













TWISTING IN THE INFINITE




Words and music by
Brent Hanneson



4 — Your intro —————
4 —————



Am  Em  G  D 
Twisting in the infinite, we near the highway's end.




Am  Em  G  D 
Waiting and anticipating, no secrets left to spend.

Dm  Am  Dm  Am 
Racing against the speed of time, then for-





Dm  C  Em 
gotten like the angry king, painted in his prime.

G  Am 
And now is the place,





G  Am 
and here is the call

F  C  Em 
To reconcile the ticking of the clock upon the wall.





Optional bridge —————

Am  Em  G  D 




Now see the aged prisoner, trapped in the machine

Am  Em  G  D 



The old man let his memories get greater than his dreams.

Dm  Am  Dm  Am 



Afraid to fly, his fear of heights left him

Dm  C  Em 




faded, jaded, shaded from the truth behind the light.

G  Am 

And now is the place,





G  Am 

and here is the call. To ac-





F  C  Em 

cept the new insanity and rage against the fall.


Optional bridge

Am  Em  G  D 




Headed for the living edge, we grasp at the unreal

Am  Em  G  D 



Consciously oblivious, sleeping at the wheel

Dm  Am  Dm  Am 



The finite spark, the fatal theme

Dm  C  Em 




Accepted by the ones who see the beauty of their dreams

G  Am 

And now is the place,

G  Am 

and here is the call. To em-

F  C  Em 

brace your own mortality, and scale the castle walls.

	Optional bridge	

Am 

Em 

G 

D 

Change the way you look at things, the things you look at change

Am 

Em 

G 

D 

The path you make makes your path a beacon through the rain

Dm 

Am 

Dm 

Am 

So let your dreams fill your soul. Be out-

Dm 

C 

Em 

rageously courageous, be too young to be old.

G 

Am 

And now is the place,

G 

Am 

and here is the call. To

F 

C 

Em 

build a new reality, and be the writer on the wall

G 

Am 

And now is the place,

G 

Am 

and here is the call To

F 

C 

Em 

Am

build a new reality, and be the writer on the wall.

Optional ending