

Aesthetic

Between the Buried and Me

Decrease the light, increase the smiles... a familiar heat is s
warming the air.

Soothing movements that help the evening come to a halt.

Lifetime achievement...

The looks on their faces make it worthwhile.

The swaying

Of the ocean, to the swaying of your hips...

Shivering as your lover's caress touches your lips.

Perfect world and perfect lives, we have the soundtrack for the
ir futures.

The seawater smell in the cold outside world seems to be enchan
ting the room.

The chatter of riches keeping the beat, as the sea seems to fre
eze.

The brisk air seems to make our hearts colder.

The dimming smiles seem to have halted with a silent scream.

We must play on.

The perfect life torn apart in a matter of seconds...

I hear their streams and cries...

I know now that I'm the only one who possesses true happiness.

We must play on.

The perfect life torn apart in a matter of seconds...

I hear their screams and cries...

I know now that I'm the only one who possesses true happiness.

We must play on.

Keep the beat, we tap our feet...

Screams add a new feel to what we've perfected so dear.

We'll play to our deaths for we possess true happiness.

We are finally free.

Dying with our one passion, music: the greatest wealth of them
all.

We must play on.