

# Exit, Exist

After the Burial

These old scars  
Callous against the touch  
Maps made of flesh and bone  
A glacial serenity we find our way  
Notes scrawled of crimson and blue  
Sought the light of a dimming existence  
Unwinding as the ghost of me was pulled away

Destroyer of worlds  
We roam these realms forgotten  
Forgive me for I am man

Cosmic labyrinthian  
Unearth the soul as I reach in  
All hands lost in the crimson  
Do we feel what we cannot touch  
Can we pull ourselves from the rust  
All hands lost in the crimson

Keep the outside never in  
Nothing matters  
When focused on the past  
Our futures shatter

Do we feel what we cannot touch  
Can we pull ourselves from the rust

I'm only seen in the pictures  
Most days are a bitter pain  
Amongst the shipwrecked

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