

# The Quickening

In:aviate

Godspeed us to save this place.  
Godspeed us to states of grace.  
Fate is something that I pray  
stays stronger than your self restraint.

We all have eyes but few can see  
we're already in the place to be.  
Let's write out doubt so gracefully.

Godspeed us to save this place.  
Godspeed us to states of grace.  
Fate is something that I pray  
stays stronger than your self restraint.

The living rhythms start again  
with yet another night to spend  
on unseen wires and window panes.  
We can share the same last name.

And if these lines could rearrange  
to redesign a perfect frame,  
pictures painting us in place,  
breathing life; exhaling space.

If these lines could rearrange  
to redesign a perfect frame,  
pictures painting us in place,  
breathing life; exhaling space.

Don't you know that your best friends  
don't make you question your confidence?  
But don't let it bruise your ego  
Don't let it bruise it, oh no.

Bad boy, where to go?  
What to prove? Don't you know  
those who move fast always fall?  
In pride, in shame,  
inside it all feels the same.  
You bad boy, where to go?  
What to prove? Don't you know  
those who move fast always fall?  
In pride, in shame,  
inside it all feels the same.

Godspeed us to save this place.  
It all feels the same.  
Godspeed us to save this place.  
Godspeed for one more night.