

The ground is shaking underneath our feet
The walls are crashing down around the weak
It's getting easier to breath and speak
The storm is coming and it's what we need

Some of us have awakened
Lifted the veil and seen it all
No wonder they feel vacant
Not knowing what is real and false

We are but whirlpools in an endless stream
Creating stories
Seeking meaning
Ready to follow self-indulgent dreams
Bearing the weight of the decieving

Watching the colors turn to grey
As all the answers fade away
If you could meet a brigther day
Would you stay?

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