

The defining sound

Fangs into flesh
Panic and spit
Death unto life
Eyes wide

It sees itself through the layers of ice
Now; seal the cracks and reject the notions!
Everything can not be happening on the inside?

An option not to listen

A nameless urge takes hold
Prey upon the weak
An aimless tale told
Pray upon the weak

Caught in a spiral of need
Act without the choice
Choose not to act
Caught in a spiral of need

Desperate and alone in a whole
Striving for higher ground
Higher ground
Carrying someone else's fears for tomorrow
Stay behind the line
Or eat from the bowels of reality
Grind the thorns to stardust
To stardust
Gliding slowly across the abyss
Inside the inside the inside

There is a sound made by boiling blood

Above and below lay the levels
Above and below the ground
Ground