

What is this feeling that awakens the soul-
removing, constricting our need for control?
I don't know if I am alive in this horror.
I watch the chaos unfold in the eye of the storm.
I swim with snakes and I spiral through form.
In the end of the living, in the home of the dead, there is a w
orld where the brave only dare to tread.
Thrown into cold the fear sets, the sun burns black.
Terror begins, there's no turning back.
Can you feel it seizing your spine?
Can you see it slowly turning you blind?
When will you seek and see the marvels around you?
Don't let yourself be the one in the way.
Realise that you're alive.
Surrender.
I watch the chaos unfold in the eye of the storm.
I swim with snakes and I spiral through form.
In the end of the living, in the home of the dead, there is a w
orld where the brave only dare to tread.
This nightmare continues chasing your breath.
There's warfare within you embracing your death.
Can you feel it seizing your spine?
Can you see it slowly turning you blind?
Turning you blind.
I emerge attempting to define the indefinable.
Attempting to describe the indescribable.
Through hurricanes, only one thing remains I can hear singing o
n the air tonight.
Close your eyes.
Don't be afraid.
I'll be there to keep you safe.
Close your eyes, don't be afraid.
I'll be here to keep you safe.