

The Anatomy Of Time (Babel)

Silent Planet

Certain was the fear trembling in your father's chest - encountering the ancients in a graveyard for those who never rest. Even the wind lay still, as time revealed the fools we are.

Quiet monoliths appear, suspended in the air. Solemn in their countenance, impervious to fear. Marveling at the symmetry that binds and brings us here - separating threads of space, distinctions disappear.

Take all of your answers - throw them in the flames. I'll keep the questions, I'll take the rain. Defend all your doctrines - those lies you had sworn. I'll wander through the night, I'll sleep in the storm.

I'll follow you to the end. I'll weather the world. I'll sleep in the storm. I'll follow you to the end where time has no beginning.

I pulled the past apart - futures unraveled with its plans. To my chagrin the answers felt hollow in my hands. Adorned with memories that form the tapestry of life. Collective accounts of consciousness from virtue to vice. Where are you now? My voice echoed in that canyon. I turned to find you lynched, choking with abandon. The scope of time, at first profuse, now twisted to the shape of a noose. We wanted see forever, but instead we saw the truth.

Species of the nightmare, people of the dream: language is your prison, but also the key. Confront the heart of fear behold the shape of destiny.

Spinning in the circles, waltz with the sun. There's no time, many turn to one.

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Blinded by the shadow of what we've seen - empty in our depths of understanding. Burdened with the weight of paradox, I fear we have been sentenced to be free.