

# Extremophile Elite

## Between the Buried and Me

To see one's self is hard to explain  
Last night was the first notion of this  
Once again real life and dreams are whirling amongst one another  
Space flight navigator  
A walking mirror  
Galaxy drifter  
Entwined together  
To grasp the other hand  
To hear the other speak  
Carve one's skin out of their own soil  
Sends chills throughout my body

Wake up to a dirt covered surrounding  
Machines in the distance  
Something far too familiar  
The world comes to a screeching halt when I cover my ears  
Lift off the hands and the claws work again  
Digging graves  
Deeper graves  
The machines deafen my ears with such extremity  
Constant maze from digging graves  
I bury my head in the dirt  
It all stops

This sends bliss throughout me  
Upside down dreaming  
The sound of earth soothes my entire body  
Real life and dreams are whirling  
(A hand lifts my head out of the dirt)  
Pulling hairs from what seems to be my brain  
I see him, me, us?  
The walking mirror

Eyes slowly open as dust clouds surround me  
Speak to me freely  
I am listening

The clanking of machines scream in the distance  
I strain in order to get up  
Soon I stumble down a dirt hill and see a buried man  
Just his skull is underground  
Once again real life and dreams are whirling amongst one another  
Walking into a certain state of desperation  
(Dig deep into the soil to lift the mans head. It pulls out of the ground with ease.)

Carve one's skin out of their own soil  
Sends chills throughout my body  
It is a corpse  
Something is buried where his head once lay  
A note, my note  
My hands shake and I fall to my knees  
Slowly read "please know I love"