

# Condemned to the Gallows

## Between the Buried and Me

Condemned to the gallows  
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Goodnight...

Gripping the brightest grid  
A surgical drive to increase the noise  
Ice cold realization of the silent wind  
Slowly drags me  
Into a splintered reason  
Emptiness engulf me

Align the love inside me  
Let misery wake me

Search low  
Search low  
Abandoned

The creaking floors cry out below  
A limping glimpse of next steps  
The fog showers the last light of day

Destroy the wooden frame  
Trust the creaking sounds  
Seek the tunnel  
To walk high above  
Search low  
Trust the creaking sounds  
Seek the tunnel  
To walk high above  
Search low  
Destroy the wooden frame  
Confront the night

Warm blood drips on cold snow  
The curtain surrounds logical thought

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Crimson moonbeam lights my journey  
Crippled with time... strides into nothing  
Crimson moonbeam lights... hear the waking  
Crippled with time... strides into nothing