

## King Redeem/Queen Serene

### Between the Buried and Me

I can't hear a thing  
These waves crash faster  
I can't see a thing  
These arms grab for wonder

Enter this widened space  
Inside our own small cage

I can't hear a thing  
These waves crash faster  
I can't see a thing  
These arms grab for wonder

King redeem  
Queen serene  
Dusk drifts by with one last try

Clench ... trapped ... lids fold inside  
Blurred mind ... dry tears foam from high  
Sleep walk past my cornea  
Eclipse washed out ... unscathed  
Search for the formal stage

I slip past my own mind  
A small gift taken from my time

Mute mouth  
Mute mind

Color spectrum false, invoke heart rate race

Hysteria develops a hold  
Raging winds force the earths  
symphony through my ears  
Clarity is not known  
A fortress blackened by a dissolving sun  
A visual memory vanishes  
Presence of hope intertwined

A transcript lost from what we've taught  
To speak is not an act without our tongues  
The human race has been deformed  
A quilt of skin surrounds out lungs

Build an arrow to force a grim corrupted turn  
Color spectrum is now false  
our eyes will see no more

A transcript lost from what we've taught  
To speak is not an act without our tongues  
The human race has been deformed  
A quilt of skin surrounds out lungs

Build a monster to bury the infected worm  
Color spectrum is now false  
our eyes will see no more

Mute mouth  
Mute mind

King redeem ... Queen serene  
Blinded bells ... the deafened sing  
Hysteria develops a hold  
Clarity is not known

We cough the future  
We scratch the past

Into the circular I grab the jagged gaze  
Color spectrum false invoke heart rate race

A transcript lost from what we've taught  
To speak is not an act without our tongues  
The human race has been deformed  
A quilt of skin surrounds out lungs