

# Old Days Born Anew

## Textures

With the old days born anew  
A massive gathering of onlookers  
Sending birds to shelter the shipwrecked  
With feathers of dust and wind  
Emerging from the fiery fields

We're all being stepped on like insects  
A million minds weeping  
This boundless energy  
This synergy  
it's better contained

We are so free  
And what a superb absence is our soul  
Desire is a liar  
Blueprint of mankind's weakness

Absolute absolution  
Criticize criticism

We are weighed down every moment  
By the merciless sensation of time  
This is an epidemic  
Without remedy  
It's better contained

Evolve, so free  
And what a superb absence is our soul  
Resolve this mirroring, wondering  
We believe in the signs

Into the depths of the unknown  
Only there you will find something new  
What are you running from?  
Obsession? What are you running from?

(There are moments of existence  
When time and space are more profound  
And the awareness of existence  
Is immensely heightened)

This is the war of creation  
And time becomes a murderer  
Murderer!  
Bring me consolation  
Then we'll talk  
Inconsistent copy  
Abductor of every art form  
Eyes can't see what's beyond  
And the wind is silent

So from the mould  
Scarlet and gold  
A bulb will rise  
A newborn  
Bring him consolation  
Then he will bless us

Give him a Judas kiss and  
Face the consequence  
Eyes can't see what's beyond

So long, my serenity  
Lost in a conversation  
Build these towers upside down  
Lost in this constellation  
And the wind is silent