

Saints Of Eden

"Scent"

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Welcome to tomorrow. It was the day we almost died.
We breath now, your
History. Trapped within our own concept of time.
Together we were strong.
Spread wide, we were almost left behind. Our
consolation prize was our chance to be, and our
misery.
It was the thing that kept us mild.
We look for our solutions so far away... they could be
standing by our side.
And to the masters of disguise their life inside we are
the frozen alibis.
Million miles of cemetery just passing by. A statue lost
in our own time.
Together never wrong. Spread wide, there was
something on our minds.
So proud of what we could not be. Unknowingly, every
death a life.
So one day cry, for the crushing of mankind.
Technology, a friend to me, but your enemy.
Small pleasure for more pain. Together we will rise, as
one, no divide.
How many steps behind. So this is their intelligence.
From defence, to activation.

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