

## 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