

Turn on the Darkness

Between the Buried and Me

The winters grieve evenly
Flickering moments engage our senses
Slowly trembling and venting
They won't take notice

Dragging feet. Will time notice me?

We turn out backs on ourselves
Nothing in sight

The Sighting:
I see a flame erupt in the distance
The charted course towards my direction
A wealth of moving light, they now seek my disguise
Legs soon crack as they stand above/below

The Exchange:
"Where do you drift from sir?
This land is for those who have lost
Our humanity has passed its course
we roam with all that's left"

I come from a movable past
A distant future is in my grasp
You all will survive this fate
Trust the man you gaze

Take me with your flames
Darkness
Show the brighter way
Hopeless
Take in all. Sit with our teachings

Above. Below
Take in all
Above. Below
Sit with our teachings

Dream tonight to push us forward

Black ash improves me. Dark skies are hollow.

Above. Below
Take in all
Above. Below
Sit with our teachings

Dream tonight to push us forward

Black ash improves me
Can't look past the damage to this life
Dark skies are hollow
Can't look past the damage to this life

The Torchbearer:
"Welcome to our journey. Please walk with me
I'll put your mind at ease

Our breath disrupts their flames
We walk through their walls
Life exists apart from this."
The lone world drifts on and on

In the distant light modern man awaits
Dripping jaw accept our twisted travel
Lose focus
Screaming grins howl loud from high
a gritty focus gripped

We turn our backs on ourselves
Nothing is sight
We turn our backs on ourselves
They won't take notice