

## 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