Recharging the Void

Vektor

Follow me to Alshain toward a fiery grave
We have spun a web of worlds, spinning out of control

I crossed the other side
But I was brought back
The air sucked from my lungs
My hull was cracked
The dust sifted in
Like an hourglass
It sealed my ship
And I was in tact

Hourglass between worlds
Emptiness on the side that employs
The upper hand
Recharging the void
Each half of the cosmic breath
Moved by a void
With our lungs at capacity
Recharging the void

Follow me to Alshain toward a fiery grave
We have spun a web of worlds, spinning out of control

We've lived beyond our years
And now we hear our calling
We've outlived our pillars falling, falling
I must return to Alshain
To release our clutch
Terminal redux

Like our star at its end
Time will warp in the space we bend
As we burst to our stellar tomb
Its planets will be consumed

Hourglass between worlds
Emptiness on the side that employs
The upper hand
Recharging the void
Each half of the cosmic breath
Moved by a void
With our lungs at capacity
Recharging the void
All the things we've destroyed
But there is one thing left: bring balance through our death
The Cygnus tide can be restored
To a cosmic state
Before man perverted it
Before we staked our claim
Ultimate sacrifice
To revive the flux
Turning back, a shrinking world
Too small for us (x2)

Illuminate what remains
From a time when all sanctions were hallowed

And our freedoms sucked straight from our marrow
To bleed after refrain
All we knew was the suffering
Away, all of the shame and the sorrow
Only hoping for endless tomorrows
We look to cold, shimmering skies
Feel the light passing by
There's no light that reflects from our gallows
Planets stricken to live in the shadows
Of cold, shimmering skies
All we ask is our story be told
To young, beckoning, yearning worlds
Who are struggling to be as one
We are the light from a dying sun
In darkness we will remain

Feel the light piercing your eyes
Open the skies to the Cygnus tide

Countdown to the end
The Terminal descends
Into Alshain's cloud
To be kept under shroud
Rulers of life
We've seen the limits of our minds
Our foresight is blinded by our bias
To which we cannot hide

Cygnus is calling (Sung in unison) Bound to our graves
The pillars are falling (x6)… In stellar remains (x6)

Cygnus is calling
From beyond the grave
It rises once again
With balance staved we make amends
A ruler without plots or schemes
Of cosmic law, we could only dream

I heed the Cygnus call
A symbol for life and death's resolve
Our fate implodes upon our crux
The Terminal is set to self-destruct

Relic Alshain
Oh Shahin-i-tarazu
I return my flesh to you