

House On The Hill

Inner Wave

There's a house on a hill
Where the cold are lying still
6 feet deep beneath the ground

A place where the new is never found
The old just weighs you down

In limbo
In endless repetition
Is there something missing
Is there something missing
Nothing changes
Is there something missing

There's a house on a hill and the moon is quiet still
And it echoes through your mind

Is this all that's left?
Ruins