

Open Your Houses (Basilisk)

Shearwater

I was still life
I was pinned inside of a photograph
When I realized
You had slipped outside of the scenery
With only what you need to survive

So why did you come to me?
If you are looking for the enemy,
Open up, open up, open up,
Open your houses

I was waiting
I was reconstructing the memory
Unbelieving
In the changes looming inside of me
The pulse of an irregular life

But why did you turn away
Before the horn sounds
Over the dark terrain
And the weapons of the enemy?

Open up
Open up
Open up
Open your houses
And let in the night

Come into the night