

Midasuno

"The Continental Length"

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The closer you get to the revelation everything seems
to matter

A shift in the weather the urgency of a last breath they
called here then

You can try and refuse the hand that you've been dealt
if we gave you enough rope I'll trust you'll take care of
the rest.

Set the time these attempts on your slackened
schemes

Vent the lust lift the curse to bring them to their knees
This was in the premonition

This was there in black and white although we live in
grey

Wherever we stray

Wear the skin of a stalker

And I'll meet you there

When we'll cut you down

If these tactics scare

Lost in the sound

Well I'll drop the bomb

And they'll sing along

Waiting for the walls to cave and crush our faith

Well I'll drop the bomb

And they'll sing along

Well I'll drop the bomb

And they'll sing along

Counting on the pressure drop collapse this place

Well I'll drop the bomb

And they'll sing along

We reiterate the negative

With visions of the imperative

It hangs in the air

Watching the night turn to day

This constellation never waits

But I'm sure you're well aware

Surface in the A.M

Stab at the fabric of time

Caught between the cross-hairs

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