

Shadowverse

The Midnight

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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Out of time
Out of time and fading
Out of time
Empty hearts waiting

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