

Levels Of Light

Sleeping at Last

We are volcanoes, making new land,
Transcending borders with seeds in our hands.
Natural killers perfectly planned,
All is entirely out of our hands.
It's out of our mouths, into the ground.

Wake up, wake up
I think the worst is through...
We are surrounded by color and life
We don't even know it.

We are volcanoes, making new land,
Transcending borders with seeds in our hands.
Natural killers perfectly planned,
All is entirely out of our hands.

Death is the only thing that makes us alive,
Forcing focus on light that we hold inside.

We are volcanoes, levels of light.
Bleeding an ocean of permanent life.
The blush of our anger could bury the sun,
The pulse of untamable progress has begun.

Death is the only thing that makes us alive,
That brings us to life.

Wake up, wake up.
I think the worst is through...
The light that we hold must be buried -
Buried to bloom.