

Across the vein of night  
There cuts a path of searing light  
Burning like a beacon  
On the edges of our sight  
At the point of total darkness  
And the lights divine divide  
A soul can let its shadow stretch  
And land on either side --  
Either side

And balanced on the precipice  
The moment must reveal  
Naked in the face of time  
Our race within the wheel  
As we hang beneath the heavens  
And we hover over hell  
Our hearts become the instruments  
We learn to play so well

Wealthy the spirit  
That knows its own flight  
Stealthy the hunter  
Who slays his own fright  
Blessed the traveler  
Who journeys the length of the light

Outside the pull of gravity  
Beyond the spectral veil  
Within our careful reasoning  
We search to no avail  
For the constant in the chaos  
For the fulcrum in the void  
Following a destiny  
Our steps cannot avoid

Across the vein of night  
There cuts a path of searing light  
Burning like a beacon  
On the edges of our sight  
At the point of total darkness  
And the lights divine divide  
A soul can let its shadow  
Stretch and land on either side

Wealthy the spirit  
That knows its own flight  
Stealthy the hunter  
Who slays his own fright  
Blessed the traveler  
Who journeys the length of the light

In a spiral never-ending  
Are we drawn towards the source  
Spinning at the mercy  
Of an unrelenting force  
So we stare into the emptiness  
And fall beneath the weight

Circling the Nexus in a  
Fevered dance with fate --

Wealthy the spirit  
That knows its own flight  
Stealthy the hunter  
Who slays his own fright  
Blessed the traveler  
Who journeys the length of the light