

Empty Temples

The Sword

Before the clocks started counting
We built shrines to the sun
Conducted rites by the moonlight
Now remembered by none
As we move through the future
We are warmed by the past
Like a fire on a cold, dark night
But dawn's here at last
Let go of all that binds you
Your kind will always find you
We must give up the old ways
Though they've served us well
The rituals have lost meaning
What were temples are shells
But there is a new path
That always has been
As we set foot upon it
Let us fear not the end
Let go of all that binds you
Your kind will always find you
An endless series of meaningless tasks
Each one distracting us all from the last
Look all around at the things you've been given
What do you see?
Beauty and splendor, destruction and ruin
All in your memory
Let go of all that binds you
Your kind will always find you