

# 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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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?  
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