

Deliberation

Katatonia

Visions come
Visions come
In a sickroom bed
There's something left to learn
Pass them on
Let it show
Let the rich meet death
Confront our own concern

See us sleep behind the glass
Unaware of crime
Will you wake us up before it is time

The red circle holds the only light
Break down my perspective
And notify everyone when the time is right
My mouth remains inactive

So when you let me in
You let me justify my own reward
You put your hands on me
And I learn the words I didn't know before

I am ice
I am clear
Let the world be cold
Our deliberation
Pass them on
Let it show
Let the words come slow
Your constant incantation

Repeating cycle of light/no light
There's nothing in the airspace
There's no one in the airspace
Repeating cycle of love/no love