

Riding

Espers

We've been riding all night and the skies that diminish are right to be known
We've been finding insight in what we knew to be right from the day we were born
Every day is the last, only further in time from the will of the past
So we circle and strive and reverse when we drive so we'll never arrive

We were silent before, but we're not anymore, now we'll even tell the score
We'll describe and dissect every secret effect that lay hid behind doors
There was time in the past to describe or outlast all that cluttered and cast
A disappearing light through our shallowing nights soon will never be right