

# 144,000 Gone

Agent Steel

As the bleak of dusk ordains the eve  
For the chosen  
Intensified magnetism blares  
In through the night  
Echoed whispers of patience led by no refusals  
And all that remained were the leeches scratching for space...

Lift us up take us away  
Leave us not behind to decay  
Let us see the ascension  
To know departure is sure

144 await the opening  
Opening of the door  
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Colossals reap the skeptics muddy cyclones turn a blissfully  
Awaiting fate with bitter taste life goes on just the same

All of sudden sorrow builds with no escape in view  
Your time here is through

And the master of deception keep the secret  
To the clue from me and you  
How do we know where do we look to find  
A way out from tormented territories

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