

As the silver rain flees the violet sky, I can see sounds  
When the fire from inside explodes outward, I can feel the scenery  
Every time the long forgotten melody is remembered, I hear the touch

When memory invades all thought  
When my mind is cloyed with the sights of ruptured remembrances  
It is then that everything swirling and living and dying becomes solid

While the infinitesimal atoms quake and bond  
During the brief moment between ignition and destruction  
I'm trapped in the scenario of what is and could have been

As the predator drinks the essence of another  
While a new life is formed within the insides of its mother  
I am in touch with the primal screams from a dead world