

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

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