

Ad a Dglgmut

Between the Buried and Me

(You can't follow me)
I thought it was strange when all this shot into my mind driving.
It's weird how this enclosed space makes me think so clearly...
so free!
I wish all hours were so relaxing.
Thinking of the next noise... making up the next noise.
Scream loud, loud, loud, loud.
Static intoxication, sing this lovely violin song.
Beat this bottle on a wall.
Scream, scream, scream.
The baby cries.
Record the noise.
It all makes sense... we're capable of beauty.
Through sounds which make one cringe.
The dogs only hear us now.
For the first time tears came to my eyes while I was listening.
Noise brings so many things... make my tingling skin freeze.

Turn me on, make me laugh, shoot the can, shut the door, pour your glass,
Rape scene scream, car crash bash, black cat splat.

A silent death, a silent scream...
You can't follow me, you sing along to nothing.