

Dichotomy (The Tower)

Becoming the Archetype

In this hour the tower shall fall!

Initially they rationalized with futile speculations
Which brought about their ultimately fatal calculations
They sewed their own eyes shut
To protect them from the light
Closed the doorway of their minds
Barred and sealed it tight

Their foolish hearts were darkened
Their vacant minds deceived
The lies that they exchanged for truth
Became all that they believed
They exchanged the incorruptible
For the image of fallen man
Worshiped creature rather than creator
The image rather than his hand

The heavens wait in silence
For the coming of the end
As man perfects his own imperfection
Destruction closes in

In the grave they chose to make their beds
Now all that they've created
Comes crashing down, down, down upon their heads
Death is waiting

In this hour the tower shall fall!