
This acheronian state, is it our fate
Way out of sight
Absorbed by night

It's sickening me how we're wearing down
What is in our care to hand it on
It's sickening me how we fail to see
That all of this just ain't meant for you and me