

Omnium Gatherum, Dysnomia

Reason, the real son
Reason to tease on
Running the warpath
Like a mile in the shoe
Purpose, a flare crush
Crawling the warpath
Like never before
Leaning in meaning
Feeling when feeding
The need for colours
Come stronger when grieving

And the idols will come through
Hours disappear in loom

Reason the real son
Running the warpath
Like a mile in the shoe
Purpose, a flare crush
Crawling the warpath
Like always before
Leaning in meaning
Feeling when feeding
The need for colours
Come stronger when grieving