

Ark of roses, rain down red
Crown of silence keeps us still
In our conscience
In our conscience

Into the void where the guardians run
I'll show you a place where they're parting the sun
And the web that you weave, consider it spun
Build me an architecture of time

Underneath the symmetry
Softly sleeps away his turn
In our conscience
In our conscience

Into the void where the guardians run,
I'll show you a place where they're parting the sun,
And the web that you weave, consider it spun
Build me an architecture of time,
Show me the fabric that keeps us aligned,
If you drew me a map, then I'll draw you into the sky

It's the cradle between our hands
Beyond the age of man
Fixing the fractures in the hourglass.
At the end of days traces of us remain
Forever locked away...
In our conscience
In our conscience

Build me an architecture of time,
Show me the fabric that keeps us aligned,
If you drew me a map, then I'll draw you into the skies
For as long as we breathe we'll know we're alive
In our conscience
In our conscience
In our conscience
In our conscience