

Life Between Sleep "Ghost Of My Design"

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This island is more like a fortress, sadistic in it's ways
and torturous.

Surrounded by walls made of water, imprisons our
nature, manifests it's silhouette.

And we can walk until our feet fall off, we can run until
our bodies have nothing left.

And far isn't ever far enough, it'll never be enough.

This is our chance to write a chapter, here inscribed
"Today, we'll break beyond the boundaries..."

And if light will fade with time, with the ghost of my
design.

This is, this is, this is our chance to leave this place
behind.

How far can we cast the line straight to the point that's
so symmetrical.

How long until the pattern breaks, the order takes a
turn for the worse.

We're left to write the last regards of those who never
tried.

So trace the fate that brought us here. Across state
lines, redemption calls. Border to border, water to
water, sending signals through the air. revealing
evidence so evident it's clear.

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