

Catacombs

After the Burial

Sweeping barricades red with rust
Quiet this mind abandoned fields of thought
Searching for meaning, wandering in opaque
Closing my eyes, and let the color in

Quiet this mind ignite these fields of thought
Everything around me cold and still, searching for feeling screaming
Open my eyes and let the color in
We venture through time blind
Running hands against the walls
Everything around me slowing down
I feel a cold wind pierce through the wall
Abandon these fields of thought, try to quiet this mind
We'll serve a lifetime of terror inside
Wandering through these catacombs

Sweeping barricades red with blood
Quiet this mind, ignite these fields of thought
Searching for feeling, screaming in opaque
Closing my eyes colorless

We venture through time blind, running hands against the walls
Forgotten still searching the deeper we go
We venture through time blind, running hands against the walls
We will be forgotten inside these catacombs

Truth will always find me, I'll disregard the meaning
Caught with my head underground wide eyed and afraid to look up
Nightmares replicating on concrete sleep, trapped inside a feverish dream

Waiting for the weight I'm carrying to adjust
Waiting for something to wake me up
I've dug these up on my own, I've dug these up on my own
I will stay in these catacombs