

## Old Mystics

Rolo Tomassi

Golden age, golden age, the world was ours for us to change  
But we sat back and watched it fall without a single care at al  
l  
Come of age, let's come of age and see the flaws in our old way  
s  
To lose all sight of early days, a passing phase is held delaye  
d  
Aspirations made disintegrate, fade out to grey, rust and decay  
A galaxy of fallen stars that hides its shame behind closed doo  
rs

It's yours to decide, what is the worth of this time?  
What is the worth of this?

What did you think you would become?  
I misread dreams for motion  
"Youthful days encaged in chains"  
Denying chance whilst we drift on  
Effortlessly lose it all  
Sourcing these scenes to idly  
Appreciate what has been laid with no responsibility

Setting sun, setting sun our darkest days have not begun  
Ambitions lead to making haste, forbidding days to go to waste  
Recklessness comes with regrets, dismiss the memories of these  
threats  
Futile talk throughout these years to try and navigate our fear  
s  
Modern age, modern age, time flies never to be regained  
And still I sit back watch me rot, ignorant to the ticking cloc  
k  
Direct your sight to something new, misfortune does not follow  
you  
Open your eyes and explore, youth forever, nevermore

What did you think you would become?  
I misread dreams for motion  
Youthful days encaged in chains  
Denying chance whilst we drift on  
Effortlessly lose it all  
Sourcing these scenes so idly  
Appreciate what has been laid with no responsibility

Collapsing under carelessness  
Resisting the unrealistic  
Igniting this revelation  
Youth forever, nevermore