

I Catapult

Hopesfall

On a quest to form the shape of ... I've not entered

In the middle of the wild lies a man
Who cries over the loss of a disc world
Omnia, this is all
This is everything
Unless it falls into you
Who carries us home that we've long defended
Prophetic dreams of Romans
At the sound of querent seeking divination

Pass over the queen and revel in her sea and

Face the fight that storms the poles
I've not entered my new world
Sound the end, theocracy
On a quest to reform my own ways

Ritualistic fortune tellers
And the querents who seek them
Unless it falls into you
Under the kingdom there's a reptile queen
The distance the sleep counts down to zero
Walls expand and raise to third degree
Let me be I can't defeat you with my patience

Listen here regrettable wretch
The wisest speak with the weight of a round world
All along an enemy so old
Let me be I can't defeat you with my patience

I starve my brain with nothing but my dreams
When we stare to the ground I'm nothing but around to most
For what makes them hang above the earth
I catapult out over wasted days
Can't let them know my brain turned off
I feel nothing for a superstar