

Option Oblivion

Between the Buried and Me

Real eyes
A golden lever. A choice of gold or velvet
Do I go on, or follow the crown in the smoke?
My last choice derange my voice
Real eyes

The lever falls down so delicate

Enlighten me
I'll follow towards the smoke
The wrenching of the rope
I'm always lost
The idea of dreaming in a dream
My vision is serene
Please lift me up

Breathe underwater
Swim without limbs

These new eyes will never suffer
Enter the new wake
Looking back through the painful tunnel
They taught us what once was
What once was

New air opens my mouth
Gasp a new breath
What is this place? An alluring frontier