

Lords of Black, The Grand Design

Here's the ultimate question
The nature of all you can see
Don't try to find any answer
We need something to believe

Black holes and stardust we are
Coming from nothing behind
We are going beyond our minds
Dying to know

Chorus
Let explain it to you
Where everything comes from
The reason why you exist
The masters of creation
We build and rule
The grand design

The ancients did not understand
The secrets revealed by the gods
They are out there
In the vast infinity

Chorus

Are we the chosen ones
From hundreds of thousands of lights