

My eyes were jades, so close to the centre I could not see
But now they are fixed and glaring at the sacrifice to be made
Now that I'm aware of the cycles I pray that I can deal
Now that I have shown you these cycles I pray that you can feel

In and out of the stray
Taking the bait
Feeling compelled to obey, betray
The isle of await

Running scared from their thought
Thinking I can summon some ancient truth before wrong
Seeking my nature, our nature with fear of being caught
Or have we been like this all along

The dawn of birth gives way to men
Age brings dimness to sight as it must
Death seals the eyelids on darkness once again
Augmentation of the dust