

Rotations - Redux

Reflections

I have been here more than once before
These shapes are more than just spaces
To me
It's more of a psychological mind fuck

In the beginning, I could not tell
The difference from what's real
And what disintegrates
But now where I stand
I can see it all
From where I stand
I can see it all

Break these bonds
I fucking hate the way it sounds when you speak
Waiting for the day
You turn around so I can watch you
Go

My sanctum may be shattered into what used to be
I will make this balance sustain
My bonds may all be broken
The lifeless seeds in me
Hopefully it can set me free

Set me free

Bring me fourth unto
A place where the curtains
Never draw

Break the cycle
Break the cycle
Be careful for we show no mercy

I don't want this to be my home
Everything's too familiar
I don't want this to be my home
Nothing ever changes

I don't want this to be my home
I don't want this
This can't be home

These lights are black (These lights are black)
This Heaven is composed (Composed)
By the (By the)
Fallen

These lights are black (These lights are black)
This Heaven is composed (Composed)
By the Fallen
The Fallen

The Fallen
The Fallen
The Fallen

The Fallen
The Fallen
The Fallen

Take it all back
Take it all back
Take it all back
Take it all back

Take it all back
All back
All back

All back
All back
All back
All back