

King Redeem/Queen Serene

Between the Buried and Me

I can't hear a thing
These waves crash faster
I can't see a thing
These arms grab for wonder

Enter this widened space
Inside our own small cage

I can't hear a thing
These waves crash faster
I can't see a thing
These arms grab for wonder

King redeem
Queen serene
Dusk drifts by with one last try

Clench ... trapped ... lids fold inside
Blurred mind ... dry tears foam from high
Sleep walk past my cornea
Eclipse washed out ... unscathed
Search for the formal stage

I slip past my own mind
A small gift taken from my time

Mute mouth
Mute mind

Color spectrum false, invoke heart rate race

Hysteria develops a hold
Raging winds force the earths
symphony through my ears
Clarity is not known
A fortress blackened by a dissolving sun
A visual memory vanishes
Presence of hope intertwined

A transcript lost from what we've taught
To speak is not an act without our tongues
The human race has been deformed
A quilt of skin surrounds out lungs

Build an arrow to force a grim corrupted turn
Color spectrum is now false
our eyes will see no more

A transcript lost from what we've taught
To speak is not an act without our tongues
The human race has been deformed
A quilt of skin surrounds out lungs

Build a monster to bury the infected worm
Color spectrum is now false
our eyes will see no more

Mute mouth
Mute mind

King redeem ... Queen serene
Blinded bells ... the deafened sing
Hysteria develops a hold
Clarity is not known

We cough the future
We scratch the past

Into the circular I grab the jagged gaze
Color spectrum false invoke heart rate race

A transcript lost from what we've taught
To speak is not an act without our tongues
The human race has been deformed
A quilt of skin surrounds out lungs