

Continental Drift

The Virus

Slow and accurate over the fields where the first fossils were
formed The pendulum sways like a dead arm

I hear you here, resonating from your shine

Blazing the veins of the sun you are viewing the great world

The visuals of your sounds resound throughout all our known aby
sses And floats around in the magma chamber

Toils with what's forgotten as all our craters are formed The s
lowest (there is), the continents drifting underneath the crust
s of our deserts