

The Ashen Fields

Neurotech

Wasting the dawn
Shaking to face
Waiting for all racing minds to be saved
After dark
Turn to me
Too vacant to fly
Waiting for all aching signs to be swayed
Disembark

Desire is fading
Anticipating
Never-ending

Waiting for
To get through the day
Through the leeches and new grounds left to be saved
Turn away
Waiting for
To get through the haze
Through completion of strangest times to be swayed
Turn away

Desire is fading
Anticipating
Never-ending

Outside
No one's got to know
It is time
To reap what we've sown

It is

Outside
No one's got to know
It is time
The ashen fields have grown

It is time