

Faith And The Muse, The Burning Season

I'm having a weak moment, a moment that may not end
Lonely in my own skin
And everything is changing, everything seems changed
As if quietly replaced by something soulless

Burn It Down

What happened to the spirit with all its endless strength
Did they swallow her up and put me in her place
Did I grow within my shadow or simply melt around myself
The human put back on the shelf

Burn It Down

I have seen through the eyes of the opposition
The one who defines my failure
At touching that place in the heart
Where emotions bow their heads in wonder
(Effortless Oracle - Keeper of Mysteries)
You have encountered me, familiar with my immediacy
In a wisp of melody, a neglected phrase unexpectedly heartfelt
In this world I may tap you on the shoulder

Ignite
Burning down your effigies
Ignite
Burning down the seems of change

(I inhabit that one region where the mind entralls and lulls the image
Where my youth and life and bloom are forever fervent
Where my eyes ignite with existence
We are all of us a moment
Our lives a simple sum)

Ignite