Collapse

Monuments

My nexus atrophies with intrusion of thoughts in excess
Casualties of a empirical nature

Perception brings us closer
To the core of content
New energy takes over
Consciousness forms again

Tracing our atoms back to infinity
Inheriting control of divinity
Driven by our own unholy trinity
Born of the body, mind and soul

I feel it under my skin
Powers of creation rise from within
(Are we meant to interpret the substance?)
It's taking over again
When power fades away will I still exist?
(Are we meant to interpret the substance?)

Messages warning us of our own impending recklessness
Always falling on deaf ears
Seeking command of power
But power commands us
And in our final hour
We all return to dust

Bow down to the three conductors of damnation
From the ashes of our creation

I feel it under my skin
These powers of creation rise from within
(Are we meant to interpret the substance?)
It's taking over again
When power fades away will I still exist?
(Are we meant to interpret the substance?)

(Are we meant to interpret the substance?)
Run from fate, it will end the same, fade away
(Are we meant to interpret the substance?)

Run from fate, it will all end the same
Fluctuate 'til all your strength fades away
Pray for the pain to alleviate
Lay to waste and contemplate your mistakes

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The body, mind and soul

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(Are we meant to interpret the substance?)
It's taking over again

When power fades away will I still exist?
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