

Trading Back and forth our voice
Is something disputed here?
Focusing behind me you look white
Are you looking at something through the other side?

Nowadays you get more
difficult to understand,
Incoherently speaking of your last days
How you'll spend them
finding the blades of grass you'll lay in
Do you hear me?
Do you hear me?
Do you hear...

Slowly your hands fade to your skull
Constantly complaining
of your discomfort
you don't look well anymore

Nowadays you get more
difficult to understand,
Incoherently speaking of your last days
How you'll spend them
finding the blades of grass you'll lay in
Do you hear me?
Do you hear me?
Do you hear...

Feel them crawling
Feel them penetrate
One day I'll get your sight back to you
I thought we were supposed
to bury our dead