

All Is Found... In Time

Neurosis

In time the silence gives way
The grain betrays our larval state

Seethe Burns All

Standing wild on ragged stones
Waiting to be
To be found
To be found

The water flowing slow and black
The air of the blackbirds all

Standing wild on ragged stones
Waiting to be
To be found
To be found

Looking away from the fall of tomorrow
Tunneling through the black that will follow
Tearing the sickness from hearts that are hollow
Cracking the bones to get at the marrow