

With Eyes Ever Turned Inward

Through the Eyes of the Dead

An image of me beneath my GRAVE
what's gone wrong this time?

just a step away from the dead silence bleeding in my head
i found the corpse of my conscience locked away

i'm speaking in static and pain
but the faces do not respond to these things i say
i was crawling through the broken glass of my thoughts
i realized that i hate most everything

I HATE MOST EVERYTHING

i stand beneath my grave