

Thousand Foot Krutch "Cardinal Directions"

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I split the atom of one second
Choosing history's lathe
Each word summons now the next
A master to his slave
Countless links
Within some silent chain
And time becomes the sediment that drifts to algae
Divorced from comets' trains
In the East a reflection
Of the Western sunset
North, South, pole to pole
Turn back in regret
And to the East I might stumble
To the West I would crawl
And if North is the winter
Then South is the fall

And if I had my way
I'd make the clock rewind
I'd live again that moment
Though I know I'll never find
The future that I missed
A parallel line
Where the world would be so bright
That it could make us all go blind
And if I had my day
There's so much I'd reclaim
The sanctity of motion
The neverending rain
The cardinal directions
All pointing to the past
Where realities converge
And for a moment, we're the same
(As always)

And magnets spin the compass
In an embryonic flame
Somewhere is the promise
Of an uncharted trail
With seven hundred branching limbs
And seven hundred ways to fail

To the East a reflection
Of the new moon in the West
Her timeless watch is quiet
Over tides of her unrest
To the North is the current
Of a man breathing out
Giving birth to the breeze
To be inhaled in the South

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