

## 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!