

Sword Of Eyes

Misery Signals

There is no one on the air
I chase parading ghosts in burning memory
Through empty shells of stolen moments
As all the stains are reassuring us
That they happened
Poring over the fragments found, lost in portrayal
Reflected back unto ourselves
I've been reduced to a faded impression
Attention paid, critical.
These elements, they fail to align
I realize this is passing
Do they become something more
Under the surface of an image paralyzed
As we become nothing
Spectral trails echo on the air
Aperture set
Projected whispers through empty shells of stolen moments pouring over
Look back, our illusion is the abstract trail of time behind

And I give myself to the truth
Flesh fed to the piranhas
Liar's blood it falls into water
Where only the water survives
I'll stare into my own false eyes
And watch the life in them die

The past will lay dead
When the present is slain by the sword of eyes
Watch these words run silent, run deep, run together
You can't have it back
You can never have it back