

Disconnect

After the Burial

The sway of distance
A suffering march
Lives tremble on and on
We usher burdens that see us through
Blinding light emanates guiding me from within

For I am just part of who I was back then
Where we were. When this all began
Inside this vision I am no longer in control of my own life
Sickened by surroundings. Occupied and weak
Tangled and desperate I expand

I am paper thin. Lines etched and carved from misery
Somebody help me please. Because I can never leave this place

I am afraid of becoming you
I'll deconstruct my self
For I am just a part of who I was
Where we were. When this all began

Something inside me. I cannot fix
So we begin again

So send me to my grave

Lives tremble on and on

But we are just a perception of a common theme
We are something more
I pretend I am better
I disconnect
Searching and believing
That we are something more
I pretend I am better
I disconnect