

The Haste to the Pyre

Orbit Culture

In the end of it all
There's no chance of being
Another you or me, still we're trying
To be so different from all, we forget ourselves
Our closest, my friend. We're slipping away

Before the end, there's
So much at stake
In the future's aim

The things we hold
Close We're giving away
To time and it's pace

Away

Bleeding from the heart and soul
Leaving nothing in our bowls
Searching answers south to north
The compass only points at gold

In the light of the sun
There's no certainty
That burning fire will stay

Before the end, there's
Too much at stake
For us to throw it away

The things we hold
Close We're giving away
To time and its haste

Away

Bleeding from the heart and soul
Leaving photos in our homes
Searching answers south to north
The compass only points at gold

When you see them go
Them leaving this world
You'll realize how much you've lost

Only in dreams you see them, but your tongue won't let you
Speak out your mind or whatever's on you

You fall

You fall back in, into the sky of ours
Down to earth, our home where
The living are born in darkness