

Stone Carved Eyes

Communic

Monuments, rise upon arrival
Bizarre theories
Questions and controversies remain
Left clues to their origin in the stones
Did isolation create this enigma?

Anyone who tries to break the code
Will have to sacrifice their precious life
We can not make our holy God cry
Fire will flood from his mouth on the hill

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Will have to sacrifice their precious life
We can not make our holy God cry
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Paradise, surrounded by an endless blue
Alone in this world
Waiting for salvation to come
Outcasts, for reason still unknown
Voyagers, found it empty and abandoned

Anyone who tries to break the code
Will have to sacrifice their precious life
We can not make our holy God cry
Fire will flood from his mouth on the hill

Any one who tries to break the code
Will have to sacrifice
Their one chance in life

And when the darkness falls on shores
Olden rites from a secret lore
Stone carved eyes leaves a shadow mark
Deep in these eyes reads a prophecy

A lost continent of liquefying stone
Burned through the crust
And erupted into the Earth

A lifeform unknown
Looking out on the coming wave
Waiting for what to come
Mold the statue of pure fear obsession

Afraid of what to come, mold the statue
Afraid of what to come, mold the statue
So observe meant to please the Gods

Afraid of what to come, mold the statue
So obscure meant to please the Gods
... The Gods

And when the darkness falls on shores
Olden rites from a secret lore
Stone carved eyes leaves a shadow mark
Deep in these eyes reads a prophecy

Moon dance in the skyline
Where the oceans meet
Trigger the mind of the staring stone eyes

A lifeform unknown
Looking out on the coming wave
Waiting for what to come
Mold the statue so pure

A lifeform unknown
Looking out on the coming wave
Waiting for what to come
Mold the statue of pure fear obsession

And when the darkness falls on shores
Olden rites from a secret lore
Stone carved eyes leaves a shadow mark
Deep in these eyes reads a prophecy

A view of reason
Rotation of the sun
To fulfill their God's prophecy
Mold the statue of pure fear obsession
Disappearing in the vast-seas
Wiped away by a tidal wave?
And when the last tree went down
They left a mark for the future to find

Afraid of what to come, mold the statue
So obscure meant to please the Gods

Is this a clue to the modern race
Who left this mark
Of fear in cold stone...