

## Option Oblivion

### Between the Buried and Me

Real eyes  
A golden lever. A choice of gold or velvet  
Do I go on, or follow the crown in the smoke?  
My last choice derange my voice  
Real eyes

The lever falls down so delicate

Enlighten me  
I'll follow towards the smoke  
The wrenching of the rope  
I'm always lost  
The idea of dreaming in a dream  
My vision is serene  
Please lift me up

Breathe underwater  
Swim without limbs

These new eyes will never suffer  
Enter the new wake  
Looking back through the painful tunnel  
They taught us what once was  
What once was

New air opens my mouth  
Gasp a new breath  
What is this place? An alluring frontier