

In the first simulation  
Thought becomes form  
A cell grows a mind  
A heart starts to burn  
The pupil shows promise  
Kill him again  
It's a cold dialectic  
May he rise in the end

From the guillotine  
To the chalk outline  
He's always hanging from the same rope  
He'd been trying to climb

When you're up on the wire  
And you can't commit  
And you can't hold the tension  
I guess that's it

You've had a thousand lives  
Now you're down to one  
Trying to survive  
In the shadowverse  
Every borderland  
Every hungry wolf  
Now to make your stand  
In the shadowverse

Then he's a crusader  
With a grail to find  
But he's got no sword  
And there's not much time  
Then he's a warrior chieftain  
A violent man  
As she cries on the phone  
He does not understand

Then he's Achilles  
Who takes off his ring  
In their New York penthouse  
While she's packing her things

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If you can't commit  
And you can't hold the tension  
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Out of time  
Out of time and fading  
Out of time  
Empty hearts waiting

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