Catacombs

After the Burial

Sweeping barricades red with rust Quiet this mind abandoned fields of thought Searching for meaning, wandering in opaque Closing my eyes, and let the color in

Quiet this mind ignite these fields of thought Everything around me cold and still, searching for feeling scre aming Open my eyes and let the color in We venture through time blind Running hands against the walls Everything around me slowing down I feel a cold wind pierce through the wall Abandon these fields of thought, try to quiet this mind We'll serve a lifetime of terror inside Wandering through these catacombs

Sweeping barricades red with blood Quiet this mind, ignite these fields of thought Searching for feeling, screaming in opaque Closing my eyes colorless

We venture through time blind, running hands against the walls Forgotten still searching the deeper we go We venture through time blind, running hands against the walls We will be forgotten inside these catacombs

Truth will always find me, I'll disregard the meaning Caught with my head underground wide eyed and afraid to look up Nightmares replicating on concrete sleep, trapped inside a feve rish dream

Waiting for the weight I'm carrying to adjust Waiting for something to wake me up I've dug these up on my own, I've dug these up on my own I will stay in these catacombs