

Canopy "Concentric"

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Rushing downstream thought the tragedies of man
A cancer growth as the sun
Disfigured art inside the galleries of the damned
A lost machinery we're overrun

One detailed overlooked
A flaw in your design
Your hands forever hooked
In filth you rise

We're running out of lies
Imperfection
All units fall
The purpose lost
We've rid all sights of change
Structures fragile
Another addiction
All concentric

Seeking shelter in the long gone, ridden, flaws
Disfigured theory of thought
All time meant nothing there's no change to be seen

On the same basis, your friends and you fiends

One detailed overlooked
A flaw in your design
Your hands forever hooked
In filth you rise

All concentric

With indifference we face the dawn of man
Mind pace still though the storm
We've seen it all synched with movements of the hand
Fever breed given form

All details planned inside a plot already fixed
A cancer growth as the sun
Stillborn evolution, everlasting itch
A lost machinery we're overrun

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