

Cynic

"The Space For This"

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Space, raise my arms
Space, wake my eyes
Space, grace my heart

Can I be the space for this

Soft omens
Traced in air
Phantom warnings
Disassembling the captain's chair

Can I be the space for this
Will I be the space for this

Breathe out, breathe in

Out of ruins
We've haunted like owls
The future druids
Drop the crystal goblet forming spells

Can I be the space for this
Will I be the space for this

Breathe in, breathe out
Must I bend the sky to realize

A bundle of thoughts
On a dirty cloth perfumed
To tell you who you are
A bundle of thoughts
On a lonely ghost pursuit
Lost inside the space for this

Raise my arms
Space, wake my eyes
Space, grace my heart

Can I be the space for this
Will I be the space for this
Breathe in, breathe out
Must I bend the sky to realize

Can I be the space for this (I will)
Will I be the space for this
Must I bend the sky to recognize

I can be the space for this
I will be the space for this

I am now the space for this
I am now the space for this
I just bend the sky and realize

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